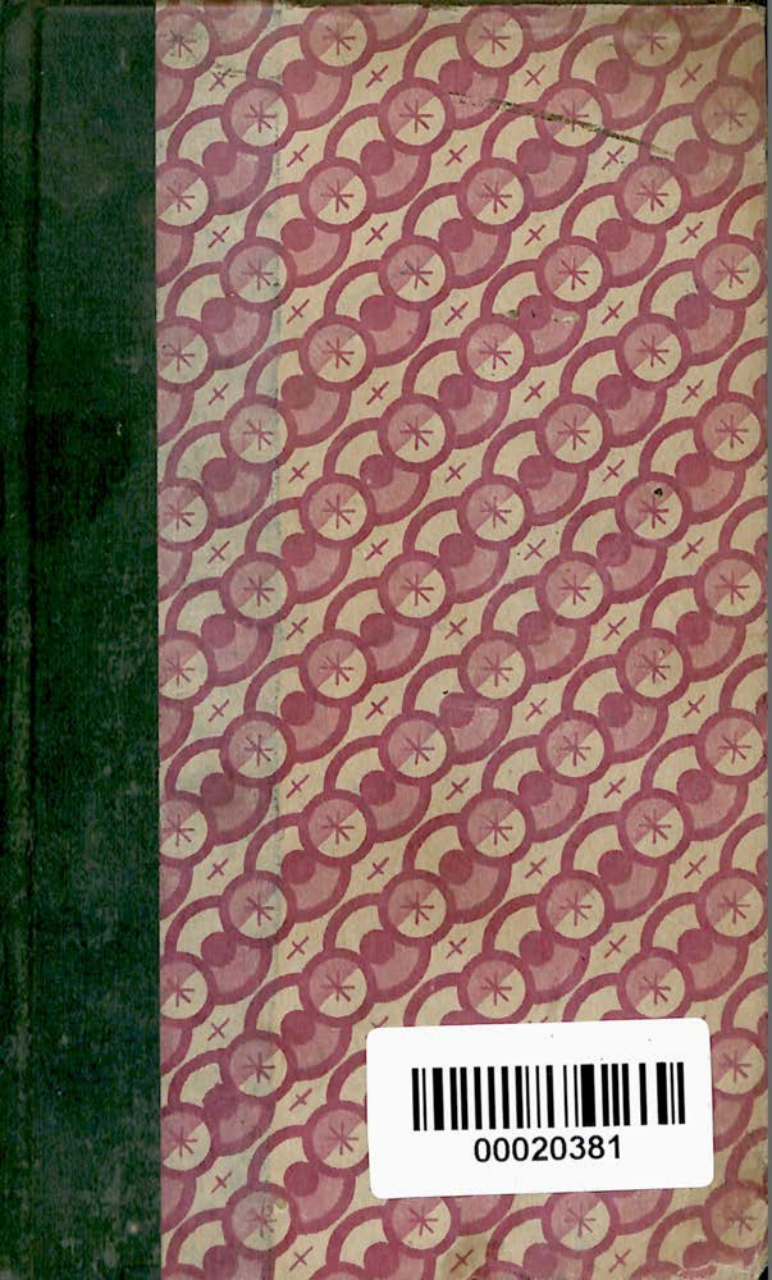
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THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ.

BY

THOMAS AMORY, GENT.

A NEW EDITION.

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THE LIFE

OF

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Nec Vixit Male, qui Natus Moriensque fefellit.

HAVING, in the preceding volume, mentioned the famous Abbé Le Blanc, I think I ought to say something of him in this place, by adding a few remarks in relation to this extraordinary man. He was in England in the year 1735, and wrote two volumes of Letters in octavo, which were translated into English, and printed for Brindley in 1747. In this account of England, the French monk pretends to describe the natural and political constitution of our country, and the temper and manners of the nation; but it is evident from his epistles, that he knew nothing at all of any of them.

Voltaire, however, that wonderful compound of a man, half-infidel, half-papist; who seems to have had no regard for Christianity, and yet compliments

popery, at the expence of his understanding;* who wrote the history of England with a partiality and

Voltaire's words are:—And notwithstanding all the troubles and infamy which the church of Rome has had to encounter, she has always preserved a greater decency and gravity in her worship than any of the other churches; and has given proofs, that when in a state of freedom, and under due regulations, she was formed to give lessons to all others. Is not this facing the world, and contradicting truth with a bold front? Decency and gravity in the church of Rome! The licentious whore. And formed to give lessons! Lessons, Voltaire! Is not her wisdom, in every article of it, earthly, sensual, devilish; and her zeal, that bitter, fierce, and cruel thing, which for ever produces confusion and every evil work? With a just abhorrence, and a manly indignation, we must look upon this mystery of iniquity, and never let that horror decay, which is necessary to guard us against the gross corruptions of the Roman church; the idolatry of her worship, the absurdity and impiety of her doctrines, the tyranny and cruelty of her principles and practices. These are her lessons, Voltaire; and you ought to ask the world pardon for daring to recommend a church, whose schemes and pieties bid defiance to reason, and are inconsistent with the whole tenor of revelation. This is the more incumbent on you, as you say you are a philosopher, and let us know in more places than one in your writings, that by that word, you mean a man who believes nothing at all of any revelation.

malevolence almost as great as Smollet, and pretended to describe the Britannic constitution, though it is plain from what he says, that he had not one true idea of the primary institutions of it, but taking this nation to be just such another kingdom of slaves as his own country, railed at the Revolution, and like all the Jacobite dunces, prated against the placing the Prince of Orange on the throne, and the establishment of the succession in the present protestant heirs; though it is most certain, that these things were the natural fruit and effect of our incomparable constitution, and are de jure. In short, that Zoilus and plagiary, that carping superficial critic, as a good judge calls him; who abuses the English nation in his letters, and denies Shakespeare (who furnishes out more elegant, pleasing, and interesting entertainment, in his plays, than all the other dramatic writers, ancient and modern, have been able to do; and, without observing any one unity but that of character, for ever diverts and instructs, by the variety of his incidents, the propriety of his sentiments, the luxuriancy of his fancy and the purity and strength of his dialogue) almost every dramatic excellence; though in his Mahomet, he pilfers from Macbeth almost every capital scene: Voltaire, I say, speaking of this Abbé Le Blanc, wishes he had travelled through all the

world, and wrote on all nations, for it becomes only a wise man to travel and write. Had I always such cordials, I would not complain any more of my ills. I support life, when I suffer. I enjoy it when I read you. This is Voltaire's account of the Abbé. How true and just it is, we shall see in a few observations on what this reverend man says of our religion and clergy.

The substance of what this French monk reports, vol. ii. from p. 64, to p. 75, in his letter to the President Bouhier,* is this:

* Reader—Bouhier, president of the French academy, to whom Le Blanc inscribes his fifty-eighth letter, died in 1746. He was a scholar. L'Abbé de Olivet, speaks of him in the following manner; "Je me suis prêté à ce nouveau travail, et d'autant plus volontiers, que M. le Président Bouhier a bien voulu le partager avec moi. On sera, sans doute, charmé de voir Cicéron entre les mains d'un traducteur aussi digne de lui, que Cicéron lui-même étoit digne d'avoir pour traducteur un savant du premier ordre." *Tusc. Disp.* tom. i. p. 13. And again; "Le feu M. Président Bouhier, le Varron de notre siecle, et l'homme le plus capable de bien rendre les vraies beautez d'un original Grec ou Latin, avoit tellement retouché ses deux Tusculanes, qu'on aura peine à les reconnoître dans cette nouvelle édition." *Tusc. Disp.* tome ii. p. 1.

1. That Cranmer, and the other doctors, who introduced the reformation into England, were downright enthusiasts, and compassed their designs by being seconded by those, who were animated by a spirit of irreligion, and by a greedy desire of seizing the possessions of the monks.

This is Olivet's account of Bouhier; and I have heard some gentlemen who knew him say, that he was a very fine genius; but, they added, a popish bigot to the last degree, and therefore, Le Blanc chose him as the fittest person of his acquaintance, to write an epistle to, that abused the reformation, and the English divines. Great is the prejudice of education! When so bright a mind as Bouhier's cannot see the deformity of Popery, and the beauty of the reformation; but, on the contrary, with pleasure reads the despicable defamation in Le Blanc's letter.

N.B. The two Tusculans, so finely translated by Bouhier, are the third, *de Ægritudine Lenienda:* and the fifth, *Virtutem ad Beate Vivendum seipsa esse Contentam. De la Vertu: Qu'elle suffit pour Vivre Heureux.* See likewise M. Bouhier's curious and useful remarks on the three books, *De Natura Deorum;* the five *Tusculans; Scipio's Dream;* and on the *Catilinaires,* or three *Orations against Catiline.* These remarks are the third volume of Olivet's fine edition of Cicero.

It was the desire of a change established the reformation. The new doctors seduced the people, and the people having mistaken darkness for light, quitted the road of truth, to walk in the ways of error.

2. As to morals, that this boasted reformation produced no change in that respect: for the people are not purer than they were in former times, and the ecclesiastics are despised and hated for the badness of their lives. The bishops sacrifice every thing to their ambition; and the clergy of the second rank have no respect for their office. They spend the whole day in public places in smoking and drinking, and are remarkable for drunkenness, so dishonourable to ecclesiastics. Their talk is the most dissolute, and the vice that degrades these professors, sets a bad example to sober people, and makes them the jest of libertines.

3. The only remarkable change produced by the reformation was the marriage of priests; and, exclusive of this being against the decisions of the catholic church, it is contrary to sound policy and experience. The marriage of priests diminishes the respect we should have for them. The misconduct of a woman makes the clergyman fall into contempt. The lewdness of the daughter makes the priest, her father, the object of the most indecent jests; and

for the most part, the daughters of the clergy turn whores after the death of their father; who, while living, spent more of his income in maintaining himself and children in pleasure and luxury, than in works of charity. He lived profusely, and dies poor.

Beside, if the English clergy were the greatest and most excellent men, yet a great man in the eyes of the world, loses the respect which is due to him, in proportion as he has any thing in common with the rest of mankind. A Madam Newton, and a Madam Fontenelle, would injure the illustrious men whose name they bore. Nor is this all. Those who by their disposition cannot fix that secret inclination, which induces us to love, on one person, are more humane and charitable than others. The unmarried ecclesiastics are more animated with that charitable spirit their function requires, as they have no worldly affections to divert it. People very rarely, as Lord Bacon says, employ themselves in watering plants, when they want water themselves. In short, the English divines are the worst of men, and there is hardly any religion in England. Thus does this French Abbé revile the English reformation and divines. He misrepresents the whole nation, and with a falsehood and outrage peculiar to popery and mass-

priests, that is, to devils and the most execrable religion, screams against the pure religion of the gospel, and dishonestly blackens some of the finest characters that ever adorned human nature. So very virulent is this reverend French papist against the clergy of England, that he is even positive there is not a divine in the nation knows how to behave like a gentleman.

In answer to the first article of impeachment, I observe, that it is so far from being true, that Cranmer, and the other English divines, our reformers, were enthusiasts, and compassed their designs by the assistance of those who were animated by a spirit of irreligion, and by a greedy desire of seizing the possession of the monks, as this mass-priest asserts; that it is most certain, on the contrary, Cranmer, and the other reformers, were wise and upright Christians, who, from a good understanding of religion, opposed the false pretensions of the church of Rome. They saw that popery was contrary to the true genius of Christianity; its spirit insolent and cruel; and its worship not only a jumble of the most ridiculous fopperies and extravagancies, borrowed from heathen customs and superstitions; but the impurest that ever appeared in the world: that the designs of popish Rome were contrary to all the principles of humanity; its doc-

trines abominable and sinful; and its offices cursed and diabolical; it was evident, I say, to the conception of these great men, I mean Cranmer, and the other English reformers, that the Romish church was treacherous and inhuman, blood-thirsty and antichristian; that her devotions were horrible and impious; her ministers false prophets and liars, covered and decked with the livery of Christ, but in every thing acting contrary to the salvation wrought by Jesus; and therefore these wise and excellent reformers renounced popery, and bravely declared for that religion, which promotes the good of all mankind, and inspires men to worship the Father only in spirit and in truth. They threw off the cloak and garments of antichrist: they gloriously separated from him, and joined together in purity and simplicity, to please the Lord Jehovah. There was no enthusiasm in the case, (as Le Blanc, the mass-priest, has the front to say) but, when the light of the gospel was obscured, and darkness had overspread the earth: when ignorance and superstition universally prevailed, and the immoralities of the Church of Rome were made to pass for Christianity in the world, then did these reformers call the people out of Rome, and preach to them the essential truths of the faith. They called them from an idolatrous religion, and all its train of direful effects; from that sin of the

first rank, which strikes at the being of a God, and ravishes from him the greatest honour that is due to him from his creature, man; they called them from the horrible service of the mass, from their addresses to angels and saints, and their worship of images, to the inward knowledge of one true God, and the worship due to him only; to the sanctification and honour, which is due to him above all things, and above every name; to the living hope in God through Christ; to regeneration, and inward renovation by faith, hope, and charity; to a holy conversation, and a faithful performance of all the commandments; to true repentance, perseverance to the end, and life eternal. To these truths, (not to be found in the religion of our travelling mass-priest) did the great, the glorious English reformers call mankind. They laboured to establish them in every thing tending to a pure faith, and good life. In this, there is not, there cannot be any enthusiasm.

And as to their being assisted by those who were animated by a spirit of irreligion, and by a greedy desire of seizing the possessions of the monks, it does not appear to be the truth of the case. Supposing there were such irreligious men, the assistance the reformers had from any great men in Henry the Eighth's time, when the abbeys

were destroyed, was so very little, that malice only could mention it as an objection to the reformation. Popery, in that monarch's reign, was still the established religion of England, and both sides blame this king's persecutions. If papists were put to death for denying the supremacy of Harry, protestants were no less sufferers, for opposing the adoration of the host, and other religious impieties. And after the short reign of his son, Edward the Sixth, what assistance had the reformers under bloody Mary? Did she not do all that infernal popery could suggest, to destroy Cranmer, his brethren, and their reformation? And did not they, without any other assistance than what they received from the spirit of God, continue to vindicate the truth as it is in Jesus, and teach the pure doctrines of the gospel, in opposition to the frauds and vile inventions of papal Rome. Without minding the indignities, the torments, and the cruel death prepared for them, the brave honest men went on with their heavenly work, and, till the flames made them silent, endeavoured to destroy the Romish artifices and immoralities, and to spread the pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father. They were zealous, with the truth of religion on their side, and laboured to convert, out of a pure and friendly regard to the eternal welfare of mankind.

They did the work, by the blessing of God, and therefore the malicious Le Blanc, the mass-priest, reviles and blackens them.

What he says of usurpation, in respect of church lands, does not deserve any notice. The reforming clergy were not the actors in that scene. It was the king and his council. And as the Pope had shewed them the way, by granting bulls for the dissolution of the lesser monasteries, they thought, since the Pope's power was taken away by a general consent of the nation, the king, the church, and the people concurring, they might, with as little sacrilege, dissolve the rest. The king and parliament (says Bishop Burnet) could not discern the difference between greater and lesser as to the point of sacrilege. And although some uses might cease by the doctrines of the reformation, as masses for souls departed, and monks to pray the dead out of purgatory; yet there were others to employ the church lands about, as some of them were in founding new bishoprics. And if in this case, the reformers had been guilty of some wilful errors, that could be no crime of the reformation. The culpable must answer it. For the satisfaction of conscience about the reformation, there can be but three questions fairly proposed. Was there sufficient cause for it? Was there sufficient authority? And whether the pro-

ceedings of our reformation were justifiable by the rule of scripture, and the ancient church? Upon these points we ought to join issue, and I am sure the conclusion must be in the affirmative.

As to Le Blanc's second observation in relation to the marriage of priests, which our reformation he says produced, it may be answered, that the doctrine of a priest's marriage being unlawful, was borrowed by the church of Rome from the ancient heretics; especially from the Manichees, who allowed marriage to their hearers, as the church of Rome doth to laymen; but forbad it to their elect, as that church doth to her priests. St. Augustin charges the Manichees with this error. Hic non dubito vos esse clamaturos invidiamque factures, castitatem perfectam vos vehementur commendare atque laudare, non tamen nuptias prohibere; quandoquidem auditores vestri quorum apud vos secundus est gradus ducere atque habere non prohibentur uxores. *De Moribus Manichæorum*, lib. ii. c. 18.

The first pope we read of that condemned the marriage of priests, was Syricius, the Roman, A. D. 384-398. And upon this account, I wonder Baronius had not a regard to his memory: but it has been the misfortune of his holiness since his death to fall under the displeasure of the Cardinal to that degree, that he has struck him out of his catalogue

of his Romish saints. He does not tell us for what reason. Perhaps it was because this pope rather dissuaded priests from marriage than peremptorily forbad it, as appears by his letters. Syr. epist. 1. et 4. apud Binium.

The next pope, who distinguished himself against the marriage of priests, was the son of Bald-head, count of Burgundy, whose grand-daughter was consort to Lewis the sixth, king of France; I mean the celebrated Guy, archbishop of Vienne, who succeeded Gelasius, A. D. 1119, and had for successor in the year 1124, Lambert of Bononia, commonly called Honorius the second. Calixtus the second, pope and prince of Burgundy, was the first who absolutely forbad priests marriage, and in case they were married, commanded them to be separated. *Grat. Dist.* 27. c. 8. This was in the beginning of the twelfth century. And towards the end of it, A. D. 1198, the renowned son of Count Trasimund, I mean Innocent the third, the ever memorable Cardinal Lotharius, pronounced all the marriages of priests null. And afterwards came on the council of Trent, A. D 1545—1563, which anathematizes those who say such marriages are valid. Sess. 24. can. 9.

But one would think, that God sufficiently declared his approbation of such marriages, in that

the whole world hath by his appointment been twice peopled by two married priests; first by Adam, secondly by Noah. And we are sure, the holy scripture tells us, That marriage is honourable in all;* and places it among the qualifications of a bishop, That he be the husband of one wife, having faithful children.† This, saith St. Chrysostom, the apostle prescribed to this end, that he might stop the mouths of heretics, who reproached marriage; declaring thereby that marriage is no unclean thing, but so honourable, that a married man may be exalted to the sacred throne of a bishop.‡ What do you say to this, Le Blanc? I fancy you never read this homily of Chrysostome. And well might this saint think it not unbecoming a bishop to marry, when our Lord thought it not unbecoming an apostle, no not the prince of the apostles, as the Romanists will have him, for it is without doubt, that St. Peter was married; in that the scripture makes mention of his wife's mother. *Matt.* viii. 14. And Clemens of Alexandria tells us, that it was certainly reported, that when he saw his wife led to death, he rejoiced; and having exhorted her and comforted her, he called her by her name, and bid her remem-

* *Heb.* ch. xiii. v. 4. † *Titus*, ch. i. v. 6. ‡ *Chrysost. Hom.* ii. in c. 1. ad tit.

ber the Lord. *Stromat.* lib. 7. p. 736. lut. 1629. And that he was not only married, but begat children, the same Clemens in another place affirms; *Stromat.* lib. 3. p. 448. Yea that St. Philip and St. Jude were also married, and had children, Eusebius is witness. *Eccles. Hist.* lib. 3. c. 20-31. And in like manner we find, that many of the primitive bishops were married. Charemon bishop of Nilus, St. Spiridion, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Gregory Nyssen, St. Hilary, and many more, were married men.

Nor can it be said, that they took wives while they were laymen, and after they took upon them the sacred ministry, were separated from them; since the canons, commonly called the apostles, did prohibit either bishop, priest, or deacon, to put away his wife upon pretence of religion. See *Canon* 5. And if any such shall abstain from marriage, as in itself abominable, command that he be corrected, or deposed, and cast out of the church. *Canon* 50.

Now supposing these canons, notwithstanding all that Whiston has said, were not made by them whose name they bear, yet they are allowed by all to be of much greater antiquity than the first Nicene council. And when in that council it was moved, that bishops and priests, deacons and subdeacons, might not cohabit with their wives, which

they had taken before ordination, the motion was presently dashed by the famous Paphnutius, who was himself a single person. *Socrat. Eccles. Hist.* lib. 1. c. 11. Yea a long time after this council, we meet with many popes, who were sons of bishops and priests.

Pope Theodorus, Silverius, and Gelasius I. were the sons of bishops; pope Boniface I. Felix II. and Agapetus II. were the sons of priests. *Gratian. Dist.* 56. c. 2. and that we may not think this strange, Gratian himself informs us, that the marriage of priests was in those days lawful in the Latin church. *Dist.* 56. c. 12.

Nor is this doctrine to be rejected only as contrary to scripture, and to primitive and apostolical practice, but because of the abominable fruits produced in the church of Rome by it. For when the clergy might not have wives, which God allowed, instead of them they took whores; and that wickedness so far prevailed, in the church, that the Cardinal of Cambray informs us, *De Reform. Eccles.* many clergymen were not ashamed publicly, in the face of the world, to keep concubines. And the gloss upon Gratian says "A priest may not be deposed for simple fornication, because there are few priests to be found without that fault." This made Pius II. say, that though priests were by the

western church forbid to marry for good reason yet there was stronger reason to restore marriage to them again. *Hist. Council. Trent.* lib. vii. p. 680. And many in that council, were so sensible of this, that they alleged the great scandal given by incontinent priests, and that there was want of continent persons fit to exercise the ministry. *Paoli.* p. 679. &c. The Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria did therefore require, that the marriage of priests might be granted. *Paoli*, p. 680. &c. And many bishops desired that married persons might be promoted to holy orders; but this request was not granted, because, as the fathers observed, if the clergy once come to be married, they will no longer depend on the Pope, but on their prince.

To conclude this article, and I shall do it in the words of a great man, a prelate of the church of England; To make war against the very Being of their species, they, the Romish priests, devote themselves to a single life, in blasphemous opposition to that first great command and blessing, increase and multiply.

As to Le Blanc's third observation, relating to the immoralities and bad behaviour of the English clergy; I answer, if there are several bad men among so large a body as the protestant divines are, which is not strange, as it is the common case of

all societies, yet the majority of them, orthodox and other dox, are as worthy men as can be found among the human race. I am very sure my acquaintance among them has been much larger than Le Blanc's could possibly be; and I can affirm from my own knowledge, that there are very many of this order of men, not only as fine gentlemen as I have ever conversed with; but, a clergy holy in heart, superior to pride, to anger, to foolish desires: who walk as Christ also walked, and by their example and doctrine, labour to make the people what the gospel requires they should be; that is, pious and useful, pure and honest, meek and charitable; to walk by faith, and not by sight; and so pass through things temporal, that they may be sure of obtaining the things eternal. This I can say of many English divines of my acquaintance: and I may add, that this testimony from me, who am not over-fond of the clergy, as the main of the Christianity of too many of them lies in their opinion; decked with a few outward observances, says Wesley very truly, in his letter to Bishop Warburton, and only upon occasion, endeavour now to do them justice, is certainly of more weight in their favour, than the calumny and abuse of a furious bigot and mass-priest, can be to make the world have as bad an opinion of them, as popery, and its wretched emis-

saries, would have the public entertain. Consider this then when you read Le Blanc's letters.

On the other hand, I have had a very large and intimate acquaintance with mass-priests in my time, in many parts of the world; and, a few excellent ones excepted, I can affirm, that more wicked and more worthless men than these Romish monks, I have never seen. If adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and swearing, are crimes, then the greatest criminals I could name in these respects, are Roman-catholic priests. Let this assertion of mine be set over-against the character the Abbé Le Blanc gives the English protestant ministers. Consider all I have said, when you read this mass-priest's fifty-eighth letter, and then judge of our reformation and clergy*. But it is time to re-

* Note, reader, in the fourth volume of a work, called *Notes relating to Men, and Things, and Books,* you will find some more of my remarks on the Abbé Le Blanc's epistles. You will see, among other observations on this monk, a vindication of Archbishop Tillotson. The Abbé rails at one of this prelate's fine sermons, with great malice and impudence, and has the vanity to think his miserable declamation an answer. This wretched and despicable Romish apostate has the impudence and impiety to defend the worship of his God of dough, and would, if it were in his power, per-

turn to the cottage of Christopher the fisherman, and see what happened to Antonia and Agnes.

suade the readers of his letters, to adore the tiny cake he prostrates himself before. For this the reader will find the mass-priest well chastised in the work I have referred to; and see the doctrine of the Lord's Supper set in a true light. You will find there a curious history of the mass, from the time the popish doctors first drew it out of the bottomless pit; and see it made quite evident, that in this abominable article of their faith, as well as in every other part of their execrable religion, they make void the law of God, and sink the human race into the vilest slavery and idolatry. Beware then, Christians, of popery. Still bravely dare to protest against her infernal schemes and inventions, and draw your religion from the book of God, that holy volume of inestimable treasure. It is our light in darkness, our comfort under affliction, our direction to heaven, and let us die in defence of it, if ever there should be occasion, rather than suffer the blood-thirsty papists, the red-handed idolaters, to snatch it out of our hands. They will give us for it the despicable legends of fictitious saints and false miracles; a history of diseases cured instantly by relics; accounts of speaking images—stories of travelling chapels—wonders done by a Madona; and the devil knows what he has crowded into their wretched heads. Down with popery then, the religion of hell, and may that happy state be erected, when truth and love shall embrace and reign. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

When I came back to the poor man's cottage, he told me the ladies were come home, and as he had given Miss CRANMER some account of me, as a traveller who had journeyed into that remote corner of the world, in search of antiquities and curiosities, he did not think this lady would be averse to seeing me and hearing me too, if I contrived any plausible pretence to throw myself in her way.

Immediately then I crossed the water, went up to the house, and as I saw her and the fair AGNES, her cousin, walking in the garden, near the ha, leaped it over immediately, broad as it was, and with my hat in my hand, made her a low bow, began an apology for presuming to introduce myself to her presence in such a manner, and concluded with my being in love with her charming character, before I had the honour and happiness of seeing her. What a condition then must I be in, when a heaven-born maid, like her, appeared! Strange pleasures filled my soul, unloosed my tongue, and my first talk could not be any thing but love. I said much on the subject, not worth repeating to the reader; and the issue of the matter was, that I became so well acquainted with this innocent beauty, that, on taking my leave, I had an invitation to breakfast with her the next morning. I was there by eight, and really and truly quite charmed with her. She was pretty as it was possible for flesh and

blood to be, had a beautiful understanding; and as she had very little notion of men, having seen very few, except the two old servants who lived with her, she had not a notion of any danger that could come from conversing freely with a man she knew nothing of, and who might be an enemy in disguise.

After breakfast, I offered to go, but she asked me to stay and dine; and to sum up the matter, I did dine, sup, and breakfast with her every day, for a month, till my good priest, FRIAR FLEMING, arrived, on a letter I had sent him, and we were married before the end of six weeks. We loved to excess, and did enhance human happiness to a high degree. She was good as an angel, and for two years we lived in unspeakable felicity. For the greatest part of that time, we were at Orton-Lodge, as she liked the wild place. There she likewise died of the small-pox, in the first month of the third year, and left me the most disconsolate of men. Four days I sat with my eyes shut, on account of this loss, and then left the Lodge once more, to live if I could, since my religion ordered me so to do, and see what I was next to meet with in the world. As grief sat powerfully on my spirits, and if not dislodged, would have drank them all up very soon, I resolved to hasten to Harrogate, and in the festivities of that place forget my departed partner

as soon as I could. I laid my Antonia by my Charlotte and my Statia, and then rode off. What happened at the Wells, and all the observations I made there, and thereabout, the reader will find shortly narrated.

As I mention nothing of any children by so many wives, some readers may perhaps wonder at this, and therefore, to give a general answer, once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many, to carry on the succession; but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I heard of; only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history. *

In the year 1731 I arrived at Harrogate, in the

* The author of *John Buncle, junior*, printed in 1776, a second volume of which appeared in 1778, endeavours to exculpate himself and brethren from this concise but severe satire which the author has passed upon his children, by observing that being already stamped with the character of a fool, and consequently no character to lose, he with more boldness published those letters, as the only chance left him, by which he might gain the good opinion of the reader, and as a means of wiping off the reproach their dear father had entailed upon them. *Anecdotes of John Buncle, junior*, vol. i. p. 72.

West-riding of Yorkshire, in order to amuse my mind with the diversions and company of the place. It is a small straggling village on a heath, two miles from Knaresborough, which is thirteen miles from York, and one hundred and seventy five from London. The sulphur wells are three, on the north side of the town, about five hundred yards east of the bog. They rise out of a little dry hill. The second is a yard from the first, and the third is five yards and a half from the second. The water rises into stone-basins, which are each inclosed in a small neat building of stone and lime a yard square on the insides, and two yards high, covered over with thick flagstones laid in a shelving direction.

The soil out of which these springs rise is first, corn-mould, then a marle lime-stone, and a stratum of plaster: the lime-stone is so abraded by the salt in the water, that when dried, it swims: and where the water stagnates between the basins and the brook, the earth is ink black, and has a dry white scum, which smells like sulphur, and burns with a blue flame. The water does likewise throw up much candied sea salts, that is, salts to which sulphur adheres, and the pigeons resort from all parts to pick them up. In moist or rainy weather, these waters send forth a strong smell at a distance, and before rain, they bubble up with an impetuous force;

yet neither rain nor drought increases or decreases the springs.

From the large quantities of fine flower of brimstone which these waters throw off, it is plain, that sulphur is the principal thing in them; but experiment likewise proves, that besides sulphur, the stinking well has vitriol, nitre, copper, and salt. These lie in solutis principiis in earth from which the water comes, and may be separated by operation; some, I know, deny there is any copper in these waters; but they do not consider that the glittering glebes of a gold colour found here, can be nothing else than glebes gilt with copper.

As to the diseases wherein this strong sulphur-water is proper, it is good for every thing, except a consumption. For this I recommend the Scarborough purging-chalybeate above all waters. But if, reader, you have obstructions in your liver and other viscera, and are tormented with vicious humours in your intestines; if your bowels are full of worms, the ascarides, or the broad round worm, or the worms called the dog and the wolf, from their likeness to these animals; or if, from a venereal cause, the malady of many a priest and layman, you have an ulcer in the anus, or in the neck of your bladder, go to Harrogate; drink the stinking-water, live temperate, and you will be cured. For the scurvy, that universal

disease, it is better than all other medic _ _ It is excellent in the jaundice, though of many years standing. It cures the asthma, the scotomia, and palsy, and in many other deplorable cases gives wonderful relief. Whatever ails you, consumption excepted, fly to Harrogate, and the water will do you good, if your hour be not come: and if you are well, the waters will promote long life, and make you the more able to dance with the ladies.

Four pints of water are enough for a patient, to be taken from half an hour to two hours after sunrising, upon an empty stomach. You should take some preparatory medicine; and walk drinking the waters to warm the body a little, and make the passage the easier. Some people I have known drink their dose in bed, and it does well enough: but exercise and the thin open air do better, and contribute not a little to the patient's recovery: and there is no finer fresher air in England than at this place.

In short, these wells are the strongest sulphur-water in Great Britain, and, from the superior strength of the impregnating sulphur, it does not lose but retain the sulphureous smell, even when exposed to a scalding, and almost a violent heat; and, in distilling it, when three pints had been taken off from a gallon of it, the last was as strong as the first, and stunk intolerably.

Make haste then to Harrogate, if you are sick, and have money, and in all probability you will find the waters efficacious, unless thy distemper be a consumption, or in its nature incurable, which is the case of many, as death is the common fate of mankind.

But when you are there, let me advise you to exercise as much as you can bear, without fatiguing yourself; and in the next place, to be regular in meats and drinks, and as temperate as possible. Without these things, you will lose the benefit of the waters. No good can be expected, if men will indulge during a course of drinking the spa, and be not only excessive in quantity, but indiscreet as to the quality, of meats and liquors.

I have known some worn-out hard drinkers come to the Wells for relief, and at the same time increase by intemperance what they had contracted by the same measure. I have likewise seen some in a diabetes drink white wine; in a cachexy, ale; in the stone and gravel, claret. I have known a man in a dropsy, eat nothing but cooling, insipid, mucilaginous foods, and drink malt-drink plentifully; a man in a jaundice, eat nothing but flesh meat and claret; in a scurvy, prefer the pungent, saline diet; in obstinate obstructions, and a chronic hyppo, feed on thickening, hardening, and drying meats; and

in a hectic, vomiting, and spitting of blood, chuse only such things as increase the blood's momentum and velocity. I have known some gentlemen, who sat up late, never exercised, could not eat a dinner, and therefore would indulge in a flesh supper. All these, and many other irregularities, have I known expect surprising effects from the waters, and when they received no benefit, say, there were no sanative principles in them. Unreasonable, unhappy men! Be temperate and regular, use exercise, and keep the passions within bounds, and you may expect very astonishing cures; provided your bodies are not become irreparable, and no longer tenantable; your juices not to the last degree glutinous and acrimonious, and the corrosiveness of your blood not bringing on mortifications; nor inflammations, filling, dilating, and breaking your vessels into suppuration and putrefactions. Then, live how you will, the waters can be of no use. You must pay the debt of nature by an incurable disease. Neither mineral waters, nor physic, can create and enliven new bodies, or make and adapt particular members to the old. But if you are only hurt a little, and the disease is curable, the waters will certainly be efficacious, and recover you, if you use moderate exercise, riding especially, diversion, a strict regularity, and great temperance.

O temperance! Divine temperance! Thou art the support of the other virtues, the preserver and restorer of health, and the protracter of life! Thou art the maintainer of the dignity and liberty of rational beings, from the wretched inhuman slavery of sensuality, taste, custom, and examples; and the brightener of the understanding and memory! Thou art the sweetener of life and all its comforts, the companion of reason, and guard of the passions! Thou art the bountiful rewarder of thy admirers and followers, thine enemies praise thee, and thy friends with rapturous pleasure raise up a panegyric in thy praise.

O hunger, hunger, immortal hunger! Thou art the blessing of the poor, the regale of the temperate rich, and the delicious gust of the plainest morsel. Cursed is the man that has turned thee out of doors, and at whose table thou art a stranger! Yea, thrice cursed is he, who always thirsts, and hungers no more!

As to the company at these wells, I found it very good, and was pleased with the manner of living there. In the day-time we drank the waters, walked or rode about, and lived in separate parties; lodging in one or other of the three inns that are on the edge of the common; but at night, the company meet at one of the public-houses, the inns having

the benefit of the meeting in their turn, and supped together between eight and nine o'clock on the best substantial things, such as hot shoulders of mutton, rump steaks, hot pigeon pies, veal-cutlets, and the like. For this supper, ladies and gentlemen pay eight-pence each, and after sitting an hour, and drinking what wine, punch, and ale, every one chuses, all who please get up to country-dances, which generally last till one in the morning; those that dance, and those who do not, drinking as they will. The ladies pay nothing for what liquor is brought in, either at supper or after, and it costs the gentlemen five or six shillings a man. At one the ladies withdraw, some to their houses in the neighbourhood, and some to their beds in the inns. The men who are temperate, do then likewise go to rest.

In short, of all the wells I know, Harrogate is in my opinion the most charming. The waters are incomparable, no air can be better: and with the greatest civility, cheerfulness, and good humour, there is a certain rural plainness and freedom mixed, which are vastly pleasing. The lady of pleasure, the well-drest tailor, and the gamester, are not to be found there. Gentlemen of the country, and women of birth and fortune, their wives, sisters, and daughters, are for the most part the company. There

were at least fourscore ladies in the country-dances every night, while I was there, and among them many fine women.

Among the company I found at this agreeable place, were six Irish gentlemen, who had been my contemporaries in Trinity-College, Dublin, and were right glad to see me, as we had been Socio-rums,* at the conniving-house at Ringsend, for many a summer's evening, and their regard for me was great. They thought I had been long numbered with the dead, as they could not get any account of me for so many years; and when they saw me, on their entering the public room, sitting by a beauty, in deep discourse, "God-zounds," said one of them, "there he is, making love to the finest woman in the world." These gentlemen were Mr. Gollogher, Mr. Gallaspy, Mr. Dunkley, Mr. Makins, Mr. Monaghan, and Mr. O'Keefe, who was descended from the Irish kings, and first cousin to the great O'Keefe, who was buried not long ago in Westminster Abbey. They were all men of large fortunes, and, Makins excepted, were as handsome fine fellows as could be picked out in all the world. Makins was a very low, thin man, not four feet high, and had but one eye, with

* A phrase used by Swift.

which he squinted most shockingly. He wore his own hair, which was short and bad, and only drest by his combing it himself in the morning, without oil or powder. But as he was matchless on the fiddle, sung well, and chatted agreeably, he was a favourite with the ladies. They preferred ugly MAKINS, as he was called, to many very handsome men. I will here give the public the character of these Irish gentlemen, for the honour of Ireland, and as they were curiosities of the human kind.

O'KEEFE was as distinguished a character as I have ever known. He had read and thought, travelled and conversed, was a man of sense, and a scholar. He had a greatness of soul, which shewed a pre-eminence of dignity, and by conduct and behaviour, the faithful interpreters of the heart, always attested the noblest and most generous sentiments. He had an extreme abhorrence of meanness, treachery, revenge, envy, littleness of mind, and shewed in all his actions the qualities that adorn a man. His learning was of the genteel and most useful kind, a sort of agreeable knowledge, which he acquired rather from a sound taste and good judgment than from the books he had read. He had a right estimation of things, and had gathered up almost every thing amusing or instructive. This rendered him a master in the art of pleasing,

and as he had added to these improvements the fashionable ornaments of life, languages and bodily exercises, he was the delight of all that knew him.

MAKINS was possessed of all the excellent qualities and perfections that are within the reach of human abilities. He had received from nature the happiest talents, and he had singularly improved them by a successful application to the most useful and most ornamental studies. Music, as before observed, he excelled in. His intellectual faculties were fine, and, to his honour I can affirm, that he mostly employed them, as he did his great estate, to the good of mankind, the advancement of morality, and the spread of pure theism, the worship of God our Saviour, who raised and sent Christ to be a Redeemer. This gentleman was a zealous Unitarian, and, though but five and twenty, when we met at Harrogate, he was a religious man; but his religion was without any melancholy, nor had it any thing of that severity of temper, which diffuses too often into the hearts of the religious a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He avoided the assemblies of fools, knaves, and blockheads, but was fond of good company, and condemned that doctrine which taught men to retire from human society to seek God in the horrors of solitude. He thought the

Almighty may be best found among men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed.

GALLASPY was the tallest and strongest man I have ever seen, well made, and very handsome. He had wit and abilities, sung well, and talked with great sweetness and fluency, but was so extremely wicked, that it were better for him, he had been a natural fool. By his vast strength and activity, his riches and eloquence, few things could withstand him. He was the most profane swearer I have known, fought every thing, whored every thing, and drank seven in a hand; that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. This was a common thing, I find from a book in my possession, in the reign of Charles the Second, in the madness that followed the restoration of that profligate and worthless prince. But this gentleman was the only man I ever saw who could or would attempt to do it, and he made but one gulp of whatever he drank; he did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher. When he smoked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the

smoke of both out of his nostrils. He had killed two men in duels before I left Ireland, and would have been hanged, but that it was his good fortune to be tried before a judge, the late Sir John St. Leger, who never let any man suffer for killing another in this manner. He debauched all the women he could, and many whom he could not corrupt, he ravished. I went with him once in the stage-coach to Kilkenny, and seeing two pretty ladies pass by in their own chariot, he swore in his horrible way, having drank very hard after dinner, that he would immediately stop them, and ravish them; nor was it without great difficulty that I hindered him from attempting the thing, by assuring him I would be their protector, and he must pass through my heart before he could proceed to offer them the least rudeness. In sum, I never saw his equal in impiety, especially when inflamed with liquor, as he was every day of his life, though it was not in the power of wine to make him drunk, weak, or senseless. He set no bounds or restrictions to mirth and revels. He only slept every third night, and that often in his clothes in a chair, where he would sweat so prodigiously as to be wet quite through, as if come from a pond, or that a pail of water had been thrown on him. While all the world was at rest, he was either drinking or dancing, scouring the bawdy-houses, or riding as

hard as he could drive his horse on some iniquitous project. And yet he never was sick, nor did he ever receive any hurt or mischief. In health, joy, and plenty, he passed life away, and died about a year ago at his house in the county of Galway, without a pang, or any kind of pain. This was JACK GALLASPY. There are, however, some things to be said in his favour, and as he had more regard for me than any of his acquaintance, I should be ungrateful if I did not do him all the justice in my power.

He was in the first place far from being quarrelsome, and if he fought a gentleman at the small-sword, or boxed with a porter or coachman, it was because he had in some degree been ill used, or fancied that the laws of honour required him to call an equal to an account, for a transaction. His temper was naturally amicable.

In the next place, he was the most generous of mankind. His purse of gold was ever at his friend's service, was kind and good to his tenants, and to the poor a very great benefactor. He would give more money away to the sick and distressed in one year, than I believe many rich and pious people do in seven. He had the blessings of thousands, for his charities, and, perhaps, this procured him the protection of heaven.

As to swearing, he thought it was only criminal, when it was false, or men lied in their affirmations; and for whoring, he hoped there would be mercy, since men will be men while there are women. Ravishing he did not pretend to justify, as the laws of his country were against it; but he could not think the woman was a sufferer by it, as she enjoyed without sinning the highest felicity. He intended her happiness; and her saying No, kept her an innocent.

How far all this can excuse JACK GALLASPY, I pretended not to determine: but as I thought it proper to give the world the picture of so extraordinary a man, it was incumbent on me, as his friend, to say all I could, with truth, in his vindication.

DUNKLEY had an extensive capacity, an exquisite taste, and a fine genius. Besides an erudition which denominates what we call a man of learning, he happily possessed a social knowledge, which rendered him agreeable to every body. He was one of the men that are capable of touching every note. To all the variety of topics for conversation, the diversity of occurrences and incidents, the several distinctions of persons, he could adapt himself. He would laugh like Democritus, and weep like Heraclitus. He had the short, pert trip of the affected; the haughty, tragic stalk of the

solemn; and the free, genteel gait of the fine gentleman. He was qualified to please all tastes, and capable of acting every part. He was grave, gay, a philosopher, and a trifler. He had a time for all things, relative to society, and his own true happiness, but none for any thing repugnant to honour and conscience. He was a surprising and admirable man.

MONAGHAN had genius and knowledge, had read many books, but knew more of mankind. He laughed at those men who lose among their books the elegancy of mind so necessary in civil society. He had no relish but for nice studies and fine literature, and despised the too serious and abstruse sciences. This was reckoned a fault in him by several judges, but with me it is a quere, if he was much to blame. Politeness is certainly preferable to dry knowledge and thorny enquiries. This gentleman's was such as rendered him for ever agreeable and engaging: He was continually an improving friend, and a gay companion. In the qualities of his soul, he was generous without prodigality, humane without weakness, just without severity, and fond without folly. He was an honest and charming fellow. MONAGHAN and DUNKLEY married ladies they fell in love with at Harrogate Wells. DUNKLEY had the fair ALCMENA, Miss Cox of

Northumberland; and MONAGHAN, ANTIOPE with haughty charms, Miss Pearson of Cumberland. They lived very happy many years, and their children I hear are settled in Ireland.

GOLLOGHER was a man of learning and extraordinary abilities. He had read very hard for several years, and during that time, had collected and extracted from the best books more than any man I ever was acquainted with. He had four vast volumes of common-place, royal paper, bound in rough calf, and had filled them with what is most curious and beautiful in works of literature, most refined in eloquent discourses, most poignant in books of criticism, most instructive in history, most touching and affecting in news, catastrophes, and stories; and with aphorisms, sayings, and epigrams. A prodigious memory made all this his own, and a great judgment enabled him to reduce every thing to the most exact point of truth and accuracy. A rare man! Till he was five and twenty, he continued this studious life, and but seldom went into the mixed and fashionable circles of the world. Then, all at once, he sold every book he had, and determined to read no more. He spent his every day in the best company of every kind; and as he had the happy talent of manner, and possessed that great power which strikes and awakens fancy, by giving

every subject the new dress and decoration it requires; could make the most common thing no longer trivial, when in his hand, and render a good thing most exquisitely pleasing. As he told a story beyond most men, and had, in short, a universal means towards a universal success, it was but natural that he should be every where liked and wished for. He charmed wherever he came. The specific I have mentioned made every one fond of him. With the ladies especally he was a great favourite, and more fortunate in his amours than any man I knew. Had he warted the fine talents he was blest with, his being an extremely handsome man, and a master on the fiddle, could not but recommend him to the sex. He might, if he had pleased, have married any one of the most illustrious and richest women in the kingdom. But he had an aversion to matrimony, and could not bear the thought of a wife. Love and a bottle were his taste. He was however the most honourable of men in his amours, and never abandoned any woman to distress, as too many men of fortune do, when they have gratified desire. All the distressed were ever sharers in GOLLOGHER's fine estate, and especially the girls he had taken to his breast. He provided happily for them all, and left nineteen daughters he had by several women a thousand

pounds each. This was acting with a temper worthy of a man; and to the memory of the benevolent Tom Gollogher I devote this memorandum.

Having said above, that too many men of fortune abandon the girls they have ruined, I will here relate a very remarkable story, in hopes it may make an impression on some rake of fortune, if such a man should ever take this book in his hand.

Travelling once in the summer-time, in the county of Kildare in Ireland, I came into a land of flowers and blossons, hills, woods, and shades; where I saw upon an eminence a house, surrounded with the most agreeable images of rural beauties, and which appeared to be placed on purpose in that decorated spot for retirement and contemplation. It is in such silent recesses of life, that we can best enjoy the noble and felicitous ideas, which more immediately concern the attention of man, and in the cool hours of reflection, secreted from the fancies and follies, the business, the faction, and the pleasures of an engaged world, thoroughly consider the wisdom and harmony of the works of nature, the important purposes of providence, and the various reasons we have to adore that ever glorious Being, who formed us for rational happiness here, and after we have passed a few years on this sphere, in a life of virtue and charity, to translate us to the

realms of endless bliss. Happy they who have a taste for these silent retreats, and when they please, can withdraw for a time from the world.

The owner of this sweet place was CHARLES HUNT, a gentleman of a small estate and good sense, whom I knew many years before fortune led me to his house. His wife was then dead, and he had but one child left, his daughter ELIZABETH. The beauties of this young lady were very extraordinary. She had the finest eyes in the world, she looked, she smiled, and she talked with such diffusive charms, as were sufficient to fire the heart of the most morose woman-hater that ever lived, and give his soul a softness it never felt before. Her father took all possible pains to educate her mind, and had the success to render her understanding a wonder, when she was but twenty years old. She sung likewise beyond most women, danced to perfection, and had every accomplishment of soul and body that a man of the best taste could wish for in a wife or a mistress. She was all beauty, life, and softness.

Mr. HUNT thought to have had great happiness in this daughter, though it was not in his power to give her more than five hundred pounds for a fortune, and she would have been married to a country-gentleman in his neighbourhood of a good estate,

had not death carried off both her father and lover in a few days, just as the match was agreed on. This was a sad misfortune, and produced a long train of sorrows. For two years however after the decease of her father, she lived very happily with an old lady, her near relation, and was universally admired and respected. I saw her many times during that term, at the old lady's villa within a few miles of Dublin, and took great delight in her company. If I had not been then engaged to another, I would most certainly have married her.

In this way I left ELIZA, in Ireland, and for several years could not hear what was become of her. No one could give me any information: but, about a twelvemonth ago, as I was walking in Fleet-street, I saw a woman who cleaned shoes, and seemed to be an object of great distress. She was in rags and dirt beyond all I had ever seen of the profession, and was truly skin and bone. Her face was almost a scull, and the only remaining expression to be seen was despair and anguish. The object engaged my attention, not only on account of the uncommon misery that was visible; but, as her eyes, though sunk, were still extraordinary, and there were some remains of beauty to be traced. I thought I had somewhere seen that face in better condition. This kept me looking at her, unnoticed,

for near a quarter of an hour; and as I found she turned her head from me, when she saw me, with a kind of consciousness, as if she knew me, I then asked her name, and if she had any where seen me before? The tears immediately ran plentifully from her eyes, and when she could speak, she said, I am ELIZABETH HUNT. What, Mr. HUNT's daughter of Rafarlin? I replied with amazement, and a concern that brought the tears into my eyes. I called a coach immediately, and took her to the house of a good woman, who lodges and attends sick people, ordered her clean clothes, and gave the woman a charge to take the greatest care of her, and let her want for nothing proper, till I called next day.

When I saw her again, she was clean and whole, and seemed to have recovered a little, though very little, of what she once was; for a more miserable spectacle my eyes have not often seen. She told me, that soon after I went to England, Mr. R. a gentleman of my acquaintance of great fortune, got acquainted with her, courted her, and swore in the most solemn manner, by the supreme power, and the everlasting gospel, that he would be her husband, and marry her as soon as a rich dying uncle had breathed his last, if she would consent, in the mean while, to their living in secret as man and wife; for his uncle hated matrimony, and would not

leave him his vast fortune, if he heard he had a wife; and he was sure, if he was married by any of the church, some whisperer would find it out, and bring it to his ear. But notwithstanding this plausible story, and that he acted the part of the fondest and tenderest man that ever lived, yet, for several months, she would not comply with his proposal. She refused to see him any more, and for several weeks he did not come in her sight.

The fatal night however at last arrived, and from the Lord Mayor's ball, he prevailed on her, by repeated vows of sincerity and truth, to come with him to his lodgings. She was undone, with child, and at the end of two months, she never saw him more. When her relations saw her big belly, they turned her out of doors; her friends and acquaintance would not look at her, and she was so despised, and ashamed to be seen, that she went to England with her little one. It fortunately died on the road to London, and as her five hundred pounds were going fast by the time she had been a year in the capital, she accepted an offer made her by a great man to go into keeping. Three years she lived with him in splendor, and when he died, she was with several in high life, till she got a cancer in her breast; and after it was cut off, an incurable abscess appeared. This struck her out of

society, and as she grew worse and worse every day, the little money she had, and her clothes, were all gone in four years time, in the relief she wanted and in support. She came the fifth year to a garret and rags, and at last, to clean shoes, or perish for want. She then uncovered the upper part of her body, which was half eaten away, so as to see into the trunk, and rendered her, in the emaciated condition she was in, an object shocking to behold. She lived in torment, and had no kind of ease or peace but in reflecting, that her misery and distress might procure her the mercy of heaven hereafter, and in conjunction with her true repentance bring her to rest, when she had passed through the grave and gate of death.

Such was the case of that Venus of her sex, Miss HUNT. When I first saw her, it was rapture to be in her company; her person matchless, and her conversation as charming as her person; both easy, unconstrained, and beautiful to perfection. But when I last saw her, she was grim as the skeleton, horrid, loathsome, and sinking fast into the grave by the laws of corruption. What a change was there! She lived but three months from the time I put her into a lodging, and died as happy a penitent as she had lived an unhappy woman. I gave her a decent private funeral; a hearse, and one mourning-coach,

in which I alone attended her remains to the earth; the great charnel-house, where all the humane race must be deposited. Here ends the story of Miss HUNT.

And now a word or two to the man who ruined her. BOB R. is still living, the master of thousands, and has thought no more of the wretched ELIZA, than if her ruin and misery were a trifle. He fancies his riches and power will screen him from the hand of justice, and afford him lasting satisfaction; but, cruel man, after this short day, the present life, the night of death shall come, and your unrelenting soul must then appear before a judge, infinitely knowing and righteous; who is not to be imposed upon, and cannot be biassed. The sighs and moans of ELIZA will then be remembered, confound and abash you for your falsehood and inhumanity to this unhappy woman. In your last agony, her spirit will haunt you, and at the sessions of righteousness appear against you, execrable R. R.

But to return to Harrogate. While I was there, it was my fortune to dance with a lady, who had the head of Aristotle, the heart of a primitive Christian, and the form of Venus de Medicis. This was Miss SPENCE of Westmoreland. I was not many hours in her company, before I became most passionately in love with her. I did all I could to win

heart, and at last asked her the question. But before I inform my readers what the consequence of this was, I must take some notice of what I expect from the Critical Reviewers. These gentlemen will attempt to raise the laugh. Our moralist, they will say, has buried three wives running, and they are hardly cold in their graves, before he is dancing like a buck at the Wells, and plighting vows to a fourth girl, the beautiful Miss SPENCE. An honest fellow, this Suarez, as Pascal says of that Jesuit, in his *Provincial Letters*.

To this I reply, that I think it unreasonable and impious to grieve immoderately for the dead. A decent and proper tribute of tears and sorrow, humanity requires; but when that duty has been paid, we must remember, that to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman. The wife we lose by death is no more than a sad and empty object, formed by the imagination, and to be still devoted to her, is to be in love with an idea. It is a mere chimerical passion, as the deceased has no more to do with this world, than if she had existed before the flood. As we cannot restore what nature has destroyed, it is foolish to be faithful to affliction. Nor is this all, if the woman we marry has the seven qualifications which every man would wish to find in a wife, beauty, dis-

cretion, sweetness of temper, a sprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction, yet death's snatching so amiable a wife from our arms can be no reason for accusing fate of cruelty, that is, providence of injustice; nor can it authorise us to sink into insensibility, and neglect the duty and business of life. This wife was born to die, and we receive her under the condition of mortality. She is lent but for a term, the limits of which we are not made acquainted with; and when this term is expired, there can be no injustice in taking her back: nor are we to indulge the transports of grief to distraction, but should look out for another with the seven qualifications, as it is not good for man to be alone, and as he is by the Abrahamic covenant bound to carry on the succession, in a regular way, if it be in his power. Nor is this all, if the woman adorned with every natural and acquired excellence is translated from this gloomy planet to some better world, to be a sharer of the divine favour, in that peaceful and happy state which God hath prepared for the virtuous and faithful, must it not be senseless for me to indulge melancholy and continue a mourner on her account, while she is breathing the balmy air of paradise, enjoying pure and radiant vision, and beyond description happy?

In the next place, as I had forfeited my father's

favour and estate, for the sake of christian-deism, and had nothing but my own honest industry to secure me daily bread, it was necessary for me to lay hold of every opportunity to improve my fortune, and of consequence do my best to gain the heart of the first rich young woman who came in my way, after I had buried a wife. It was not fit for me to sit snivelling for months, because my wife died before me, which was, at least, as probable, as that she should be the survivor; but instead of solemn affliction, and the inconsolable part, for an event I foresaw, it was incumbent on me, after a little decent mourning, to consecrate myself to virtue and good fortune united in the form of a woman. Whenever she appeared, it was my business to get her if I could. This made me sometimes a dancer at the Wells, in the days of my youth.

As to Miss SPENCE, she was not cruel, but told me at last, after I had tired her with my addresses and petitions, that she would consider my case, and give me an answer, when I called at her house in Westmoreland, to which she was then going; at present however, to tell me the truth, she had very little inclination to change her condition, she was as happy as she could wish to be, and she had observed, that many ladies of her acquaintance had been made unhappy by becoming wives. The hus-

band generally proves a very different man from the courtier, and it is luck indeed, if a young woman, by marrying, is not undone. During the mollia tempora fandi, as the poet calls it, the man may charm, when, like the god of eloquence, he pleads, and every word is soft as flakes of falling snow; but when the man is pleased to take off the mask, and play the domestic hero; Gods! What miseries have I seen in families ensue! If this were my case, I should run stark mad.

Miss SPENCE'S mentioning the memorable line from Virgil, surprised me not a little, as she never gave the least hint before, though we had conversed then a fortnight, of her having any notion of the Latin tongue, and I looked at her with a raised admiration, before I replied in the following manner. "What you say, Miss SPENCE, is true. But this is far from being the case of all gentlemen. If there be something stronger than virtue in too many of them, something that masters and subdues it; a passion, or passions, rebellious and lawless, which makes them neglect some high relations, and take the throne from God and reason; gaming, drinking, keeping; yet there are very many exceptions, I am sure. I know several, who have an equal affection to goodness, and were my acquaintance in the world larger than it is, I believe I could name a

large number, who would not prefer indulgence to virtue, or resign her for any consideration. There are men, madam, and young men, who allow a partial regard to rectitude is inconsistent and absurd, and are sensible, it is not certain, that there is absolutely nothing at all in the evidences of religion: that if there was but even a chance for obtaining blessings of inestimable worth, yet a chance for eternal bliss is worth securing, by acting as the spotless holiness of the Deity requires from us, and the reason and fitness of things makes necessary, in respect of every kind of relation and neighbour. This is the case of many men. They are not so generally bad as you seem to think.

"On the other hand, I would ask, if there are no unhappy marriages by the faults of women? Are all the married ladies consistently and thoroughly good, that is, effectually so? Do they all yield themselves entirely and universally to the government of conscience, subdue every thing to it, and conquer every adverse passion and inclination? Has reason always the sovereignty, and nothing wrong to be seen? Are truth, piety, and goodness, the settled prevailing regard in the hearts and lives of all the married ladies you know? Have you heard of no unhappy marriages by the passions and vices of women, as well as by the faults of men?

I am afraid there are too many wives as subject to ill habits as the men can be. It is possible to name not a few ladies who find their virtuous exercises, the duties of piety, and the various offices of love and goodness, as distasteful and irksome to them as they can be to a libertine or a cruel man. I could tell some sad stories to this purpose; but all I shall say more is, that there are faults on both sides, and that it is not the ladies only run a hazard of being ruined by marrying. I am sure, there are as many men of fortune miserable by the manners and conduct of their wives, as you can name ladies who are sufferers by the temper and practice of their husbands. This is the truth of the case, and the business is, in order to avoid the miseries we both have seen among married people, to resolve to act well and wisely. "This is the thing to be sure," replied Miss SPENCE. "This will prevent faults on either side. Such a course as virtue and piety require must have a continued tendency to render life a scene of the greatest happiness; and it may gain infinitely hereafter. Call upon me then at Cleator as soon as you can," she concluded, with her face in smiles, "and we will talk over this affair again." Thus we chatted as we dined together in private, and early the next morning Miss SPENCE left the Wells.

Miss SPENCE being gone from Harrogate, and finding myself very ill from having drank too hard the preceding night, I mounted my horse, and rode to Oldfield-Spa, a few miles off, as I had heard an extraordinary account of its usefulness after a debauch. There is not so much as a little ale-house there to rest at, and for six days I lodged at the cottage of a poor labouring man, to which my informer directed me. I lived on such plain fare as he had for himself. Bread and roots, and milk and water, were my chief support; and for the time, I was as happy as I could wish.

O Nature! Nature! would man be satisfied with thee, and follow thy wise dictates, he would constantly enjoy that true pleasure, which advances his real happiness, and very rarely be tormented with those evils, which obstruct and destroy it; but, alas! instead of listening to the voice of reason, keeping the mind free of passions, and living as temperance and discretion direct, the man of pleasure will have all the gratifications of sense to as high a pitch, as an imagination and fortune devoted to them can raise them, and diseases and calamities are the consequence. Fears, anxieties and disappointments are often the attendants, and too frequently the ruin of health and estate, of reputation and honour, and the lasting wound of remorse in reflection, follow. This is generally the

case of the voluptuary. Dreadful Case! He runs the course of pleasure first, and then the course of produced evils succeed. He passes from pleasure to a state of pain, and the pleasure past gives a double sense of that pain. We ought then surely, as reasonable beings, to confine our pleasure within the bounds of just and right.

As to the place called Oldfield-Spa, it is seven miles from Harrogate, and four from Rippon, lies on a rising ground, between two high hills, near an old abbey, about five yards from a running stream, and in a most romantic delightful situation, which resembles Matlock in Derbyshire, so very much, that one might almost take it for the same place, if conveyed there in a long deep sleep. The same kind of charms and various beauties are every where to be seen; rocks and mountains, groves and vallies, tender shrubs and purling currents, at once surprise and please the wandering eye.

As to the mineral water at Oldfield-Spa, it is an impetuous spring, that throws out a vast quantity of water, and is always of the same height, neither affected by rain or drought. It is bright and sparkling, and when poured into a glass, rises up in rows like strings of little beads. It has an uncommon taste, quite different from all other mineral waters that ever came in my way; but it is not disagreeable. What impregnates it I know not. Dr.

Rutty I suppose never heard of this water, for it is not in his valuable quarto lately published; and Dr. Short, in his excellent *History of Mineral Waters*, printed in two quarto volumes in 1734, says little more than that there is a medicinal spring there. What I found upon trial is, that two quarts of it, swallowed as fast as I could drink it in a morning, vomits to great advantage; and that four quarts of it, drank by degrees, at intervals, works off by siege or stool, and urine, in a very beneficial, manner. I was apprehensive of a high fever from my night's hard drinking at Harrogate, which I could not avoid; and the Oldfield-water, operating as related, carried off the bad symptoms, and restored me to sanity in two day's time. This is all I can say of this fine water. It is very little in respect of what it deserves to have said of it.

By the way, it is to me a matter of great admiration, that so many rich and noble persons not only endure the fatigues and hazards of sailing and travelling to remote countries, but waste their money, to drink spa-waters abroad, when they can have as good of every kind in England, by riding a few miles to the most delightful places in the world, in summer time. Our own country has healing waters equal to the best in France, Italy, and Westphalia. Harrogate-water, in particular, has all the

virtues of the famous baths of Aponus, within a mile of Padua in Italy, and is in every respect exactly alike. See the analysis of Aponus-water by Fallopius and Baccius, and the analysis of the English sulphur-spa by Dr. Rutty. It is injustice then to our country to visit foreign nations upon this account.

The mineral waters called Moffat-waters, which are as good as any in the known world, are found at the distance of a long mile northward from Moffat, a village in Annandale, thirty-five miles S. W. of Edinburgh. The springs are situated on the declivity of a hill, and on the brow of a precipice, with high mountains at a distance, and almost on every side of them. The hill is the second from Hartfield, adjoining the highest hill in Scotland.

A vein of spar runs for several miles on this range of hills, and forms the bottom and lower sides of the wells. It is of a greyish colour, having polished and shining surfaces of regular figures, interspersed with glittering particles of a golden colour, which are very copious and large.

There are two medicinal springs or wells, which are separated from one another by a small rock, the higher well lies with its mouth south east. It is of an irregular square figure, and about a foot and a half deep. The lower well is surrounded with naked

rocks, forming a small arch of a circle. Its depth is four feet and a half, and by a moderate computation, the two springs yield forty loads of water in twenty-four hours, each load containing sixty-four or sixty-eight Scotch pints; a Scotch pint is two English quarts. The higher shallow well is used for bathing, as it is not capable of being kept so clean as the lower well, on account of the shallowness and the looseness of its parts.

These waters are strongly sulphureous, and resemble the scourings of a foul gun, or rotten eggs, or a weak solution of sal polychrestum, or hepar sulphuris. The colour of the water somewhat milky or bluish. The soil on every side of the wells is thin, and the hills rocky, only just below the wells there is a small moss, caused by the falling of water from the hill above it.

Great is the medicinal virtue of these waters, in relieving inwardly, cholics, pains in the stomach, griping of the guts; bilious, nephritic, nervous and hysteric cholics; the gravel, by carrying off the quantities of sand, though it does not dissolve the slimy gravel, clearing the urinary passages in a wounderful manner; curing ischuries, and ulcerated kidneys; the gout, the palsy, obstructions of the menses, old gleets, and barrenness; it is a sovereign remedy in rheumatic and scorbutic pains, even

when the limbs are monstrously swelled, useless, and covered with scales. Outwardly, ulcers, tumors, itch, St. Anthony's fire, and king's evil.

The waters are used by bathing and drinking: to drink in the morning three chopins, i. e. six pints or a Scotch quart, four English quarts, at most, between the hours of six and eleven. After dinner to drink gradually.

Medicines commonly used during the drinking of the waters are, an emetic or two at first, and a few cathartic doses. The doses sal Glauberi and polychrestum: syrup of buckthorn, and sulphur, is used along with the water.

But the cathartic prescription most in use, which was given by an eminent physician, for a general recipe, to be taken by all who should at any time use the water, is pills that are a composition of gambozia, resin of jalap, aloes, and scammony; these to all intents are a strong hydragogue.

The large vein of spar three feet thick, runs in one direction for six miles to the wells, crosses obliquely the rivulet at the bottom of the precipice, and ascends the hill on the opposite side. Small veins of the same spar which appears on the precipices, are on the side of the rivulet, and six small gushes of water of the mineral kind proceed from them. The rocks and stones about the tops of the

wells, and in other parts of the hill and precipices, differ not from common stones, no more than the water of the small springs in the neighbourhood with the common water.

The virtue of this water was discovered by Miss Whiteford, daughter of bishop Whiteford, in 1632. She had been abroad, and all over England, drinking mineral waters for the recovery of her health, but found little benefit, till by accident she tasted these waters in her neighbourhood, and finding they resembled those she had used elsewhere, made a trial of them, and was cured of all her disorders.

Upon this she recommended the use of them to others, and employed workmen to clear the ground about the springs, their overflowing having made a small morass, that the poor and the rich might come, and make use of a medicine, which nature had so bounteously offered to them.

The 19th of May, 1731, at that hour, when the break of day offers the most magnificent sight to the eyes of men, though few who have eyes will deign to view it; I mounted my horse, and intended to breakfast at Knaresborough, in order to my being at Harrogate by dinner time, with my friends again; but the land I went over was so enchantingly romantic, and the morning so extremely beautiful, that I had a mind to see more of the country, and

let my horse trot on where he pleased. For a couple of hours, he went slowly over the hills as his inclination directed him, and I was delightfully entertained with the various fine scenes.

The rising sun, which I had directly before me, struck me very strongly, in the fine situation I was in for observing it, with the power and wisdom of the author of nature, and gave me such a charming degree of evidence for the Deity, that I could not but offer up, in silence, on the altar of my heart, praise and adoration to that sovereign and universal mind, who produced this glorious luminary, as the bright image of his benignity, and in its circle, which it traces unweariedly round; not only to illustrate successively the opposite sides of this globe, thereby enlivening the animal, and supporting the vegetable world, ripening and preparing matter for all the purposes of life and vegetation; but, to enlighten and cheer surrounding worlds, by a perpetual diffusion of bounties, to dispel darkness and sorrow, and like the presence of the Deity, infuse secret ravishment and delight into the heart. This cannot be the production of chance. It must be the work of an infinitely wise and good Being. The nature, situation, and motion of the sun, brings the Deity even within the reach of the methods of sense assisted by reason, and shews such constant opera-

tions of his power and goodness, that it is impossible to consider the present disposition of the system, without being full of a sense of love and gratitude to the Almighty Creator—the parent of Being and of Beauty! By this returning minister of his beneficence, all things are recalled into life, from corruption and decay; and by its, and all the other heavenly motions, the whole frame of nature is still kept in repair. His name alone then is excellent, and his glory above the earth and heaven. It becomes the whole system of rationals to say, Hallelujah.

Come CHEERFULNESS, triumphant Fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of care.
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
Fair virtue's friend, and pleasure's queen!
Fond guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife;
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deform the scene where thou art by:
No sick'ning husband damns the hour,
That bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares,
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother rises to the friend:

By thee our board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs our walks resound;
By thee the sprightly mornings shine,
And evening hours in peace decline.

While I was thinking in this manner of the sun, and the author of it, I came into a silent unfrequented glade, that was finely adorned with streams and trees. Nature there seemed to be lulled into a kind of pleasing repose, and conspired as it were to soften a speculative genius into solid and awful contemplations. The woods, the meadows, and the water, formed the most delightful scenes, and the charms of distant prospects multiplied as I travelled on; but at last I came to a seat which had all the beauties that proportion, regularity, and convenience can give. This delightful mansion was situated in the midst of meadows, and surrounded with gardens, trees, and various shades. A fountain played to a great height before the door, and fell into a circular reservoir of water, that had foreign wild-fowl swimming on its surface. The whole was very fine.

Here I walked for some time, and after roaming about, went up to the house, to admire its beauties. I found the windows open, and could see several ladies in one of the apartments. How to gain ad-

mittance was the question, and I began to contrive many ways; but while I was busied in this kind of speculation, a genteel footman came up to me, and let me know, his lady sent him to inform me I might walk in and look at the house, if I pleased. So in I went, and passed through several grand rooms, all finely furnished, and filled with paintings of great price. In one of those chambers the servant left me, and told me, he would wait upon me again in a little time. This surprised me, and my astonishment was doubled, when I had remained alone for almost an hour. No footman returned, nor could I hear the sound of any feet. But I was charmingly entertained all the while. In the apartment I was left in, were two figures, dressed like a shepherd and shepherdess, which amazed me very much. They sat on a rich couch, in a gay alcove, and both played on the German flute. They moved their heads, their arms, their eyes, their fingers, and seemed to look with a consciousness at each other, while they breathed, at my entering the room, that fine piece of music, the masquerade minuet; and afterwards, several excellent pieces. I thought at first, they were living creatures; but on examination, finding they were only wood, my admiration increased, and became exceeding great, when I saw, by shutting their mouths, and stopping their fingers, that the music

did not proceed from an organ within the figures. It was an extraordinary piece of clockwork, invented and made by one JOHN NIXON, a poor man.

At length however, a door was opened, and a lady entered, she was vastly pretty, and richly drest beyond what I had ever seen, and had diamonds enough for a queen. I was amazed at the sight of her, and wondered still more, when, after being honoured with a low courtesy, on my bowing to her, she asked me in Irish, how I did, and how long I had been in England. My surprise was so great I could not speak, and upon this, she said, in the same language, I see, Sir, you have no remembrance of me. You cannot recollect the least idea of me. You have quite forgot young IMOINDA, of the county of Galway in Ireland; who was your partner in country dances, when you passed the Christmas of the year 1715, at her father's house. What Miss Wolf of Balineskay? O my IMOINDA! I exclaimed, and snatching her to my arms, I almost stifled her with kisses. I was so glad to see her again, and in the situation she appeared in, that I could not help expressing my joys in that tumultuous manner, and hoped she would excuse her Valentine, as I then remembered I had had that honour when we were both very young.

This lady, who was good humour itself in flesh

and blood, was so far from being angry at this strange flight of mine, that she only laughed excessively at the oddness of the thing; but some ladies who came into the apartment with her seemed frightened, and at a loss what to think, till she cleared up the affair to them, by letting them know who I was, and how near her father and mine lived to each other in the country of Ireland. She was indeed extremely glad to see me, and from her heart bid me welcome to Clankford. Our meeting was a vast surprise to both of us. She thought I had been in the Elysian fields, as she had heard nothing of me for several years, and I little imagined, I should ever find her in England, in the rich condition she was in. She asked me by what destiny I was brought to Yorkshire; and in return for my short story, gave me an account of herself at large. Till the bell rung for dinner, we sat talking together, and then went down to as elegant a repast as I had ever seen. There were twelve at table, six young ladies, all very handsome, and six gentlemen. Good humour presided, and in a rational delightful cheerfulness, we passed some hours away. After coffee, we went to cards, and from them to country dances, as two of the footmen played well on the fiddle. The charming IMOINDA was my partner, and as they all did the dances extremely well, we were as happy a

little set as ever footed it to country measure. Two weeks I passed in this fine felicity. Then we all separated, and went different ways. What became of Miss WOLF after this, the extraordinary events of her life, and the stories of the five ladies with her, I shall relate in the second volume of my *Memoirs of several Ladies of Great Britain.* Four of them were Mrs. CHESLIN, Mrs. FANSHAW, Mrs. CHADLEY, and Mrs. BISSEL; the fifth was Miss FARMOR; all mentioned in the Preface to the first volume of my *Memoirs* aforesaid.

A fortnight, as said, I stayed with Miss WOLF, that was; but, at the time I am speaking of, the relict of Sir LOGHLIN FITZGIBBONS, an old Irish knight, who was immensely rich, and married her when he was creeping upon all-fours, with snow on his head, and frost in his bones, that he might lie by a naked beauty, and gaze at that awful spot he had no power to enjoy. I did intend, on leaving this lady, to be at Knaresborough at night; but the fates, for a while, took me another way. At the inn where I dined, I became acquainted with a gentleman much of my own age, who was an ingenious agreeable man. This was OLIVER WINCUP, Esq.; who had lately married Miss HORNER of Northumberland, a fine young creature, and a great fortune. This gentleman, by his good humour, and several

good songs, pleased me so much, that I drank more than I intended, and was easily prevailed on to go with him, in the evening, to Woodcester, the name of his seat; which was but ten miles from the house we had dined at. We came in just as they were going to tea. There was a great deal of company, at least a dozen ladies, besides half a score gentlemen, and all of them as gay and engaging as the best-bred young mortals could be.

The vill here was very odd, but a charming pretty thing. The house consisted of, I think, ten several ground rooms, detached from one another, and separated by trees and banks of flowers. They were entirely of wood, but finely put together, and all disposed with the greatest symmetry and beauty. They were very handsome on the outside, and the inside was furnished and adorned with the finest things the owner could get for money. Easy hills, little vallies, and pretty groves, surrounded the sweet retreat, and the vallies were watered with clear streams. The whole had a fine appearance. The varied scenes for ever pleased.

At this delightful place I stayed ten days, and was very happy indeed. We drank, we laughed, we danced, we sung, and chatted; and when that was done, 'twas night. But country-dances were the chief diversion; and I had a partner, who was

not only a wonder in face and person, being divinely pretty; but did wonders in every motion. This was Miss VEYSSIERE of Cumberland: the dear creature! Reader, when I was a young fellow, there were few could equal me in dancing. The famous PADDY MURPHY, an Irish member of the house of commons, commonly called the *Little Beau*, well known at Lucas's coffee-house in Dublin, in 1734; and LANGHAM, the miller, who danced every night at the renowned Stretch's puppet-shew, before the curtain was drawn up, danced one night, that I was at the Castle, before the late Duke of Dorset and his Duchess, at their grace's request; and were both deservedly admired for their performance in the hornpipe; yet they were nothing to me in this particular; Miss VEYSSIERE however out-did me far; her steps were infinite, and she did them with that amazing agility, that she seemed like a dancing angel in the air. We footed it together eight nights, and all the company said, we were born for each other. She charmed me exceedingly, and I should have asked her the question, to try her temper, if WINCUP had not told me, her father intended to sacrifice her to a man old enough to be her grandfather, for the sake of a great jointure; and in a week or two she was to dance the 'reel of Bogee' with an old monk. Poor Miss VEYSSIERE! said

I, What connexion can there be between the hoary churl and you :—

> While side by side the blushing maid
> Shrinks from his visage, half afraid?

I do not wish you may feather him, but may you bury him very quickly, and be happy.

Another of our diversions at Woodcester, was a little company of singers and dancers WINCUP had hired, to perform in a sylvan theatre he had constructed in his gardens. These people did the mime, the dance, the song, extremely well. There was among them one Miss HINXWORTH, a charming young creature, who excelling in every thing, singing especially, had no equal I believe in the world. She was a gentleman's daughter, and had been carried off by one O'REGAN, an Irishman, and dancing-master, and who was the head of this company. He was the most active fellow upon earth, and the best harlequin I have ever seen. Every evening we had something or other extraordinary from these performers. He gave us two pieces which so nearly resembled to two favourite entertainments called *Harlequin Sorcerer*, and *The Genii*, though in several particulars better; that I cannot help thinking Rich owed his *Harlequin Sorcerer* to O'Regan: and that *The Genii* of Drury-Lane was the invention of this Irishman.

You know, reader, that in the first scene of *Harlequin Sorcerer*, there is a group of witches at their orgies in a wilderness by moon-light, and that harlequin comes riding in the air between two witches, upon a long pole: Here O'Regan did what was never attempted at Covent-Garden house, and what no other man in the world I believe did ever do. As the witches danced round and round, hand in hand, as swift as they could move, O'Regan leaped upon the shoulder of one of them, and for near a quarter of an hour, jumped the contrary way as fast as they went, round all their shoulders. This was a fine piece of activity. I think it much more wonderful, than to keep at the top of the outwheel of a water-mill, by jumping there, as it goes with the greatest rapidity round. This MUN. HAWLEY, of Loch-Gur in the county of Tipperary, could do. He was a charming fellow in body and mind, and fell unfortunately in the twenty-second year of his age. In a plain field, by a trip of his horse, he came down, and fractured his skull. He did not think he was hurt, but at night as soon as he began to eat, it came up. A surgeon was sent for to look at his head. It was cracked in several places, and he died the next day. He and I were near friends.

The first of June, 1731, at five in the morning, I took my leave of honest WINCUP, as cheerful

and worthy a fellow as ever lived, and set out for Knaresborough; but lost my way, went quite wrong, and in three hours time, came to a little blind ale-house, the sign of the Cat and Bagpipe, in a lone silent place. The master of this small inn was one TOM CLANCY, brother to the well-known MARTIN CLANCY in Dublin. He came to England to try his fortune, as he told me, and married an old woman, who kept this public-house, the sign of the Cat, to which TOM added the Bagpipe. As he had been a waiter at his brother's house, he remembered to have seen me often there, and was rejoiced at my arrival at the Cat and Bagpipe. He got me a good supper of trouts, fine ale, and a squib of punch, and after he had done talking of all the gallant fellows that used to resort to his brother MARTIN'S, Captain MACCAN of the county of Kerry, and many more, the heroes of Trinity-college, Dublin, he let me go to sleep.

The next morning, betimes, I was up, and walked into a wood adjoining to Clancy's house. I sauntered on for about an hour easily enough, but at last came to a part of the forest that was almost impenetrable. Curiosity incited me to struggle onwards, if possible, that I might see what country was before me, or if any house was to be found in this gloomy place; this cost me a couple of hours;

much toil, and many scratches; but at length, I arrived at the edge of a barren moor, and beyond it, about a quarter of a mile off, saw another wood. Proud to be daring, on I went, and soon came to the wood in view, which I found cut into walks, and arrived at a circular space surrounded with a forest, that was above a hundred yards every way. In the centre of this was a house, enclosed within a very broad deep mote, full of water, and the banks on the inside, all round, were so thick planted with trees, that there was no seeing any thing of the mansion but the roof and the chimnies. Over the water was one narrow draw-bridge, lifted up, and a strong door on the garden side of the mote. Round I walked several times, but no soul could I see: not the least noise could I hear; nor was there a cottage any where in view. I wondered much at the whole, and if I had had my lad O'FIN with me, and my pole, I would most certainly have attempted to leap the foss, broad as it was, and if it was possible, have known who were the occupants of this strange place. But as nothing could be done, nor any information be had, I returned again to the Cat and Bagpipe.

It was ten by the time I got back, and at breakfast I told CLANCY, my landlord, where I had been, and asked him if he knew who lived in that wonder-

ful place. "His name," he replied, "is COCK, an old lawyer and limb of the devil, and the most hideous man to behold, upon the face of the earth. Every thing that is bad and shocking is in his compound; he is to outward appearance a monster, and within, the miser, the oppressor, and the villain. He is despised and abhorred, but so immensely rich, that he can do any thing, and no one is able to contend with him. I could relate," said TOM, "a thousand instances of his injustice and cruelty; but one alone is sufficient to render his memory for ever cursed. Two gentlemen of fortune, who had employed him several years in their affairs, and had a good opinion of him, on account of a canted uprightness and seeming piety, left him sole guardian of a daughter each of them had, and the management of fifty thousand pounds a-piece, the fortune of these girls, with power to do as he pleased, without being subject to any controul, till they are of age. These ladies, as fine creatures as ever the eye of man beheld, he has had now a year in confinement in that prison you saw in the wood; and while he lives, will keep them there to be sure, on account of the hundred thousand pounds, or till he shall be able to dispose of them to his own advantage, some way or other. He intends them, it is said, for two ugly nephews he has, who are now at

school, about fourteen years old, and for this purpose, or some other as bad, never suffers them to stir out of the garden surrounded by the mote, nor lets any human creature visit them. Greatly as they are to be pitied, they bear his severe usage wonderfully well. Miss MARTHA TILSTON, the eldest, is in her twentieth year; and the other, Miss ALITHEA LLANSOY, in her nineteenth. They are girls of great sense, and would, if any kind of opportunity offered, make a brave attempt to escape, but that seems impossible. They are not only so strictly confined, and he for ever at home with them, except he rides a few miles; but they are attended continually in the garden, when they walk, by a servant who is well paid, and devoted to the old man her master. This makes them think their state is fixed for life, and to get rid of melancholy, they read, and practice music. They both play on the fiddle, and do it extremely fine."

Here CLANCY had done, and I was much more surprized at his relation than at the place of their residence which I had seen. I became very thoughtful, and continued for some time with my eyes fixed on the table, while I revolved the case of these unfortunate young ladies. "But is all this true, or only report?" said I. "How did you get such particular information?" "I will tell you," answered

Tom, "Old Cock is my landlord, and business often brings me to his house in the wood, to pay my rent, or ask for something I want. Besides, I sometimes take a fat pig there, and other things to sell. My daughter, likewise, has sometimes a piece of work in hand for the ladies, and she and I take a walk with it there by a better and shorter way than you went. You cannot think how glad they are to see us, and then acquaint us with all their perplexities and distress."

On hearing this, a sudden thought of being serviceable to these ladies came into my head, and I was about to ask a question in relation to it, when two horsemen rode up to the door, and one of them called "House!" "This" says my landlord, "is old Cock and his man;" and immediately went out to him, to know his will. He told him, he came for the ride-sake himself, to see if any letters were left for him by that day's post at his house, and would dine with him if he had any thing to eat. "I have" said Tom "as fine a fowl, bacon and greens, as ever was served up to any table, and only one gentleman, a stranger and traveller, to sit down to it." Cock upon this came into the room I was sitting in, and after looking very earnestly at me, said "Your servant, Sir." I told him I was his "most humble," and right glad to meet with a gentleman

for society in that lone place. I immediately began a story of a cock and a bull, and made the old fellow grin now and then. I informed him among other things, that I was travelling to Westmoreland, to look after some estates I had there, but must hurry back to London very soon, for my wife was within a few weeks of her time. "You are a married man then, Sir," he replied. "Yes, indeed, and so supremely blest with the charms and perfections, the fondness and obedience of a wife, that I would not be unmarried for all the world: few men living so happy as I am in the nuptial state." Here dinner was brought in, and to save the old gentleman trouble, I would cut up the fowl. I helped him plentifully to a slice of the breast, and the tips of the wings, and picked out for him the tenderest greens. I was as complaisant as it was possible, and drank his health many times. The bottle after dinner I put about pretty quick, and told my old gentleman, if affairs ever brought him up to London, I should be glad to see him at my house in Golden-Square, the very next door to Sir John Heir's; or, if I could be of any service to him there, he would oblige me very much by letting me know in what way. In short, I so buttered him with words, and filled him with fowl and wine, that he seemed well pleased, especially when he found there

was nothing to pay, as I informed him it was my own dinner I had bespoke, and dined with double pleasure in having the satisfaction of his most agreeable company. I further said, he was a fine politician, and talked extremely well of the government and the times; that I had received more true knowledge from his just notions, than from all I had read of men and things, or from conversing with any one. The glass during this time was not long still, but in such toasts as I found were grateful to his Jacobite heart, drank brimmers as fast as opportunity served; and he pledged me and cottoned in a very diverting way. He grew very fond of me at last, and hoped I would spare so much time, as to come and dine with him the next day. This honour I assured him I would do myself, and punctually be with him at his hour. He then rode off, brim full, and I walked out to consider of this affair. But before I proceed any farther in my story, I must give a description of this man.

Cock, the old lawyer and guardian, was a low man, about four feet eight inches, very broad, and near seventy years old. He was humped behind to an enormous degree, and his belly as a vast flasket of garbage projected monstrously before. He had the most hanging look I have ever seen. His brows were prodigious, and frowning in a shocking man-

ner; his eyes very little, and above an inch within his head; his nose hooked like a buzzard, wide nostrils like a horse, and his mouth sparrow. In this case, was a mind quite cunning, in the worst sense of the word, acute, artful, designing and base. There was not a spark of honour or generosity in his soul.

How to circumvent this able one, and deliver the two beauties from his oppressive power, was the question: it seemed almost impossible; but I resolved to do my best. This I told CLANCY, and requested, as I was to dine with COCK the next day, that he would be there in the morning, on some pretence or other, and let the ladies know, I offered them my service, without any other view than to do them good; and if they accepted it, to inform me by a note, slipt into my hand when they saw me, that if they could direct me what to do, I would execute it at any hazard, or let them hint the least particular that might have any tendency to their freedom in some time to come, though it were three months off, and I would wait for the moment, and study to improve the scheme. This my landlord very carefully acquainted them with, at the time I mentioned; and by two o'clock I was at COCK's house, to see these beauties, and know what they thought of the service offered them. The old man received me much civiler than I thought he would do when he

was sober, and had, what my landlord told me was a very rare thing in his house, to wit, a good dinner that day. Just as it was brought in the ladies entered, two charming creatures indeed, and made me very low courtesies, while their eyes declared the sense they had of the good I intened them. Cock said, "these are my nieces, Sir," and as I had saluted them, we sat down to table. The eldest carved, and helped me to the best the board afforded, and young as they were, they both shewed by their manner, and the little they said, that they were women of sense and breeding. They retired, a few minutes after dinner, and the youngest contrived, in going off, to give me a billet in an invisible manner. I then turned to Cock entirely, heard him abuse the government in nonsense and falsehoods, as all Jacobites do; and after we had drank and talked for better than an hour, took my leave of him very willingly, to read the following note.

SIR,

"As you can have nothing in view but our happiness, in your most generous offer of assistance, we have not words to express our grateful sense of the intended favour. What is to be done upon the occasion, as yet we cannot imagine, as we are so confined and watched, and the doors of the house locked and barred in such a manner every night

that a cat could not get out at any part of it;—You shall hear from us however soon, if possible, to some purpose; and in the mean time we are.

SIR,

Your ever obliged servants,

M. T.

A. L."

What to do then I could not tell; but as I rode back I consulted with my lad O'FIN, who was a very extraordinary young man, and asked him what observations he had made on the servants and place. He said, he had tried the depth of the water in the mote all round, and found it fordable at one angle, waist high, and the rock he trod on about two feet broad. He had stripped, and walked it over to be sure of the thing. As to the people, he fancied there was one young man, a labourer by the year under the gardener, who would, for a reasonable reward for losing his place, be aiding in the escape of the ladies; for he talked with pity of them, and with great severity of his master: that if I pleased, he would sound this man, and let me know more in relation to him: that if he would be concerned, he could very easily carry the ladies on his back across the water, as he was a tall man, and then we might take them behind us to what place we pleased; or, if it was not safe trusting this man,

for fear of his telling his master, in hopes of more money on that side, then, he would himself engage to bring the ladies and their clothes over, on his own back, with wetting only their legs, if they could be at the water-side some hour in the night. This was not bad to be sure, but I was afraid to trust the man; for, if he should inform old Coçk of the thing, they would be confined to their chambers, and made close prisoners for the time to come. It was better therefore to rely entirely upon O'Fiñ, if they could get into the garden in the night.

In answer then to another letter I had from the ladies by my landlord's daughter the next morning in which they lamented the appearing impossibility of an escape, I let them know immediately the state of the water, and desired to be informed what they thought of the gardener's man; or, if he would not do, could they at any particular hour, get to that angle of the mote I named, to be brought over on my man's back, and then immediately ride off behind us on pillions, which should be prepared. Their answer was, that they dared not trust any of their guardian's men, but thought my own servant would do, and the scheme reasonable and seemingly safe, if they could get out. They gave me a million of thanks for my amazing care of them, and called the immortal powers to witness the high sense they had of their unutterable obligation to me.

Waiting then for them, I staid at the little inn three days longer, and at last received a billet to let me know, that at twelve o'clock that night, which was the sixth of June, they could, by an accident that had happened, be at the appointed place, and ready to go wherever I pleased. To a minute my man and I were there, and in a few moments, O'FIN brought them and their clothes over safe. In an instant after they were behind us, and we rode off as fast as we could. Six hours we travelled without stopping, and in that time, had gone about thirty miles. We breakfasted very gaily at our inn, and when the horses had rested a couple of hours, we set out again, and rode till three in the afternoon, when we baited at a lone house in a valley, called Straveret Vale, which had every rural charm that can be found in the finest part of Juan Fernandes. A young couple, vastly civil kept here a small clean public house, the sign of the Pilgrim, on the very margin of a pretty river, and the plain things they had were as good as we could desire. Their bread, their drink, their fowl, their eggs, their butter, cheese, vegetables, and bacon, were excellent, and as they had good beds, I thought we could not do better than lie by for two or three days in this charming place, till it was determined, where the ladies should fix. We were at least sixty miles from old COCK'S house, and in an obscurity that

would conceal us from any pursuers; for we had kept the cross roads and by-ways, and were on the confines of Westmoreland. Here then we agreed to rest for a little time. In reality, it was just as I pleased. The ladies were all acknowledgment for what I did to deliver them, and all submission to my direction. They had each of them thirty guineas in their purses, as they shewed me, but what to do after that was gone, or where to go while it lasted, to be in safety, they could not tell.

The affair perplexed me very much, and I turned it a thousand ways, without being able to settle it as I would. I had two young heiresses on my hands, who wanted more than a year of being at age, and I must support them, and place them in some spot of decency, security, and peace, since I had gone thus far, or I had injured them greatly, instead of serving them, in bringing them from their guardian's house. This took up all my thoughts for three days. I concealed however my uneasiness from them, and endeavoured to make the house and place quite pleasing to them. I kept up a cheerfulness and gaiety, and we sat down with joy and pleasure to breakfast, dinner, and supper. Within doors, we played at cards, we sung, and I entertained them with my german-flute. Abroad, we walked, fished, and sometimes I rowed them up

the river in a boat which the man of the house had. The whole scheme was really delightful, and as the girls had great quickness and vivacity, and were far from being ignorant, considering their few years, I could have wished it was possible to stay there much longer: but it was no place for them, and I was obliged to call at Claytor, in a little time. I could not forget my promise to the lovely Miss SPENCE. My honour was engaged, and there was no time to lose. It is true, if I had not been engaged, I might immediately have married either the beautiful Miss TILSTON, or the more beautiful Miss LLANDSOY, then become my wards; but as they were minors, if such a wife died under age, I could be no gainer, and might have children to maintain without any fortune. All these things sat powerfully on my spirits, and I was obliged at last to make the following declaration to the ladies, which I did the third day after dinner.

"Miss TILSTON, Miss LLANDSOY, I am sensible you have too high an opinion of what I have done to serve you, and think there is more merit in it than there really is; for a man of any generosity and ability would, I imagine, do all that was possible to deliver two young ladies of your charms and perfections, from the slavery and misery your guardian kept you in: I am likewise sure you be-

lieve I would do every thing in my power, to secure your happiness, and give you the possession of every blessing of time, I honour, I admire, I regard you both, to a high degree; and if I were some powerful genie, I would crown your lives with stable felicity and glory. But nature, ladies, has irrevocably fixed limits, beyond which we cannot pass, and my sphere of action is far from being large. My fortune is not very great, and thereby prevents my being so useful a friend to you as I would willingly be. However, though it is not in my power to do according to my inclination, in regard to your case, and with security place you in some station fit for your rank and worth, yet I can bring you to a spot of tranquillity, and in still life enable you to live without perplexity or care of any kind. You shall have peace and little, and may perhaps hereafter say, you have enjoyed more real happiness, for the time you had occasion to reside there, than you could find in the tumult, pomp, and grandeur of the world."

Here I gave the ladies an account of Orton-Lodge, in the northern extremity of Westmoreland, where I had lived a considerable time, told them the condition it was in, the goods, the books, the liquors, and other necessaries and conveniencies that were there, and if, in that charming romantic spot, where

no mortal could come to hurt them, they could bear to live for a while, I would settle them there, and get a man servant to work in the garden, and a couple of maids. I would likewise procure for them two cows, a few lambs, some poultry, and corn, and seeds for the ground: in short, that they should have every thing requisite in such a place; I would return to them as soon as possible; I would write to them often, directing my letters to the nearest town, to be called for by their man. "What do you say, ladies, to this proposal? In London it is not possible for you to be: at a farm-house you might have no satisfaction: and any where that was known and frequented, you may be liable to discovery, as Cock, your guardian, will enquire every where; and if he hears of you, you will be carried home most certainly to his dismal habitation, and be used ten times worse than before. What do you think then of this scheme?"

"Sir," they both replied, "you are to us a subaltern power, by heaven sent to deliver us from misery, and secure our happiness in this world. We have not words to express the gratitude of our souls for this further instance of your goodness in the offer you make us, nor can it ever be in our power to make you the return it deserves. You will be pleased to accept our grateful thanks, and

all we have to add at present, our prayers for your preservation and health. Conduct us, we beseech you, immediately to that sweet spot of peace you have described."

This being agreed on, the next thing to be done was to get two horses for the ladies, for mine were not able to carry double any further, if there had been a turnpike road before us; then up the mountains we were to go, where no double horse could travel; and when they were at the Lodge, they would want horses to ride sometimes, or to remove, if the necessity of their case should happen to require it: to my landlord therefore I applied upon the occasion, and he very quickly got me not only two pretty beasts, but a young labouring man, and two country girls to wait upon the ladies. I then sent to the next town for a couple of side-saddles, gave the servants directions to go to the Rev. Mr FLEMING's house, to wait there till they heard from me, and then we set out for Orton-Lodge. Two days we spent in travelling there, feeding on cold provisions we had with us, and lying a night on the fern of the mountains. The second evening we arrived at the Lodge. There I found every thing safe, and the place as I had left it. I opened my various store-houses, to the surprise of the young ladies, and brought them many good things; bis-

cuits, potted char, potted black-cocks, sweetmeats, and liquors of various kinds; O'FIN likewise got us a dish of trouts for supper, and the two beauties and I sat down with cheerfulness to our table. Vastly amazed they were at all they saw. Every thing was so good, and the wild charms of the place so pleasing, that they could not but express the transports they were in at their present situation. The whole they said, was charming as enchantment, and in language there was not a force sufficient to express their grateful sentiments upon the occasion. This gave me much pleasure, and till the end of June, I lived a very happy life with these fine young creatures. They did all that was possible to shew their esteem and gratitude. Exclusive of their amazing fine faces, and persons, they were ingenious, gay, and engaging, and made every minute of time delightful. If I had not been engaged to Miss SPENCE, I should certainly have sat down in peace with these two young ladies, and with them connected, have looked upon Orton-Lodge as the Garden of Eden. They were both most charming women. Miss LLANDSOY was a perfect divinity!

On the first of July, just as the day was breaking, I mounted my horse, and again left Orton-Lodge. The morning being extremely fine, and

every thing appearing in the loveliness of Nature, I rode on softly for three or four hours, and was so delighted with the beauty and infinite variety of enchanting objects my eyes were feasted with, that heedlessly instead of coming to the turning that was my road, I got into a bending valley, which ended at a range of rocky mountains. For half an hour I travelled by the bottom of these frightful hills, and came at length to a pass through them, but so narrow, that the beasts had not above an inch or two to spare on each side. It was dark as the blackest night in this opening, and a stream came from it, by the waters falling in several places from the top of the high inclosing precipices. It was the most shocking foot-way I had ever seen, and therefore requested FIN, as the bottom was hard, to try where the pass ended and let me know what kind of country and inhabitants were beyond it? "That I will," said O'FIN, and immediately entered the cleft or crevice between the mountains. A couple of hours I allowed my adventurer to explore this dark way, but if in that time he could make nothing of it, then his orders were to return: but there was no sign of him at the end of six hours, and I began to fear he had got into some pound. After him then I went, about one o'clock, and for near half a mile, the narrow way was directly forward, a rough bottom, and

ancle deep in water; but it ended in a fine flowery green of about twenty acres, surrounded with steep rocky hills which it was impossible to ascend. In walking up to the precipice before me, I found many caverns, which extended on either hand, and onwards, into a vast variety of caves; some of them having high arched openings for entrance, and others only holes to creep in at; but all of them spacious within, and high enough for the tallest man to walk in.

In these dismal chambers I apprehended my fellow had lost himself, and therefore went into them as far as I could venture, without losing sight of day, and cried out FIN! FIN! but could hear no sound in return. This was a great trouble to me, and I knew not what to do. Back however I must go to my horses, and after I had spent two hours in searching, shouting, and expecting my lad's return, by some means or other, I was just going to walk towards the crevice, or dark narrow pass I had come through to this place, when casting my eyes once more towards the caverns in the mountains, I saw my boy come out, leaping and singing for joy. He told me, he never expected to see the day-light more: for after he had foolishly gone too far into the caves, till he was quite in the dark, in hopes of finding a passage through the mountain to some

open country, he was obliged to wander from chamber to chamber, he knew not where, for many hours, without one ray of light, and with very little expectation of deliverance; that he did nothing but cry and roar, and was hardly able to stand on his legs any longer, when by a chance turn into a cave, he saw some light again, and then soon found his way out. Poor fellow! he was in a sad condition, and his escape was very wonderful.

After this, we made what haste we could to our horses, which we had left feeding in the vale; and O'FIN brought me some cold provisions from his wallet for my dinner. I dined with great pleasure, on account of the recovery of my lad, and when we had both recruited and rested sufficiently, on we went again. We found the valley winded about the mountains for three miles, and then ended at the highest hill I had ever seen, but which it was possible to ascend. With great difficulty we and our horses got to the top of it, and down on the other side. Six mountains of the same height, whose tops were above the clouds, we had to cross, and then arrived at a bottom, which formed a most delightful scene.

The Vale of Keswick, and Lake of Derwent-water, in Cumberland, are thought by those who have been there, to be the finest point of view in

England, and extremely beautiful they are, far more so than the Rev. Dr. Dalton has been able to make them appear in his Descriptive Poem, addressed to two ladies, the late excellent Lord Lonsdale's charming daughters, on their return from viewing the coal-mines, near Whitehaven; or than the Doctor's brother, Mr. Dalton, has painted them in his fine drawings; and yet they are inferior in charms to the vale, the lake, the brooks, the shaded sides of the surrounding mountains, and the tuneful falls of water, to which we came in Westmoreland. In all the world, I believe, there is not a more glorious rural scene to be seen, in the fine time of the year.

In this charming vale, I found one pretty little house, which had gardens very beautifully laid out, and usefully filled with the finest dwarf fruit trees and ever-greens, vegetables, herbs, and shrubs. The mansion, and the improved spot of ground, were at the end of the beautiful lake, so as to have the whole delightful piece of water before the door. The projecting shaded fells seemed to nod or hang over the habitation, and on either hand, a few yards from the front of the house, cascades much higher than that of dread Lodore, in Cumberland, fell into the lake. There is not any thing so beautiful and striking as the whole in any part of the globe that I have seen: and I have been in higher latitudes,

north and south, than most men living. I have conversed with nations who live many degrees beyond the poor frozen Laplander; and have travelled among the barbarians who scorch beneath the burning zone.

Who lived in this delightful valley, was, in the next place, my enquiry, after I had admired for an hour the amazing beauties of the place. I walked up to the house, and in one of the parlour windows, that had a view up the loch, I saw a young beauty sitting with a music-book in her hand, and heard her sing in a masterly manner. She could not see me, but I had a full view of her fine face, and as I remembered to have seen her somewhere, I stood gazing at her with wonder and delight, endeavouring to recollect where I had been in her company, when another young one came into the room, whom I had reason to remember very well, on account of an accident, and then I knew they were the two young ladies I had seen at Mr. Harcourt's, and admired very greatly for the charms of their persons, and the beauties of their minds. Upon this I walked up to the window, and after a little astonishment at seeing me, they behaved with the greatest civility, and seemed to be highly pleased with the accidental meeting. While we were talking, their mamma came into the apartment, and on their let-

ting her know who I was, and where they had been acquainted with me, the old lady was pleased to ask me to stay at her house that night, and to assure me she was glad to see me, as she had often heard her daughters speak of me. Three days I passed with great pleasure in this place, and then with much regret took my leave.

The 5th of July I left Mrs. THURLOE's, and by the assistance of a guide, had a fine ride to the house of Friar FLEMING, in Richmondshire, where I arrived by noon. I dined with this good Franciscan, and should have lain there that night, but that I could not help being melancholy, on missing my dear friend TOM, the monk's brother, who died of a fever, as before related. From him then I parted in the evening, and rode to a Carthusian monastry, which consisted of seven monks, men of some estate, who had agreed to live together in this remote place, and pass their lives in piety, study, and gardening. I had a letter from FLEMING to one of these gentlemen, the superior, letting him know I was his near friend, and desiring he would receive me as himself; that, although a protestant, I was of no party, but in charity with all mankind. This letter procured me all the kindness and honours these gentlemen could shew me. They behaved with great civility and tenderness, and gave

me the best they had; good fish, good bread, good wine, excellent fruit, and fine vegetables: for as to flesh, they never eat any, by their rule.

They were all learned and devout men, very grave and silent for the most part, except when visited, but without any thing stiff or morose in their manner. They had a large collection of books, and seemed to understand them well. What time they had to spare from the hours of divine service, and working in their gardens, according to the rule of St. BRUNO, which they follow, they give to study, and had many volumes of their own writing; but mostly old manuscripts which they had transcribed, in Greek, Latin, and French. Making such copies was their principal work in the closet.

I stayed two days with these gentlemen, and had a good deal of useful conversation with them, on various subjects. On looking into the writings of the Rabbies, which I saw in their library, I told one of these Chartreux, that it was a wonder to me, that any one read such extravagant fabulous relations and despicable fictions as these books contained, and should be glad to know, what good could be extracted from them.

The Friar replied, that notwithstanding their being fictitious and extravagant to a high degree, yet great use might be made of the works of the

Rabbies, and especially of the *Talmud of Babylon*. We obtain from thence a knowledge of the cus-

* Reader, that you may the better understand the conversation I had with this learned Carthusian, I must inform you what the *Talmud*, and other writings of the Rabbies are.

The Talmud, a celebrated piece of Jewish literature, full of Rabinical domination and enthusiasm. The Rabbins pretend, this book contains the Oral laws, and other secrets, which God communicated to Moses. It consists of two parts, each of which is divided into several books. In the first part, which they call *Mishna*, is the text. In the other, is a sort of comment on the text, and this is stiled the *Gemara*.

This oral law, or tradition of the Jews, was collected after the destruction of the Temple, A. D. 150, by Rabbi Judah, and is by them preferred before the scripture. They suppose it was orally delivered by Moses to Israel, and unlawful to be written; but when Jerusalem was destroyed, they were constrained to write it, least it should be lost; but yet it was so written, as that none but themselves might understand it.—This *Mishna* and *Gemara* complete the two *Talmuds*: that of Jerusalem, A. D. 230; and that of Babylon, five hundred years after Christ. Many parts of these *Talmuds* are translated by several learned men, who have endeavoured to render them intelligible: but in order to understand them fully, you must read the *Jad Chaska*, or *Mishna Torah* of Moses Maimonides, who was physician to the king

toms and opinions of the Jews, which afford some benefit. In the next place, they serve to the confirmation of the history of Jesus Christ; for it appears by the Babylonish *Talmud*, that there was

of Egypt about six hundred years ago. This Rabbi hath comprized the substance of the *Mishna* and *Gemara* of the *Talmud*, in his books, and enabled us to understand all the *Mishna* with ease and pleasure. See likewise the *Clavis Talmudica*, Cock's *Excerpta*, and the works of the excellent Ludovicus de Campeigne du Veil, who had been a Jew, but after becoming a Roman Catholic, went over to the Church of England, in which he continued for several years in the character of a great divine: but at last turned Baptist, and died a member of that Christian church; which lost him all his friends and interest. He died the beginning of this century, with the reputation of an upright Christian and a most learned man. There is no tolerable account given of him in any of the Biographical Dictionaries. What they say is short and next to nothing. And the Popish accounts are not only short, but false, and sheer calumny. I took much pains some years ago, to collect among the Baptists, and from others who knew this great man, every thing I could get relating to him and his works, and formed what I had got into a life of him, which I did intend to insert in this place: but by some accident or other, it is gone. I cannot find it any where.

one Jesus, who had disciples, lived in such and such a place, and did and said divers things; and in the Bible many texts relating to the Messias are confirmed and explained by these books of the Rabbies, though not by them intended. This I have since found to be the truth of the case. I have read the works of the Rabbins since, and find it to be as the Carthusian said. For example;

It is said in *Genesis* ch. iii. v. 15. "I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Now the *Targum of Onkelos* gives the sense thus: The man shall be mindful of, or remember, what thou (Satan) hast done to him in times past, and thou shalt observe, watch or haunt him till the end of days; that is, the serpent or devil should pursue and have dominion over the world till the last days, and then the prince of this world should be cast out, and the works of the devil destroyed. Beacharith Heyamim, the end of days, or last days, is, by a general rule, given by the most learned Rabbins, meant of the Messias. So Kimchi on *Isaiah*, ch. ii. v. 2.—and Abarbriel and R. Moses Nachm on *Genesis*, xlix. v. 1. inform us.

It is likewise very remarkable, that the *Targum of Jerusalem*, and that of Jonathan Ben Uziel, apply this place to the coming of the Messias. They give

the words the following sense. I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed: when the sons of the woman keep my law, they shall bruise thy head, and when they break my law, thou shalt bruise their heel; but the wound given to the seed of the woman, shall be healed, but thine shall be incurable; they shall be healed in the last days, in the days of the Messias. Such is the opinion of the most learned Jews: and from thence it follows, that the Christians have not put their sense upon the text I have cited to serve their own turn; the Rabbins, we see, give the very same meaning to the place.

Again in *Numbers*, ch. xxiv. v. 17. we have the famous prophecy of Balaam: "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel," and in *Isaiah*, ch. xi. v. 1. it is written. "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots, and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him." And in *Jeremiah*, ch. xxiii. v. 5, 6. "Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch,—and this is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." That the Christians apply these texts to the Messias, I need not inform the reader: but it must be grateful to observe, that the paraphrases of Onkelos, Jonathan, and Jerusalem, all

26381

of them expressly attribute the prophecy of Balaam to the Messias. And Rabbi Moses Hadarsan and Maimon, say, he is here called a Star, which signifies what *Malachi* expresses by the Sun of Righteousness. *Mal.* ch. iv. v. 2, and *Zachariah* by the East. "I will bring forth my servant the East." *Zach.* ch. iii. v. 8. as it is translated in the Vulgat, Septuagint, Arabic, and Syriac, is here, say these Rabbins, called a Star, because he should come and destroy idolatry, among the heathen nations, by becoming a light to the gentiles, and the glory of Israel.

As to the other two texts, the Jews do likewise attribute them to the Messias. Rabbi Joseph Albo, speaking of the words, "The Lord our Righteousness," in particular, says expressly, that this is one name given to the Messias. Albo, *Sep. ikker.* lib. 2. c. 28. Thus do the Jews concur with us in the application of texts to the Messias. But what is become of this Messias, they cannot tell. They are amazed, perplexed, and confounded about him. They dispute on the article, and have the wildest fancies in relation to it. Whereas the Christians give a clear and consistent account of the Messias, and by every argument that can be desired by a rational, prove the truth of Christianity.

Again: in *Isaiah* ch. ix. v. 6. we have these

words; "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Or as the Alexandrian Manuscript hath it, "He shall call his name the Angel, Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty, the Governor, the Prince of Peace, the Father of the age to come." This is thought by all Christians to be a plain declaration of the Messias; for to apply it to any mere mortal, as to Hezekiah, or Isaiah's son, cannot be done without the greatest absurdity: and therefore Ben Maimon, *Epist. ad Afric.* fairly yields that these words belong to the Messias, and so doth Jonathan Ben Uziel in his Chaldee paraphrase. The *Talmud* itself allows it. *Tract. Sanhedrim.* that it relates to a person not come in the time of the prophets, but to the man, whose name is the "Branch, which was to come forth out of the stem of Jesse, and to grow out of his roots. My servant the Branch. Behold the man whose name is the Branch." *Zach.* ch. iii. v. 8. and ch. xii. and *Isaiah* ch. iv. v. 1. "Even the person that shall be sent;" Shilo, that remarkable person God had promised to his people. So says the *Talmud.*

But further; as to the birth of the Messias, in respect of the manner and the place, it is thus set

down by the prophet *Micah*, v. 2. "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been of old, even from everlasting." And in *Isaiah*, ch. vii. v. 14. are these words, "Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a son, and call his name Immanuel." In these two texts, the Christians say, the place of the birth of the Messias, and the manner of it, are as plainly described as words can do; and if they cannot, without absurdity, be explained as relating to any other person, then it must be perverting the meaning of the records, to oppose this explication: but this the Jews are far from doing. The place is acknowledged in the *Talmud*, in the Chaldee paraphrase of Jonathan, and all their most famous masters declare with one voice, that Bethlehem indisputably belongs to the Messias. "Exte Bethlehem coram me prodibit Messias, ut sit dominium exercens in Israel, cujus nomen dictum est ab æternitate, a Diebus seculi." *Talmud. lib. Sanhedrim, et Midrasch.* The hillinic Rabbi Selemoh, *Paraph. Jonath. in Loc. Rabbi David Kimchi.* And as to the manner, though it be true that some Jews say, the Hebrew word Gnalma signifies a young woman as well as a virgin; yet Kimchi, Jarchi, and Selemoh, three of their greatest

Rabbins, confess that here is something wonderful presaged in the birth and generation of this person, and that he was not to be born as other men and women are born. What can we desire more, in the case, from an enemy? And in truth, the behold, or wonder, with which the text begins, would be nothing, if it was only that a young woman should have a child: and as to the Hebrew word Gnalmah, if it ever does signify a young woman, which I very much doubt, yet in the translation of the Seventy, who well understood the original surely, they render the word by parthenos, παρθένος in Greek which always signifies a virgin in the strict propriety of the phrase. And in the Punic language, which is much the same as the Hebrew, the word Alma signifies a virgin, "virgo intacta," and never means a young woman.

Such are the advantages we may gain by reading the books of the Rabbins; and to me it is pleasing to see these great Hebrew masters granting so much to us for our Messias, while they hate our holy religion beyond every thing. Even the gay among the Jews, if I have been truly informed by one who danced a night with them; have, in contempt and abhorrence of our faith, a country-dance called "The Little Jesus."

The eighth of July, I left the little Chartreuse,

and went from thence to Knaresborough, where I arrived that night, and resided three days. It is a fine old town, and borough by prescription, in the West-riding of Yorkshire, and wapentake of Claro. The vast hills of Craven look beautifully wild in its neighbourhood, and the rapid river Nid, which issues from the bottom of those mountains, almost encompasses the town. It is a hundred and seventy-five measured miles from London, and the best way to it is from Ferrybridge to Wetherby, by the left-hand road, where there is an excellent inn, and from that to Knaresborough.

When this very antient town passed from the posterity of Surlo de Burgh, the founder of it, we know not, but we find that Henry III. granted the honour, castle, and manor, to the Earl of Kent, Margaret his wife, and their issue and heirs, and that on failure of issue and right heirs, it returned again to the crown; for Edward II. among other lands, gave this lordship of Knaresborough to his favourite Pierse de Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, and his heirs. Gaveston was taken not long after by the Barons, in Scarborough castle, after a short siege, and was beheaded on Gaversly-heath, near Warwick, by order of the Earl of Warwick, June 20, 1312. On the fall of the insolent Gaveston, who had been banished by Edward I. but recalled

ere that monarch's funeral rites were performed, by the weak and inefficient Edward II. whose interest becoming blended with that of his favorite, rendered the public displeasure against Gaveston the want of duty to the prince, and which eventually in his death involved the ruin of his Sovereign; Knaresborough again reverted to the Crown, and so continued till the forty-fourth of Edward III. when this king made a grant of the honour, castle, and manor of the town, and the cell of St. Roberts, to John of Gaunt, the king's fourth son, who was Earl of Richmond, and created Duke of Lancaster, on his having married one of the coheiresses of Henry Duke of Lancaster. Other great estates were likewise given at the same time to this fourth son of Edward, that he might maintain his grandeur: and ever since, this town has belonged to the dutchy of Lancaster. It is an appendage to the crown.

Not far from this town are two wells, as strong of sulphur as Harrogate-water, and as valuable, though no one takes any notice of them. One lies in the way to Harrogate, in a low ground by a brook-side. The other is Bitton-spa, in a park by Mr. Staughton's house.

As to the famous dropping-well or petrifying water, it lies on the west side of the town and river, about twenty-six yards from the bank of the

Nid, and it rises fifteen yards below the top of a mountain of marle stone, and in four falls, of about two yards each fall, comes to an easy ascent, where it spreads upon the top of an isthmus of a petrified rock, generated out of the water, which falls down round it. This isthmus or rock is ten yards high, and hangs over its base or bottom about five yards. It is near sixteen yards long and thirteen broad, and as it started from the bank about fifty years ago, leaves a chasm between them, that is about three yards wide. In this chasm, you will find petrified twigs of trees, shrubs, and grass-roots, hanging in most beautiful pillars, all interwoven, and forming many charming figures; and on the common side are whole banks like Stalactilites, hard and inseparable from the rock, where the water trickles down. These petrefactions, the falling water, and the little isthmus or island being beautifully clothed with ash, osier, elm, sambucus, servicana major, geraniums, wood-mercury, hart's-tongue, sage, ladies mantle, cowslips, wild angelica, &c. form altogether a delightful scene. The first spring of this water is out of a small hole on the little mountain, in the middle of a thick-set of shrubs. It sends out twenty gallons in a minute of the sweetest water in the world, and twenty-four grains in a pint heavier than common water.

Most people are of opinion, that petrifying water is dangerous drink, and may produce abundance of mischief, in causing the stone and gravel in the body: the original particles or principles of the stony substance called spar, which are in abundance suspended in this kind of water, must get into the flood-gates of the kidneys and ureters, as they opine, and create great misery in a little time.

But this fear of petrefactions in living animal bodies is grounded upon neither reason nor experience; for the spar in these waters forms no petrefactions, whilst in a brisk motion, or in a temperate season, or on vegetables while they preserve their vegetating life. While there is warmth and circulation of juices, there can be no incrustation or petrefaction from the suspended stony particles. Besides, if the minims of spar are not within the spheres of sensible attraction, whilst in motion; much less are they so when mingled with the fluids of the human body: you may therefore very safely drink these limpid petrifying waters at all times, as a common fluid, if they come in your way, as the best, and most grateful or pleasant water in the world, on account of the infinitesimals, or original leasts, of spar that are in them, in vast quantities, but infinitely small particles: and if you are sick, in many cases they are the best of medicines. Hu-

man invention has nothing equal to them for fluxes of any part of the body, or colliquations from an acid salt. So far are they from being in the least dangerous, that in all unnatural discharges, by spitting, stool, or urine; by excessive menstrual or hæmorrhoidal fluxes, in the fluor albus, diabetes, profuse sweatings; in the diarrhœa, dysentry, or lienteria where the springs are not quite worn out; in ulcers of the viscera, hectic fevers, atrophy, and colliquations or night sweats, there is not any thing in physic more profitable or pleasant, to recover a patient. Let your dose, in such cases, be three half-pints of Knaresborough dropping-well in the forenoon; and before you begin to drink this water, remember to take two doses of rhubarb, to cleanse off the excrements of the first viscera. You must not drink ale, drams, or punch, during a course of these waters: and take but very little red port. You must likewise have a strict regard to diet. Let it be milk, eggs, jellies, barley-broth, chickens, kid, lamb, and the like. You must avoid all salt, sharp, stimulating things, day-sleep, and night-air; but agreeable conversation, and diversions that require very little exercise, conduce to the success of this kind of water, in the distempers I have mentioned. If such diseases are curable, you may expect a restoration of health.

But, in the dropsy, jaundice, diminished or irregular menses; in hyppo, melancholy, stuffings of the lungs, obstructions of the viscera, stoppages of the lacteals and misentery, glandular swellings, king's-evil, or any case, where thinning, relaxing, opening, deterging, attenuation or stimulation are wanting, such water is death.

Note, reader, there is another excellent petrifying-water at Newton-Dale in Yorkshire, N. R. thirteen miles from Scarborough. Another near Castle-Howard, the fine seat of the Earl of Carlisle, ten miles from York. Another, near Skipton, in that rough, romantic, wild and silent country, called Craven, in the West-riding of Yorkshire. And one, called Bandwell, at Stonefield in Lincolnshire, west of Horncastle, which is a hundred and twenty-two miles from London. These springs, and many that are not to be come at among the vast fells of Westmoreland, and the high mountains of Stanemore, have all the virtues of Knaresborough dropping-well; though Knaresborough-water is the only one resorted to by company: and as to this spring, I can affirm from my own knowledge, that it is as excellent, and truly medicinal, as the famous petrifying-water at Clermont. There is no manner of need for Britons going to the mountain Gregoire in Basse-Auvergne.

A POSTILLA,*

Containing an Account of Wardrew Sulphur-water; the Life of Claudius Hobart; and A Dissertation on Reason and Revelation.

In my account of sulphur-waters, I forgot to mention one very extraordinary spring of this kind, and therefore, make a postilla of it here, that the reader may find in one section all I have to say on mineral waters. And as I found by the side of this water, a man as extraordinary as the spring, I shall

* A Postilla, reader, is a barbarous word made up of the words post illa, and was brought into use in the twelfth century, when the marginal explicators of the Bible left the margins, and under their text writ short and literal notes, before which they put the word postilla, instead of the words post illa, meaning the particular words in the text, from whence, by a letter, they referred to the little note below: but in the thirteenth century, the barbarous word took so much, that all the commentators following, appropriated the name to their most copious commentaries, contrary to the first practice in the use of the word, and for three centuries after the biblical learning was all postilla, till at length the word disappeared, according to the wonted inconstancy and agitation of all human things, and gave place to a new and fifth invention, called tractatus, or homily. This is the history of a POSTILLA.

add his life, to my account of the water, and a couple of little pieces written by him.

In Northumberland, on the borders of Cumberland, there is a place called Wardrew, to the north-west of Thirlwall-castle, which stands on that part of the Picts-Wall, where it crosses the Tippel, and is known by the name of Murus Perforatus in Saxon Thirlwall, on account of the gaps made in the wall at this place for the Scots' passage. Here, as I wandered about this wild, untravelled country, in search of Roman antiquities, I arrived at a sulphur-spring, which I found to be the strongest and most excellent of the kind in all the world. It rises out of a vast cliff, called Arden-Rock, over the bank of the river Arde or Irthing, six feet above the surface of the water, and comes out of a chink in the cliff by a small spout. The discharge is fifty gallons in a minute from a mixture of limestone and ironstone; and the water is so very fœtid, that it is difficult to swallow it. The way to it is not easy, for there is no other passage than along a very narrow ledge, about nine inches broad, which has been cut off the rock over the deep river, and if you slip, as you may easily do, having nothing to hold by, down you go into a water that looks very black and shocking, by the shade of the hanging precipice, and some aged trees which project from the vast cliff.

This dangerous situation, and its remoteness, will prevent its being ever much visited, admirable as the spaw is; yet the country-people thereabout make nothing of the ledge, and drink plentifully of the water, to their sure relief, in many dangerous distempers. It is to them a blessed spring.

The land all round here was one of the finest rural scenes I have seen, and made a pensive traveller wish for some small public-house there, to pass a few delightful days. Its lawns and groves, its waters, vales, and hills, are charming, and form the sweetest, softest region of silence and ease. Whichever way I turned, the various beauties of nature appeared, and nightingales from the thicket inchantingly warbled their loves. The fountains were bordered with violets and moss, and near them were clumps of pine and beech, bound with sweet-briar, and the tendrils of woodbine. It is a delightful spot: a paradise of blooming joys, in the fine season of the year.

One inhabitant only I found in this fine solitude, who lived on the margin of the river, in a small neat cottage. that was almost hid with trees. This was CLAUDIUS HOBART, a man of letters, and a gentleman, who had been unfortunate in the world, and retired to these elysian fields, to devote the remainder of his time to religion, and enjoy the calm

felicities of contemplative life. He was obliged by law to resign his estate to a claimant, and death had robbed him of a matchless mistress, of great fortune, to whom he was to have been married. The men who had called themselves his friends, and as Timon says in Lucian, honoured him, worshipped him, and seemed to depend on his nod, ἐμοῦ νένματος ανηρ τημῦνοι, no longer knew him; jam ne agnoscor quidem ab illis, nec aspici ne dignantur me, perinde ut eversum hominis jam olim defuncti cippum, ac temporis longitudine collapsum pretereunt quasi ne norint quidem; μηδὲ ἀναγνόντες; so true, continued HOBART, are the beautiful lines of Petronius;

Nomen amicitiæ si quatenus expedit, hæret,
Calculus in tabula mobile ducit opus.
Quum fortuna manet, vultum servatis amici:
Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fugâ.

And so Ovid says was his case,

Eandem cum Timone nostro sortem
Expertus naso, qui sic de seipso:
En ego non paucis quondam munitus amicis:
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis:
Ut fera terribili tumuerunt æquora vento,
In mediis lacera puppe relinquor aquis.

So HOBART found it, and as his health was declining from various causes, and he had nothing in view

before him but misery; he retired to Wardrew, while he had some money, built the little house I saw on a piece of ground he purchased, and provided such necessaries and comforts as he imagined might be wanting: he had a few good books, the Bible, some history, and mathematics, to make him wiser and better, and abroad he diverted himself mostly in his garden, and with fishing: for fifteen years past he had not been in any town, nor in any one's house, but conversed often with several of the country people, who came to drink the mineral-water: what he had fresh occasion for, one or other of them brought him, according to his written directions, and the money he gave them, and once or twice a week he was sure of seeing somebody: as the people knew he was not rich, and lived a harmless life, they were far from being his enemies, and would do any thing in their power to serve the hermit, as they called him: but he seldom gave them any trouble. His food was biscuit, honey, roots, fish, and oil; and his drink, water, with a little rum sometimes. He was never sick, nor melancholy; but by a life of temperance and action, and a religion of trust and resignation, enjoyed perpetual health and peace, and run his latent course in the pleasing expectation of a remove, when his days were past, to the bright mansions of the blest.

Such was the account HOBART gave me of himself, which made me admire him much, as he was but fifty then; and to convince me his temper had nothing Timonean or unsocial in it from his solitary life, he requested I would dine with him. He entertained me with an excellent pickled trout and biscuit, fine fruit, and a pot of extraordinary honey: with as much cream of tartar as lay on a sixpence, infused in warm water, he made half a pint of rum into good punch, and he talked over it like a man of sense, breeding, and good humour. We parted when the bowl was out, and at my going away, he made me a present of the following in manuscript, and told me I might print it, if I could think it would be of any use to mankind. It was called

THE RULE OF REASON, WITH A FEW THOUGHTS ON REVELATION.

The throne of God rests upon reason, and his prerogative is supported by it. It is the sole rule of the Deity, the Mind which presides in the universe, and therefore is venerable, sacred, and divine. Every ray of reason participates of the majesty of that Being to whom it belongs, and whose attribute it is; and being thereby awful, and invested with a supreme and absolute authority, it is

rebellion to refuse subjection to right reason, and a violation of the great and fundamental law of heaven and earth.

To this best, and fittest, and noblest rule, the rule of truth, we ought to submit, and in obedience to the sacred voice of reason, resist the importunities of sense, and the usurpations of appetite. Since the will of that Being, who is infinitely pure and perfect, rational and righteous, is obliged and governed by his unerring understanding; our wills should be guided and directed by our reason. In imitation of the wisest and best of Beings, we must perpetually adhere to truth, and ever act righteously for righteousness sake. By acting in conformity to moral truths, which are really and strictly divine, we act in conformity to ourselves, and it is not possible to conceive any thing so glorious, or godlike. We are thereby taught the duties of piety, our duties toward our fellows, and that self-culture which is subservient to piety and humanity.

Reason informs us there is a superior Mind, endued with knowledge and great power, presiding over human affairs; some original, independent Being, complete in all possible perfection, of boundless power, wisdom and goodness, the Contriver, Creator, and Governor of this world, and the inexhaustible source of all good. A vast collection of

evidence demonstrates this. Design, intention, art, and power, as great as our imagination can conceive, every where occur. As far as we can make observations, original intelligence and power appear to reside in a Spirit, distinct from all divisible, changeable, or moveable substance; and if we can reason at all, it must be clear, that an original omnipotent Mind is a good Deity, and espouses the cause of virtue, and of the universal happiness; will gloriously compensate the worthy in a future state, and then make the vicious and oppressive have cause to repent of their contradicting his will. It follows then most certainly, that with this great source of our being, and of all perfection, every rational mind ought to correspond, and with internal and external worship adore the divine power and goodness. His divine perfections, creation and providence, must excite all possible esteem, love, and admiration, if we think at all; must beget trust and resignation; and raise the highest sensations of gratitude. All our happiness and excellency is from his bounty, and therefore not unto us, but to his name be the praise. And can there be a joy on earth so stable and transporting as that which rises from living with an habitual sense of the Divine Presence, a just persuasion of being approved, be-

loved, and protected by him who is infinitely perfect and omnipotent?

By reason we likewise find, that the excesses of the passions produce misery, and iniquity makes a man completely wretched and despicable: but integrity and moral worth secure us peace and merit, and lead to true happiness and glory. Unless reason and inquiry are banished, vice and oppression must have terrible struggles against the principles of humanity and conscience. Reflection must raise the most torturing suspicions, and all stable satisfaction must be lost: but by cultivating the high powers of our reason, and acquiring moral excellence, so far as human nature is able: by justice and the benevolent affections, virtue and charity, we are connected with, and affixed to the Deity, and with the inward applauses of a good heart, we have the outward enjoyment of all the felicities suitable to our transitory condition. Happy state surely! There are no horrors here to haunt us. There is no dreadful thing to poison all parts of life and all enjoyments.

Let us hearken then to the original law of reason, and fol ow God and nature as the sure guide to happiness. Let the offices of piety and beneficence be the principal employment of our time; and

the chief work of our every day, to secure an happy immortality, by equity, benignity, and devotion. By continual attention, and internal discipline, reason can do great things, and enable us so to improve the supreme and most godlike powers of our constitution, and so discharge the duties imposed upon us by our Creator, that when we return into that silence we were in before we existed, and our places shall know us no more, we may pass from the unstable condition of terrestrial affairs to that eternal state in the heavens, where everlasting pleasures and enjoyments are prepared for those who have lived in the delightful exercise of the powers of reason, and performed all social and kind offices to others, out of a sense of duty to God. Thus does truth oblige us. It is the basis of morality, as morality is the basis of religion.

This, I think, is a just account of moral truth and rectitude, and shews that it is essentially glorious in itself, and the sacred rule to which all things must bend, and all agents submit. But then a question may be asked, What need have we of revelation, since reason can so fully instruct us, and its bonds alone are sufficient to hold us;—and in particular, what becomes of the principal part of revelation, called redemption?

The system of moral truth and revelation, it may

be answered, are united, and at perfect amity with each other. Morality and the gospel stand on the same foundation, and differ only in this, that revealed religion, in respect of the corrupt and degenerate state of mankind, has brought fresh light, and additional assistance, to direct, support, and fix men in their duty. We have histories which relate an early deviation from moral truth, and inform us that this disease of our rational nature spreads like a contagion. The case became worse, and more deplorable, in succeeding ages; and as evil examples and prejudices added new force to the prevailing passions, and reason and liberty of will, for want of due exercise, grew weaker, and less able to regain their lost dominion, corruption was rendered universal. Then did the true God, the Father of the Universe, and the most provident and beneficent of Beings, interpose by a revelation of his will, and by advice and authority, do all that was possible, to prevent the self-destructive effects of the culpable ignorance and folly of his offspring. He gave the world a transcript of the law of nature by an extraordinary messenger, the Man Christ Jesus, who had power given him to work miracles, to rouse mankind from their fatal stupidity, to set their thoughts on work, and to conciliate their attention to the heavenly declaration. In this repub-

lication of the original law, he gave them doctrines and commandments perfectly consonant to the purest reason, and to them annexed sanctions that do really bind and oblige men, as they not only guard and strengthen religion, but affect our natural sensibility and selfishness. Religion appears to great disadvantage, when divines preach it into a bond of indemnity, and a mere contract of interest; but exclusive of this, it must be allowed, that the sanctions of the gospel have a weight, awfulness, and solemnity, that prove to a great degree effectual. Safety and advantage are reasons for well-doing.

In short, the evidence of the obligation of the duties of natural religion is as plain and strong from reason, as any revelation can make it; but yet the means of rendering these duties effectual in practice, are not so clear and powerful from mere reason, as from revelation. The proof of obligation is equally strong in reason and inspiration, but the obligation itself is rendered stronger by the gospel, by superadded means or motives. The primary obligation of natural religion arises from the nature and reason of things, as being objects of our rational moral faculties, agreeably to which we cannot but be obliged to act; and this obligation is strengthened by the tendency of natural religion to the

final happiness of every rational agent: but the clear knowledge, and express promises which we have in the gospel, of the nature and greatness of this final happiness, being added to the obligation from, and the tendency of reason or natural religion to the final happiness of human nature, the obligation of it is thereby still more strengthened. In this lies the benefit of Christianity. It is the old, uncorrupt religion of nature and reason, intirely free from superstition and immorality; delivered and taught in the most rational and easy way, and enforced by the most gracious and powerful motives.

But if this be the case, it may be asked, Where are our holy mysteries—and what do you think of our Redemption? If natural reason and conscience can do so much, and to the gospel we are obliged only for a little more light and influence, then Trinity in Unity, and the Sacrifice of the Cross are nothing. What are your sentiments on these subjects?

As to the Trinity, it is a word invented by the doctors, and so far as I can find, was never once thought of by Jesus Christ and his apostles; unless it was to guard against the spread of tritheism, by taking the greatest care to inculcate the supreme divinity of God the Father: but let it be a trinity, since the church will have it so, and by it I under-

stand one Uncreated, and one Created, and a certain divine virtue of quality. These I find in the Bible, God, Jesus the Word, and a Divine Assistance or Holy Wind, not Holy Ghost, as we have translated it: called a Wind, because God, from whom every good and perfect gift cometh, gave the most extraordinary instance of it under the emblem of a Wind; and holy, because it was supernatural. This is the scripture doctrine, in relation to the Deity, the Messias, and the Energy of God; of which the Wind was promised as a pledge, and was given as an emblem, when the day of Pentecost was come; and if these three they will call a Trinity, I shall not dispute about the word. But to say Jesus Christ is God, though the apostles tell us, that God raised from the dead the Man Jesus Christ, whom they killed; that he had exalted him at his right hand, and had made him both Lord and Christ; and to affirm that this Ghost, as they render the word Wind; is a person distinct and different from the person of God the Father, and equally supreme; this I cannot agree to. If the scripture is true, all this appears to me to be false. It is a mere invention of the Monks.

As to Redemption, it may be in perfect consistence and agreement with truth and rectitude, if the accomplishment of it be considered as premial, and

as resulting from a personal reward: but to regard the accomplishment as penal, and as resulting from a vicarious punishment, is a notion that cannot be reconciled to the principle of rectitude. Vicarious punishment or suffering appears an impossibility: but as Jesus, by adding the most extensive benevolence to perfect innocence, and by becoming obedient to death, even the death of the cross, was most meritorious, and was entitled to the highest honour, and most distinguished reward, his reward might be our deliverance from the bonds of sin and death, and the restoration of immortality. This reward was worthy of the giver, and tended to the advancement and spread of virtue. It was likewise most acceptable to the receiver. It no way interfered with right and truth. It was in all respects most proper and suitable. These are my sentiments of Redemption. This appears to me to be the truth on the most attentive and impartial examination I have been capable of making.

To this, perhaps, some people may reply, that though these notions are, for the most part just, and in the case of redemption, in particular, as innocence and punishment are inconsistent and incompatible ideas, that it was not possible Christ's oblation of himself could be more than a figurative sacrifice, in respect of translation of guilt, commuta-

tion of persons, and vicarious infliction; though a real sacrifice in the sense of intending by the oblation to procure the favour of God, and the indemnity of sinners: yet, as the author appears to be a Socinian, his account is liable to objections. For, "though the Socinians acknowledge the truth and necessity of the revelation of the gospel, yet, in the opinion of some great divines, they interpret it in such a manner, as no unprejudiced person, who has read the scriptures, with any attention, nor any sensible heathen, who should read them, can possibly believe. They make our Redeemer a man, and by this doctrine reflect the greatest dishonour on Christianity, and its Divine Author.

This is a hard charge. The Socinians are by these divines described as people who read the scriptures with prejudice, and without attention; men more senseless than the Heathens, and as wicked too: for, in the highest degree, they dishonour Christ Jesus and his religion. Astonishing assertion! It puts me in mind of an imputation of the celebrated Waterland in his second charge; "What atheism chiefly aims at, is, to sit loose from present restraints and future reckonings; and these two purposes may be competently served by deism which is a more refined kind of atheism." Groundless and ridiculous calumny! True and proper

deism is a sincere belief of the existence of a God, and of an impartial distribution of rewards and punishments in another world, and a practice that naturally results from, and is consonant to such belief; and if atheism aims to sit loose from restraints and reckonings, then of consequence, deism is the grand barrier to the purposes of atheism. The true Deist is so far from breaking through restraints, that he makes it the great business of his life to discharge the obligations he is under, because he believes in God, and perceives the equity and reasonableness of duties, restraints, and future reckonings. The assertion therefore demonstrates the prejudice of Dr. Waterland, in relation to the Deists.

And the case is the same in respect of the charge against the Socinians. It is the divines that are prejudiced against them; and not the Socinians in studying the New Testament. It is the grand purpose of our lives to worship God, and form our religious notions according to the instructions of divine wisdom. We examine the sacred writings, with the utmost desire, and most ardent prayer, that we may be rightly informed in the truest sense of the holy authors of those divine books: and it appears to our plain understandings, after the most honest labour, and wishes to heaven for a clear conception of holy things, that the Father is the supreme

God, that is, the first and chief Being, and Agent; the first and chief Governor; the Fountain of Being, Agency, and Authority; that the Christian Messiah, the Man Christ Jesus, was sent into the world to bear witness to the truth, and preach the gospel of the kingdom of God, that kingdom of God which is within you, saith the Lord, *Luke*, ch. xvii. v. 21. not a kingdom of Monks, a sacerdotal empire of power, propositions, and ceremonies. He came to call sinners to repentance and amendment of life, to teach them the law of love, and assure mankind of grace and mercy and everlasting glory, if they kept the commandments, and were obedient to the laws of heaven; laws of righteousness, peace, giving no offence, and unanimity in the worship of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ: but that, if they did not repent, and cease to be hurtful and injurious; if they did not open their eyes, and turn from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, and put on such an agreeable and useful temper and behaviour, as would render them a blessing in the creation, they would be numbered among the cursed, and perish everlastingly, for want of real goodness and a general sincerity of heart. This the Socinians think is what Christ proposed and recommended, as the only and the sure way to God's favour, through the worthiness of the

Lamb that was slain. We say this is pure religion. It is true, original Christianity, and if the glorious design of our Lord is answered by his miracles and preaching, by his death, his resurrection, his ascension, and by the grace of the holy, blessed, and sanctifying Spirit, it could reflect no dishonour on Christianity, and its divine author, if our Redeemer was a mere man. If by the assistance of God Almighty, a mere man performed the whole work of our redemption, all we had to do was to be thankful for the mighty blessing. The love of God in this way had been equally inestimable. The worth of Jesus would be still invaluable.

But it is not the opinion of the Socinians that Christ was a mere man. It is plain from this assertion, that the Rev. Dr. Heathcote, in his *Remarks on Free and Candid Disquisitions*, knows nothing of them: the account they give of Jesus Christ, is very different. They say, he was a most glorious agent united to a human body, and so far from being a mere man, that he was superior to angels. He was the next in character to the necessarily existing Being. He is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person: he has an excellency transcendent, and to the life represents what is infinitely great and perfect.

If they do not allow that he made the worlds, or

had an eternal generation; if they say, he had no existence till he was formed by the power of God in the womb, and assert this eminency is proper to the Man Christ Jesus; yet they are far from affirming he was therefore a mere man: no; they believe he was decreed to be as great and glorious as possible, and that God made the world for him; that he was made the image of the invisible person of the Father; an image, the most express and exact; as great as God himself could make it; and of consequence, so transcendent in all perfections, that what he says and does is the same thing as if God had spoken and acted. This is not making him a mere man. No: they say he is the first of all, and the head of all creatures, whom the infinite love of God produced, to promote greatness, glory, and happiness among the creatures, by the superlative greatness and glory of Jesus; and that angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, might have the pleasure of beholding and enjoying the presence of this most glorious Image, that is, of seeing their invisible Creator in his Image Jesus Christ. He is not a mere man; but the brightness of the glory of God, the express Image of his person, and raised so much higher than the angels, as he has inherited from God a more excellent name than they, to wit,

the name of Son, and is the appointed heir of all things.

So that this Socinianism reflects no dishonour on Christianity and its Divine Author. It conduces as much to the glory of God, and the benefit of man, as any Christianity can do. There is something vastly beautiful and satisfactory in the notion of Christ's being the most glorious Image of the invisible Father, whenever his existence began. The many transcendent excellencies of the Messias, in whom all fulness dwells, are exercised upon men to their happiness, and to his glory; and we learn from thence, that greatness and glory are the result of the exercise of virtue to the relief and happiness of others. The Redeemer of the world is, in this account, the next in dignity and power to the Great God; and the perfections of the Father do most eminently shine forth in him. We are hereby made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and delivered from the power of darkness. We give thanks unto the Father, who hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of his love.

It is certain then that the divines have misrepresented the people, who are injuriously called Socinians, as the religion they profess is Scripture-Christianity. I say injuriously, because, in the first

place, the word Socinian is intended as a term of great reproach to Christians, who deserve better usage for the goodness of their manners, and the purity of their faith: and in the next place, that Socinus was so far from being the author of our religion, that he was not even the first restorer of it. He did not go to Poland to teach the people there his religious notions, but because there was a unitarian congregation there, with whom he might join in the worship of the Father, through Jesus the Mediator, as his conscience would not suffer him to assemble with those who worship a Being compounded of three divine persons.

But it is time to have done, and I shall conclude in the words of a good author in old French *. The extract must be a curious thing to the reader, as the valuable book I take it from is not to be bought.

" Nostre confession de foy até depuis la premiere predication de l'evangile puisque nous luy donnons la sainte ecriture pour fondement, mais il arrive de nous ce qu'il arrive des tous ceux qui sé sont detachés de l'eglise Romaine aux quels le papistes donnent malgré eux pour autheurs de leur religion Luther, Calvin, et autres docteures qui

* Or rather in bad French, as the writer was no Frenchman.

n'ont eté que les restorateurs, des dogmes et de verites qui s'etoyent presque perdues sous le gouvernement tyrannique de l'eglise Romaine pendant lequel l'ecriture sainte etoit devenue un livre inconnu a la pluspart de chretiens la lecture en ayant été defendue communement. Mais par un decret de la providence de Dieu le periode de la revolution etant venu chacun a commencé a deterrer la verité la mieux qu'il a pu, et comme dans chaque revolution il y a des chefs et des gens illustres, ainsi dans le retablissement des dogmes etouffès si longtems par le papisme Luther, Calvin, Arminius, et Socin, ont été des hommes illustres et dont on a donné le nom aux religions. Vous scaurez donc s'il vous plaist que Socin bien loin d'avoir été autheur de nostre religion n'en a pas été meme la premier restaurateur: car il n'etoit venu en Pologne que parce qu'il avoit appris qu'il s'y etoit deja formée une assemblée de gens qui avoyent des opinions semblables aux siennes: Je vous diray de plus, que la seule chose que le fait un heros dans nostre religion c'est qu'il en a ecrit des livres, mais il ny a presque personne qui les lise, car comme Socin etoit un bon jurisconsulte il est extremement long et ennuyeux; et outre que nous ne voulous point avoir d'autre livre de religion que le nouveau Testament et point d'autres docteurs que les apostres. C'est pourquoy, c'est bien

malgré nous qu'on nous appelle Sociniens ou Arriens : ce sont des noms dont la malignité de nos ennemys nous couvre pour nous rendre odieux. Nous appellons entre nous du simple nom de Chretiens. Mais, puisque dans cette desunion de la chretienté, on nous dit qu'il ne suffit pas de porter ce nom universel, mais qu'il encore necessairement se distinguer par quelque appellation particuliere, nous consentons donc de porter le nom de chretiens unitaires pour nous distinguer de chretiens trinitaires. Ce nom de chretiens unitaires nous convient fort bien comme a ceux qui ne voulant en aucune façon encherye sur la doctrine de Jesus Christ, n'y y subtiliser plus qu'il ne faut, attachent leur croyance et leur confession positivement a cette instruction de Jesus Christ qui se trouve dans le 17 chap. de l'evangile de St. Jean, quand il dit Mon pere l'heure est venue, glorifiez vostre fils afin que vostre fils vous glorifie, comme vous luy avez donné puissance sur tous les hommes a fin qu'il donne la vie eternelle a tous ceux que vous luy avez donné ; or la vie eternelle consiste a vous connoistre, vous qui estes le seul Dieu veritable, et Jesus Christ que vous avez envoyé. La meme leçon nous donne l'apostre St. Paul dans le 8 chap. aux Cor. disant, qu'il n'y a pour nous qu'un seul Dieu qui est la pere duquel sont toutes choses et nous pour luy, et il n'y

a qu'un seul seigneur qui est Jesus Christ, par lequel sont toutes choses et nous par luy. C'est donc a cause de cette confession que nous nous appellons chretiens unitaires par ce que nous croyons qu'il n'y a qu'un seul Dieu, pere et Dieu de nostre seigneur Jesus Christ, celuy que Jesus Christ nous a appris d'adorer, et lequel il a aussy adore luy meme, l'appellent non seulment nostre Dieu mais son Dieu aussy selon qu'il a dit, je m'en vay a mon pere et vostre pere, a mon Dieu et a vostre Dieu.

"Ainsy vous voyez que nous nous tenons aux verités divines. Nous avons la religieuse veneration pour la sainte ecriture. Avec tout cela nous sommes serviteurs tres humble des messieurs les trinitaires,—penes quos mundanæ fabulæ actio est, et il ne tient pas a nous que nous ne courrions de tout nostre cœur a leurs autels, s'ils vouloyent nous faire la grace de souffrir nostre simplicité en Jesus Christ, et de ne pas vouloir nous obliger a la confession de supplemens a la sainte ecriture *."

The great and excellent Faustus Socinus was born at Sienna, in the year 1539, and died at Luclavie, the third of March, 1604, aged sixty-five.

* *La Verité et la Religion en Visite, Alamagne,* 1695.

His book in defence of the authority of the sacred scriptures is a matchless performance; and if he had never written any thing else, is alone sufficient to render his memory glorious, and precious to all true Christians. Get this book, if you can. It is the finest defence of your Bible that was ever published. Steinfurti, 1611. edit. Vorst. And yet, such is the malignity of orthodoxy, that a late great prelate, Dr. Smalbroke, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, who died in 1749; in his *Second Charge to the Clergy of St. David's*, p. 34; could not help blackening the author when he mentioned the work: his words are these, "And if Grotius was more especially assisted by the valuable performance of a writer, otherwise justly of ill fame, I mean, Faustus Socinus's little book *De Auctoritate S. Scripturæ*, this assistance," &c. Here the admirable Socinus, a man of as much piety and as good morals, as hath lived since the apostles' time, who truly and godly served the Almighty and everlasting God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is painted by this eminent hand "a man of ill fame;" and for no other reason but because his heavenly religion made him oppose the orthodox heresy of three Gods, as taught in the creed of Athanasius; and piously labour, by the purity of his doctrine and example, to keep the world from corruption.

Let us then be careful to confess the holy unitarian faith. Let us take the advice of Socinus, and be original Christians. Let there not be in our religion a God compounded of three supreme spirits, equal in power and all possible perfections. Let us worship the Invisible Father, the first and chief Almighty Being, who is one supreme universal Spirit, of peerless Majesty; and, as the inspired apostles direct, let us worship him through his most glorious Image, the Man Christ Jesus; our Redeemer and Mediator, our King and our Judge.

N. B. Though the reverend Dr. Heathcote hath been very unfriendly in his account of the Christians he calls Socinians, in his observations before mentioned, yet you are not from thence to conclude that he belongs to the Orthodox Party. He is far from it, and therefore I recommend to your perusal not only his *Cursory Animadversions upon Free and Candid Disquisitions*, and his finer *Boyle-Lecture Sermons on the Being of God*, but also his *Cursory Animadversions upon the Controversy, concerning the Miraculous Powers*, and his *Remarks on Chapman's Credibility of the Father's Miracles*. They are three excellent pamphlets. The first is against the scholastic Trinity. And the others on the side of Dr. Middleton, against the miracles of the Fathers.

Note, Reader, Dr. Heathcote's two pamphlets on

the side of Dr. Middleton, and the Rev. Mr. Toll's admirable pieces in vindication of the Doctor against the miracles of the Fathers, will give you a just and full idea of the late controversy. Mr. Toll's pieces are called, *A Defence of Dr. Middleton's Free Enquiry; Remarks upon Mr. Church's Vindication;* and his *Sermon and Appendix against Dr. Church's Appeal.*

If you would see all that can be said in relation to this matter, get likewise Dr. Syke's *Two Previous Questions:* and *The Two Previous Questions impartially Considered;* by the same author.

Remarks on two Pamphlets against Dr. Middleton's Introductory Discourse; Two Letters to the Rev. Mr. Jackson, in Answer to his Remarks on Middleton's Free Inquiry; and *A View of the Controversy, concerning the Miraculous Powers, supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church through several successive Centuries.* These pamphlets will bind into two large octavo volumes, and make a valuable collection of critical religious learning.

Note, Reader, of that admirable work, called *Bibliotheca Fratrum Polonorum,* by Socinus, Crellius, Sclichtingius, and Wolzogenius, six volumes, printed in *Irenopoli,* 1656, folio. The first and second volumes are the writings of Socinus; the third and fourth by Crellius; the fifth by Sclichtingius; and the sixth by Wolzogenius: they are all

well worth your reading, as they contain the most valuable and excellent learning; and especially Socinus and Crellius. In another place, where you will find me alone in a solitude; I shall give some curious extracts from the works of these great, injured men, and a summary of their lives.

But to return to my narrative, from Knaresborough, I went to Harrogate again, and there found the following letter, of an old date, left for me.

"SIR,

"As you told me, you intended to go to London soon, and business obliges me to ride up to the capital a few weeks hence, I should take it as a great favour, if you would make Westmoreland your way, and through Lancashire to the Chester road, that I may have your protection and guidance in this long journey.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MARIA SPENCE."

Cleator, six miles to the south-west of Wharton-Hall.

This letter surprised me. Yes, dear creature, I said, I will make Westmoreland my way to London. At four in the morning I mounted my horse, and rode to Cleator. I arrived there at six in the evening, and had travelled that day seventy-five miles; to

wit, from Harrogate to Boroughbridge, eight; from thence to Catarric, twenty-two; to Gretabridge, fifteen; to Bows, six; to Brugh in Westmoreland, twelve; to Kirkby-Steven, near Wharton-Hall, six; to Cleator, six; in all, seventy-five miles. I dined at Catarric on a hot pigeon-pye just drawn, and ale of one ear, that is, admirable, as Rabelais means by the phrase, "We had wine of one ear," alluding to the one shake of the head to the right shoulder, when a thing is excellent; and I gave the horses another feed of corn at Bows, at the George, kept by RAILTON, the Quaker; an excellent inn, and the master of it an instructive and entertaining orator.*

* While I waited at the inn, till the horses had eaten their corn, the landlord brought me a paper, dropt, by a lady he knew not, some days before at his house. He added, it was a curiosity, and worth my serious consideration.

A MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER.

"Almighty and ever-living God, have mercy on me. Forgive me all my sin, and make my heart one, to fear thy glorious fearful name, Jehovah. Guide me with thy counsel, I beseech thee, and be the strength of my life and my portion for ever.

"O Lord Jehovah, defend me from the power and malice, the assaults and attempts, of all my adversaries, and keep me in health and safety, in peace and innocence. These things I ask in the name of Jesus Christ,

I mention these things for your benefit, reader, that you may know where to stop to advantage, if you

thy Son, our Lord; and in his words I call upon thee as, Our Father, who art in heaven, &c."

This prayer pleased me very much. In the most beautiful manner, as well as in a few words, it expresses all we need ask from heaven; and if Miss Dudgeon of Richmondshire was the composer of it, as I have been assured since, upon enquiry, I here place it to her honour, as a monument of her piety and sense; and in hopes the illustrious of her sex will use so short and excellent a form of devotion in their closets morning and night.

There is an expression in this prayer, which for some time I could not well comprehend the meaning of it; that is, Make my heart one: but on considering it, I found it supported by the greatest authorities.

Among the sayings of Pythagoras, one is, be simply thyself. Reduce thy conduct to one single aim, by bringing every passion into subjection, and acquiring that general habit of self-denial, which comprehends temperance, moderation, patience, government, and is the main principle of wisdom. Be simply thyself, and so curb desire, and restrain the inclinations, and controul the affections, that you may be always able to move the passions as reason shall direct. Let not every foremost fancy, or every forward appearance, have the least mastery over you; but view them on every side by the clear light of reason, and be no further influenced by the

should ever ride over the same ground I went that day.

imaginations of pleasure, and apprehensions of evil, than as the obvious relations and nature of things allow. Let the result of a perception which every rational mind may have of the essential difference between good and evil, be the cause or ground of obligation. This will add greatly to quiet, and be productive of much real felicity. It will render every present condition supportable, brighten every prospect, and always incline us more to hope than to fear. This is the doctrine of Pythagoras.

I likewise find that David expresses the same thought in the 86th *Psalm*, ver. 11, which is rendered in the Bible translation, "Unite my heart to fear thy name;" in the Common-Prayer Book, "O knit my heart unto thee, that I may fear thy name:" but the Hebrew is, "Make my heart one," to fear thy name; meaning, Let the fear of thee be the one ruling disposition of my soul, in opposition to the double-minded man, which the Hebrew elegantly expresses by a "heart and a heart;" one that draws to the riches, pleasures, and honours of this world; and another to the practice of all virtue.

As to the other part of the prayer, which has the words — glorious — fearful — Jehovah; whereas in the 86th *Psalm* it is only said, "to fear thy name;" the author certainly took them from *Deuteronomy*, ch. xxviii. ver. 58. The design of the dreadful threatnings in this chapter set before the people, is there thus expressed,

When I came to Miss SPENCE's door, I sent in my name by a servant, and immediately MARIA

" that thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, Jehovah thy God;" or as in our translation, " the Lord thy God."—And therefore I think these words are very finely used in this prayer.

" It is amazing to me," says the Rev. Mr. Peters, rector of St. Mabyn, " that throughout the Bible, the translators have every where changed the word Jehovah for the word Lord, when God himself gave the word Jehovah as his name to be uttered; and as in this word the whole mystery of the Jewish and Christian dispensations seem to have been wrapped up.

" Say to the people, Ami Jehovah. I am Jehovah. Ye shall know that I Jehovah am your God, which bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians." *Exod.* ch. vi. ver. 6, 7. *Deut.* ch. vi. ver. 4. " Hear, O Israel, Jehovah our God is one Jehovah."

Then as to this word's comprehending the two dispensations, a good writer observes that, though God was known to his true worshippers by many other names, as God Almighty, the High God, the Everlasting God, &c. yet Jehovah was his one peculiar name; a name which he had appointed to himself, in preference to all others, and by which he declared by Moses he would be distinguished for the time to come.

And as of all the names of God, this seems to be the most expressive of his essence, as it can only be derived

came out herself to welcome me to Cleator. She told me she was glad to see me, and extremely

from the root which signifies to be, and denotes the one eternal self-existent Being, from whom all other things derive their being, and on whom they must depend;—As the word does likewise signify 'makes to be what was promised or foretold,' and by such meaning declares, as often as the word is repeated, that Jehovah our God is not only self-existent, and the Creator of the world, but Him in whom all divine prophecies and predictions centre; it follows, in my opinion, that we should utter this awful name in our addresses to God, and not, like the Jews, through a superstition omit it, and use another instead of it." This passage is to be found in an excellent Preface to the octavo edition of his admirable *Dissertation on the Book of Job*, in reply to that part of the *Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated*, in which the author, my Lord of Gloucester, sets himself to prove, that this book is a work of imagination, or dramatic composition, no older than Ezra the priest, whom he supposes to be the writer of it, in the year before Christ 467, or the year 455, in the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, king of Persia, when Daniel's seventy weeks begin; that is, the period of 490 years, that were to be fulfilled before the passion of our Saviour. And further, according to the author of the *Legation*, that this 'allegorical drama or poem,' was written to quiet the minds of the Jewish people under the difficulties of their captivity, and to assure them, as

obliged to me, for riding so many miles out of my way, to travel up with her to London; but as she

represented by the person of Job, of those great temporal blessings which three prophets had predicted.

Now in the Preface to the book aforementioned, in answer to all this and fully and beautifully answered it is, you will find the passage relating to the word Jehovah, and more than I have quoted from it.

As to Pythagoras the Samean, mentioned in this note, on account of his saying, "Be simply thyself;" he was famous in the 60th olympiad, as Jamblicus informs us; that is, his Elikia, or Reign of Fame, began in the first year of this olympiad, which was the year before Christ 540; for 60 × 4 gives 240 — 777 leaves 537 + 3, the plus years of the olympiad; i. e. 2, 3, 4 = 540. And he died in the 4th year of the 70th olympiad, that is, the year before Christ 497: for 70 × 4 = 280 — 777 remains 497: there are no plus years to be added here, as it happened in the 4th or last year of the olympiad. This philosopher was contemporary with, and a near friend to, the renowned Phalaris, who was murdered in the year before Christ 556, when the Belshazzar of Daniel ascended the throne of Babylon. And as Pythagoras lived to the age of 90, according to Diogenes, he must have been born in the beginning of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar: the year this conqueror took Jerusalem, and its king Zedekiah, which was Olymp. 47. 3. and of consequenee before Christ 590: for 47 × 4 =

had never been further from home than Harrogate, and was afraid of going such a journey by herself,

188 — 777, remains 580 + 1 = 590. This was 54 years before Thespis invented tragedy,* and 11 years before the birth of Æschylus, the reformer of tragedy. Cyrus was then in the 10th year of his age.

It is likewise evident from hence, that Pythagoras must have lived through the reigns of Cyrus, Cambyses, and the greatest part of the reign of Darius Histaspes, who slew Smerdis the Magi, and is called in scripture Ahasuerus, the king of Persia, who married Esther, and ordered Haman the Amalekite to be hanged on the gallows he had erected for Mordecai the Jew, in the year before Christ 510.

Note, David was before Pythagoras 519 years.

Reader, As to the word Elikia, which I have used to express the reign or time of flourishing of Pythagoras, I have an observation or two to make in relation to it, which I think worth your attending to.

Clemens Alexandrinus says, *Stromata*, p. 40, Ἀπὸ Μούσεως ἐπὶ τὴν Σολομῶντος ἰλικίαν ἔτη τὰ πάντα ἑχακόσια ἑβδόμηκα.: that is, The years from Moses to Solomon's Elikia are 610; to wit, Moses's life - - - 120

From his death to David's accession -	450
David's reign - - -	40
	610

* Olymp. 61. 1. Selden's *Comment on the Arundel Marble.*

she had written to me, in hopes curiosity and my great complaisance to the ladies, might induce me

From this passage it is plain, that the Elikia of Solomon is not meant of his nativity, but of the beginning of his reign, when he was 33 years of age.

It is then very surprising that Dodwell should insist upon it, that Elikia always signifies nativity. It is the more wonderful, as Dodwell quotes this passage from Clement; and as it is impossible to make out 610, without coming to the 33d of Solomon, as I have reckoned it.

Nay, in another place of the *Stromata*, Clement says, Isaiah, Hosea, and Micah lived after the Elikia of Lycurgus; where he can only mean the time when that lawgiver flourished; for, from the Destruction of Troy to the Akmé of Lycurgus, was 290 years: and from Solomon, in whose time Troy was taken, to the time of the prophets, was 360 years.

Thus does learning accommodate things. Dodwell wanted to fit a passage in Antilochus to his own calculation and so 312 years from the Elikia of Pythagoras, that is, says Dodwell, from the nativity of the philosopher, he meant taking the word in that sense, to the death of Epicurus, brings us exactly to the time. Who can forbear smiling? A favourite notion is to many learned men a sacred thing. Dodwell settles his passage in Antilochus to his mind, by perverting the word Elikia.

This, to be sure, in prophane things, can do no great

to take Cleator in my way to town, though so much about: but as so many weeks had passed since she

harm: but when the practice is brought into things sacred, it is a detriment to mankind. Some divines, for example, to support a notion as unreasonable as it is dear to them, tell us that the word Isos signifies strict equality, not like: and that when St. Paul says ἴσα Θεῷ, we must construe it, Jesus Christ was strictly equal to the most High God. This is sad construction, when Homer, Euripides, Æschylus, make the word Isos to import no more than like. Isanemos, swift as the wind; Isatheos phos, like a God; Isanerios, like a dream.

And when a divine is positive that os and kathos, as, and even as, words occurring in the New Testament, signify a strict equality, and not some sort of likeness; this is miserable perversion, and hurts the Christian religion very greatly; as they endeavour, by such a given sense, to prove that the man Christ Jesus is to be honoured with the same divine honours we offer to God the Father Almighty, by the command and example of Jesus, who was sent from God, and was a worshipper of God; who lived obedient to the laws of God, preached those laws, and died for them in the cause of God; who was raised from the dead by God, and now sits on God's right hand; intercedes with God, and in his Gospel owns his Father to be his and our only true God. This is sad accommodation. Though the words never signify more than a degree of likeness in the Greek classics,

came away from the Wells, and she heard nothing of me, she had laid aside all expectation of my coming, though this made the visit the more pleasing.

In answer to this, I replied, that if I had got her letter sooner, I would have been with her long before: but that was not possible, as I had been at a little lodge and farm of mine in the northern extremity of Westmoreland, to settle things there, and returned to Harrogate but yesterday, when I had the honour of receiving your letter, and upon reading it, set out at day-break this morning to kiss your hand, and execute any commands.

Here an excellent hot supper was brought in, and after it, Miss SPENCE said, she was surprised

yet our headstrong orthodox monks will have them to mean strict equality; and Alexander the Great and Alexander the Coppersmith are the same Being. Amazing! Gentlemen; here is but One Ball, and out of itself you shall see this one ball send forth two other balls, big as it, and yet not lose one atom of its weight and grandeur. Hocus pocus, Reverendissimi spectatores, the One is Three.

And now, Gentlemen, be pleased to observe the miracle reversed. Pilluli pilluli, congregate, Presto presto, unite: observate, Signori Dottissimi, the Three are One. Such is the hocus pocus the monks have made of their Trinity.

to hear I was an inhabitant of Westmoreland, as she had never heard of me in the north, nor seen me at Harrogate before the other day.

I told her I was a stranger in the country, and by a wonderful accident, as I travelled a few years ago out of curiosity, and in search of a friend, up Stanemore-hills, I became possessed of a lodge I had on the northern edge of Westmoreland, where I lived a considerable time, and once imagined I should never leave it, as it is the most romantic and the most beautiful solitude in the world.

While I was giving this short relation, Miss SPENCE seemed greatly amazed, and her uncle, an old clergyman, who had looked with great attention at me, hoped it would be no offence to ask me how old I was.

"None at all, Sir," I replied. "I want some months of twenty-six; and though I dance and rattle at the Wells, and am now going up to London, where all is tumult and noise, yet my passion for still life is so great, that I prefer the most silent retreat to the pleasures and splendors of the greatest town. If it was in my power to live as I please, I would pass my days unheard of and unknown, at Orton-Lodge, so my little silent farm is called, near the southern confines of Cumberland, with some bright partner of my soul. I am sure I should

think it a complete paradise to live in that distant solitude with a woman of Miss SPENCE's form and mind."

"But tell me, I request," said MARIA, "how did you get to the confines of Westmoreland over Stanemore hills, and what was that accident that put you in possession of Orton-Lodge? It must be a curious account, I am sure."

"This," I replied, "you shall hear to-morrow morning after breakfast; there is not time for it now. All I can say at present is, that it was love kept me among the mountains for some years, and if the heaven-born maid, vastly like you, Miss SPENCE, she was, had not, by the order of heaven, been removed to the regions of immortality and day, I should not have left the solitude, nor would you ever have seen me at Harrogate: but destiny is the dirigent: mutable is the condition of mortals, and we are blind to futurity and the approaches of fate. This led me over the vast mountains of Stanemore, enabled me to cross the amazing fells of Westmoreland, and brought me to that spot, where I had the honour and happiness of becoming acquainted with Miss SPENCE." Thus did we chat till eleven, and retired to our chambers.

But the old gentleman, the doctor, when he came with me into my apartment, told me we must

have one bottle more, for it was his nightcap, without which he could not sleep: he then bid the servant make haste with it, and when that was out, we had another. He was a sensible agreeable man, and pleased me very much, as he appeared a zealous friend to the illustrious house of Hanover; whereas almost all the clergymen I had been in company with since I came to England, were violent Jacobites.

I remember, among other things, I asked this Divine, over our wine, If popery is ever so corrupt, could men be debarred of their rights for an attachment to it? Are not crowns hereditary? And is not treason in our country stamped with so peculiar an infamy, as involving the delinquent's innocent children in the forfeitures, or penal consequences that await it, on purpose to check the rebellion of Britons by such an accumulated punishment of evil doers?

To this the doctor replied, that the exclusion of a popish prince must be lawful, if we ought to secure our property and religion, and, as in duty bound, oppose his trampling upon the laws, and his own solemn declarations. If the people have privileges and interests, they may defend them, and as justifiably oppose notorious domestic oppressions, as foreign invasions. The head of the community,

has no more a licence to destroy the most momentous interests of it, than any of the inferior members, or than any foreign invader. If a king has no passion to indulge, incompatible with the welfare of his people, then, as protection and obedience are reciprocal, and cannot subsist, the one without the other, it must be a crime in the people not to honour, and obey, and assist the royal authority. It is not only the interest but the duty of the subject to obey the prince, who is true to the important trust reposed in him, and has the welfare of the people at heart. But such a king cannot be a papist. The Romish prince will not only stretch a limited prerogative into lawless power, and grasp at absolute monarchy; but will break through the most sacred ties, and subvert the rights he was sworn to guard, to re-establish popery in this kingdom. Could James II. have kept the seat of government, and baffled all opposition, we may conclude from what he did, from his trampling upon the laws, and his own solemn declarations; from his new court of inquisition, the high commission court; to subvert the constitution of the church of England, and to lay waste all its fences against popery; from that furious act of his power, which fell on Magdalen-college, and his two cruel acts of parliament in Ireland, the repeal of the act of settle-

ment, by which the protestant gentlemen were deprived of their estates; and the act of attainder, by which they were to be hanged, for going to beg their bread in another country, after they had been robbed of all in their own by their king, who had sworn to protect them; from hence, I say, it is plain, that if James could have sat firm upon the throne, his misguided conscience would have induced him to the most inhuman acts of violence. He would have proceeded to the barbarities, and rekindled the flames of Mary. Had he continued to reign over these kingdoms, it is most certain, that instruction and persuasion only would not have been the thing, but where instruction and persuasion failed, imprisonments, tortures, death, would have been used, to compel us to believe all the gross absurdities of Rome, their impieties to God, and contradictions to common sense. We must throw away our reason and our bibles, the noblest gifts of heaven, and neither think nor speak, but as we are bid by men no wiser than ourselves; or, we must expire under torments as great as the devil and the monks could devise. It was therefore necessary, for the preservation of our church and state, to exclude James and his popish heirs. The common welfare required this salutary precaution. The col-

lected interest of the community is the primary end of every law.

All this, I said, seems quite right. To be sure, during that short twilight of power, which dawned upon popery in England in the years 1689 and 1690, its rage was imprudent. It did discover its fury and resentment. In one of the Irish acts you have mentioned, more than two thousand people were attainted, and some of them the most noble and venerable characters in Ireland. Yet had success attended the arms of James, this would have been but the beginning of sorrows. And probably a son of Christian Rome would have proscribed more in these two islands, than in heathen Rome, out of the whole vast Roman empire, were given up to destruction for their virtue, by the cruel triumvirate, Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus. And of consequence, since dear experience convinced, it was equally absurd and vain, to imagine that a popish head would govern a protestant church by any councils, but those of popish priests, as it was to imagine that a popish king would govern a protestant state by any councils, but those of popish counsellors; it must therefore be owned, that the Lords, and others, assembled at Nottingham, were just in declaring, "that King James's administra-

tions were usurpations on the constitution; and that they owned it rebellion to resist a king that governed by law; but to resist a tyrant, who made his will his law, was nothing but a necessary defence." This, to be sure, is just. But still, if crowns are hereditary, and one severe punishment of treason was intended to check all rebellion, were we not a little too hasty in the affair of the Revolution? And might we not have expected something better from the good sense and good nature of James, if we had waited a while, till he could see the folly of his proceedings?

To this the Doctor replied, that as to James's good sense, it never appeared he had any: and in respect of his many real good qualities, they were extinguished by his bigotry, and could never be of service to a protestant spirit, the spirit of freemen: it was therefore incumbent on them, who knew and loved the invaluable blessings they enjoyed, to act as they did; that is, as the wisdom of our constitution requires in such cases.

As to the crown being hereditary, and the severe punishment of treasons; in respect of the first particular, there is no natural or divine law declares crowns hereditary. If a certain rule of succession has been established in most kingdoms, the single point of view in it was public good, or a prevention

of those intestine commotions, which might attend an election: But as every rule is dispensible, and must give way when it defeats the end for which it was appointed; should the customary succession in a kingdom prove at any time productive of much greater evils than those it was intended to obviate, it may questionless be superseded occasionally. This point is evident from reason. Though the crown in our own country is generally hereditary, yet that right is to be set aside, if the security of our civil and religious liberty requires it. If the pretence of James was a right to dominion, in opposition not only to the sense of the legislature, but to that of the nation, then the popish prince was justly excluded, for denying the public good to be the supreme law. Had the right he claimed been established, then our religion, our liberties, and the safety of our fortunes, had been no longer our own. In case of such establishment, the glory of our constitution was no more. The sum of the matter is, the royal family of the Stuarts being Roman Catholics, makes their case similar to an extinction of it.

And as to the accumulated punishment of treason in Great Britain, that can only be designed as a powerful check to rebellion, against a king whose darling view is the welfare of the people. No infamy, forfeitures, or death, can be too severe for the

man, who rebels against a prince that governs for the good of the people, and endeavours to transmit our state safe to posterity. To plot against such a sovereign is a great crime indeed. To conspire against a prince, whose life is of the utmost consequence to the community, is an enormity that ought to be stamped with a peculiar infamy, and punished in the severest manner. But it can be no treason to act against a papist, who violates every maxim of our constitution, and by every maxim of popery labours to destroy our religion and liberties. Every man may repel unlawful attempts upon his person and property, and is armed by God with authority for self-defence.

To this it was replied, that I thought the Doctor quite right, and for my own part was determined to oppose a popish prince, whenever he comes on with his unalienable and indefeasible claim, to introduce his absurd and cruel religion, to deprive us of our rational Christianity, and make us slaves, instead of free-born subjects. No popish James, to write our themes, but (filling a bumper) may this nation be ever happy in a king whose right is founded upon law, and who has made it the rule of his government. May Britons ever remember the merciless rage of popery, and the envious malice of France; each ready to lay waste the whole fabric of our ex-

cellent constitution, and cry aloud, with all the embittered sons of Edom, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground. Here the clock struck one, and we parted.

Early the next morning I was up, according to my wont, and walked out, to look at the place. Cleator is one of the finest spots that can be seen, in a wild romantic country. The natural views are wonderful, and afford the eye vast pleasure. The charming prospects of different kinds, from the edges of the mountains, are very fine. The winding hills, pretty plains, vast precipices, hanging woods, deep vales, the easy falls of water in some places, and in others cataracts tumbling over rocks, form all together the most beautiful and delightful scenes. All the decorations of art are but foils and shadows to such natural charms.

In the midst of these scenes, and in a theatrical space of about two hundred acres, which the hand of nature cut, or hollowed out, on the side of a mountain, stands Cleator-Lodge, a neat and pretty mansion. Near it were groves of various trees, and the water of a strong spring murmured from the front down to a lake at the bottom of the hill.

This was Miss SPENCE'S country-house. Here the wise and excellent MARIA passed the best part of her time, and never went to any public place but

Harrogate once a year. In reading, riding, fishing, and some visits to and from three or four neighbours now and then, her hours were happily and usefully employed. History and Mathematics she took great delight in, and had a very surprising knowledge in the last. She was another of those ladies I met with in my travels, who understood that method of calculation, beyond which nothing further is to be hoped or expected; I mean the arithmetic of fluxions.

Very few men among the learned can consider magnitudes as generated by motion, or determine their proportions one to another from the celerities of the motion by which they are generated. I question if the Critical Reviewers can do it; I am sure they cannot, though they have made so licentiously free with me. They may however pretend to know something of the matter, and so did. Berkeley the late Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland; yet that prelate, in reality, understood no more of the method than a porter does, though he presumed to write against it, and the divine Newton, the inventor of it. But MARIA SPENCE, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, was at this time a master in the fluxionary way. She had not only a clear and adequate notion of fluxions, but was able to penetrate into the depths of this science, and had made sublime discoveries

in this incomparable method of reasoning. She astonished me. I thought Mrs. BURCOTT and Mrs. FLETCHER, mentioned in my first volume, were very extraordinary women, on account of their knowledge in algebra, and the fine answers they gave to the most difficult problems in universal arithmetic: but this sort of reasoning is far inferior to the fluxionary method of calculation; as the latter opens and discovers to us the secrets and recesses of nature, which have always before been locked up in obscurity and darkness. By fluxions, such difficulties are resolved, as raise the wonder and surprise of all mankind, and which would in vain be attempted by any other method whatsoever. What then must we think of a young woman well skilled in such work; not only able to find the fluxions of flowing or determinate quantities, that is, the velocities with which they arise or begin to be generated in the first moments of formation, called the velocities of the incremental parts, and the velocities in the last ratio's, as vanishing or ceasing to be; but from given fluxions to find the fluents; and be ready in drawing tangents to curves; in the solution of problems de maximis et minimis, that is, the greatest or least possible quantity attainable in any case; in the invention of points of inflection and retrogression; in finding the evoluta of a given

curve; in finding the caustic curves, by reflection and refraction, &c. &c. this was amazing beyond any thing I had seen; or have ever seen since, except Mrs. BENLOW of Richmondshire, with whom I became acquainted in 1739.* With astonishment I beheld her. I was but a young beginner, or learner, in respect of her, though I had applied so close to fluxions after I had learned algebra, that my head was often ready to split with pain; nor had I the capacity, at that time, to comprehend thoroughly the process of several operations she performed with beauty, simplicity, and charming elegance. Admirable MARIA! No one have I ever seen that was her superior in this science: one equal only have I known, the lady a little before mentioned. And does not this demonstrate, that the faculties and imagination of women's minds, properly cultivated, may equal those of the greatest men? And since women have the same improvable minds as the male part of the species, why should they nor be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other. Learning and knowledge are perfections in us not

* See *Memoirs of several Ladies of Great Britain*, 1755, 8vo.

as we are men, but as we are rational creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species they belong to. And if women of fortune were so considered, and educated accordingly, I am sure the world would soon be the better for it. It would be so far from making them those ridiculous mortals Moliere has described under the character of learned ladies; that it would render them more agreeable and useful, and enable them by the acquisition of true sense and knowledge, to be superior to gayety and spectacle, dress and dissipation. They would see that the sovereign good can be placed in nothing else but in rectitude of conduct; as that is agreeable to our nature; conducive to well-being; accommodate to all places and times; durable, self-derived, indeprivable; and of consequence, that on rational and masculine religion only they can rest the sole of the foot, and the sooner they turn to it, the happier here and hereafter they shall be. Long before the power of sense, like the setting sun, is gradually forsaking them, that power on which the pleasures of the world depend, they would, by their acquired understanding and knowledge, see the folly of pleasure, and that they were born not only to virtue,

friendship, honesty, and faith, but to religion, piety, adoration, and a generous surrender of their minds to the supreme cause. They would be glorious creatures then. Every family would be happy.

But as to Miss SPENCE, this knowledge, with a faultless person, and a modesty more graceful than her exquisite beauty, were not the things that principally charmed me: nor was it her conversation, than which nothing could be more lively and delightful: nor her fine fortune. It was her manners. She was a Christian Deist, and considered Benevolence and Integrity as the essentials of her religion. She imitated the piety and devotion of Jesus Christ, and worshipped his God and our God, his Father and our Father, as St. John expressly stiles the God of Christians, ch. xx. v. 17. She was extremely charitable to others, and considered conscious virtue as the greatest ornament and most valuable treasure of human nature. Excellent MARIA!

With this young lady, and her two servants, her footman and her woman, I went up to London. We set out from Cleator the 31st day of July, and without meeting with any mischief in all that long way, came safe to London. We were nine days on the road; and as the weather was fine, and our horses excellent, we had a charming journey. My com-

panion was so agreeable, that had it been two thousand miles from Cleator to London, instead of two-hundred and seventy two, I should still have thought it too short. Her conversation was so various and fine, that no way could seem tiresome and tedious to him that travelled with her. Her notions and remarks were ever lively and instructive. It was vast pleasure to hear her, even on the driest and most abstruse subjects, on account of the admiration her discourse raised, and the fine knowledge it communicated, to one who understood her. I will give an instance.

In riding over the mountains the first day, we missed the road in the evening, and instead of getting to a very good inn, where we intended to rest, we were forced to stop at a poor little public house, and right glad to get in there, as the evening was tempestuous and wet, dark and cold. Here we got some bacon and fresh eggs for supper, and the ale was good, which amused us well enough till nine o'clock. We then proposed to play at cribbage for an hour, and called for a pack of cards; but they had none in the house, and we were obliged to divert ourselves with conversation, till it was time to retire. Miss SPENCE began in the following manner.

"Was Newton, Sir, or Leibnitz, the author of

that method of calculation, which lends its aid and assistance to all the other mathematical sciences, and that in their greatest wants and distresses? I have heard a foreigner affirm, that the German was the inventor of fluxions."

"That cannot be," I replied. "In 1696, Dr. Barrow received from Newton a demonstration of the rule of the quadrature of curves, which the Doctor communicated to Collins; and as this is the foundation of fluxions, and the differential calculus, it is evident Newton had invented the method before that time.

"In the beginning of 1673, Leibnitz was in England, again in October, 1676; and the interval of this time he spent in France, during which he kept a correspondence with Oldenburgh, and by his means with Collins; and sometimes also with Newton, from the last of whom he received a letter, dated June 18th, 1676, wherein is taught the method of reducing quantities into infinite series, that is, of exhibiting the increments of flowing quantities. This method was utterly unknown to Leibnitz, before he received the abovesaid letter of Newton's, as he himself acknowledges in a letter to Oldenburgh, dated August 27th, 1676; for before that time, he says in his letter, he was obliged to transform an irrational quantity into a rational fraction,

and then by division, after the method of Mercator, to reduce the fraction into a series.

"It is likewise certain, that Leibnitz did not then understand these series, because, in the same letter, he desires Newton would explain to him the manner how he got these series. And again in a second letter from Newton to Leibnitz, dated October 24th, 1676, he gives yet clearer hints of his method, and illustrates it by examples, and lays down a rule, by which, from the ordinates of certain curves, their areas may be obtained in finite terms, when it is possible.

"By these lights, and assisted by such examples, the acute Leibnitz might have learned the Newtonian method, and indeed it is plain he did so; for in 1684, he first published, in the *Leipsic Acts*, his *Elements of the Differential Calculus*, without pretending to have had the method before the year 1677, in which he received the two letters from Newton: and yet, when Sir Isaac published his books of the number of curves of the first kind, and of the quadrature of figures, the editors of the *Acts* said Leibnitz was the first inventor of the differential calculus, and Newton had substituted fluxions for differences, just as Honoratus Faber, in his *Synopsis Geometrica*, had substituted a progression of motion for Cavallerius's method of indivisibles; that

is Leibnitz was the first inventor of the method. Newton had received it from his *Elements of the Differential Calculus*, and had substituted fluxions for differences; but the way of investigation in each is the same, and both centre in the same conclusions.'

This excited *Keill* to reply, and he made it appear very plain from Sir Isaac's letters, published by Dr. Wallis, that Newton was the first inventor of the algorith, or practical rules of fluxions; and Leibnitz did no more than publish the same, with an alteration of the name, and manner of notation. This however did not silence Leibnitz, nor satisfy the foreigners who admired him. He abused Dr. Keill, and appealed to the Royal Society against him; that they would be pleased to restrain the Doctor's vain babblings and unjust calumniations, and report their judgment as he thought they ought to do, that is, in his favour. But this was not in the power of the Society, if they did justice; for it appeared quite clear to a committee of the members, appointed to examine the original letters, and other papers, relating to the matter, which were left by Oldenburgh and Collins, that Sir Isaac Newton was the first inventor of fluxions; and accordingly they published their opinion. This determines the affair. When this is the case, it is sense-

less for any foreigner to say Leibnitz was the author of fluxions. To the divine Newton belongs this greatest work of genius, and the noblest thought that ever entered the human mind."

"It must be so," replied MARIA. "As the case is stated, Sir Isaac Newton was most certainly the inventor of the method of fluxions: and supposing Leibnitz had been able to discover and work the differential calculus, without the lights he received from Newton, it would not from thence follow, that he understood the true method of fluxions: for, though a differential has been, and to this day is, by many, called a fluxion, and a fluxion a differential, yet it is an abuse of terms. A fluxion has no relation to a differential, nor a differential to a fluxion. The principles upon which the methods are founded shew them to be very different, notwithstanding the way of investigation in each be the same, and that both centre in the same conclusions: nor can the differential method perform what the fluxionary method can. The excellency of the fluxionary method is far above the differential."

This remark on the two methods surprised me very much, and especially as it was made by a young lady. I had not then a notion of the difference, and had been taught by my master to pro-

ceed on the principles of the Differential Calculus. This made me request an explication of the matter, and MARIA went on in the following manner.

"Magnitudes, as made up of an infinite number of very small constituent parts put together, are the work of the Differential Calculus; but by the fluxionary method, we are taught to consider magnitudes as generated by motion. A described line in this way, is not generated by an apposition of points, or differentials, but by the motion or flux of a point; and the velocity of the generating point in the first moment of its formation, or generation, is called its fluxion. In forming magnitudes after the differential way, we conceive them as made up of an infinite number of small constituent parts, so disposed as to produce a magnitude of a given form; that these parts are to each other as the magnitudes of which they are differentials; and that one infinitely small part, or differential, must be infinitely great, with respect to another other differential, or infinitely small part: but by fluxion, or the law of flowing, we determine the proportion of magnitudes one to another, from the celerities of the motions by which they are generated. This most certainly is the purest abstracted way of reasoning. Our considering the different degrees of magnitude, as arising from an increasing series of mutations of velocity, is much

more simple, and less perplexed than the other way; and the operations founded on fluxions, must be much more clear, accurate, and convincing, than those that are founded on the Differential Calculus. There is a great difference in operations, when quantities are rejected, because they really vanish; and when they are rejected, because they are infinitely small: the latter method, which is the differential, must leave the mind in ambiguity and confusion, and cannot in many cases come up to the truth. It is a very great error then to call differentials, fluxions, and quite wrong to begin with the differential method, in order to learn the law or manner of flowing."

With amazement I heard this discourse, and requested to know by what master, and what method, she obtained these notions; for they were far beyond every thing on the subject that I had ever met with. What she said concerning the nature and idea of fluxions, I thought just and beautiful, and I believe it was in her power, to shew the bases on which they are erected.

"My master, Sir," said MARIA, "was a poor traveller, a Scotchman, one MARTIN MURDOCH, who came by accident to my father's house, to ask relief, when I was about fifteen years old. He told us, he was the son of one of the ministers of Scot-

land, and came from the remotest part of the Highlands: that his father taught him mathematics, and left him, at his death, a little stock on a small farm; but misfortunes and accidents obliged him in a short time to break up house, and he was going to London, to try if he could get any thing there, by teaching arithmetic of every kind. My father, who was a hospitable man, invited him to stay with us a few days, and the parson of our parish soon found, that he had not only a very extraordinary understanding, but was particularly excellent at figures, and the other branches of the mathematics. My father upon this agreed with him to be my preceptor for five years, and during four years and nine months of that time, he took the greatest pains to make me as perfect as he could in arithmetic, trigonometry, geometry, algebra, and fluxions. As I delighted in the study above all things, I was a great proficient for so few years, and had MURDOCH been longer with me, I should have been well acquainted with the whole glorious structure: but towards the end of the fifth year, this poor Archimedes was unfortunately drowned, in crossing one of our rivers, in the winter time, and went in that uncomfortable way, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, to the enjoyment of that felicity and glory, which God has prepared for a virtuous life and honest heart. Why

such men, as the poor and admirable MURDOCH, have often such hard measure in this world, is not in my power to account for, nor do I believe any one can; but what I tell you is one of those surprising things, and I lamented not a little the loss of such a master. Still however I continued to study by many written rules he had given me, and to this day, mathematics are the greatest pleasure of my life.

"As to our method, my master, in the first place, made me perfectly understand arithmetic, and then geometry and algebra, in all their parts and improvements, the methods of series, doctrine of proportions, nature of logarithms, mechanics, and laws of motion: from thence we proceeded to the pure doctrine of fluxions, and at last looked into the Differential Calculus. In this true way my excellent master led me, and in the same difficult path every one must go, who intends to learn Fluxions. It would be but lost labour for any person to attempt them, who was unacquainted with these Precognita.

"When we turned to fluxions, the first thing my master did, was to instruct me in the arithmetic of exponents, the nature of powers, and the manner of their generation. We went next to the doctrine of infinite series; and then, to the manner of generating mathematical quantities. This generation of

quantities was my first step into fluxions, and my master so amply explained the nature of them, in this operation, that I was able to form a just idea of a first fluxion, though thought by many to be incomprehensible. We proceeded from thence to the notation and algorithm of first fluxions; to the finding second, third, &c. fluxions; the finding fluxions of exponential quantities; and the fluents from given fluxions; to their uses in drawing tangents to curves; in finding the areas of spaces; the valves of surfaces; and the contents of solids; their percussion, oscillation, and centres of gravity. All these things my master so happily explained to my understanding, that I was able to work with ease, and found no more difficulty in conceiving an adequate notion of a nascent or evanescent quantity, than in forming a true idea of a mathematical point. In short, by the time I had studied fluxions two years, I not only understood their fundamental principles and operations, and could investigate, and give the solution of the most general and useful problems in the mathematics; but likewise, solve several problems that occur in the phænomena of nature."

Here MARIA stopped, and as soon as astonishment would permit me to speak, I proposed to her several difficult questions, I had heard, but was not

then able to answer. I requested her, in the first place, to inform me, how the time of a body's descending through any arch of a cycloid was found: and if ten hundred weight avoirdupoise, hanging on a bar of steel perfectly elastic, and supported at both ends, will just break the bar, what must be the weight of a globe, falling perpendicular 185 feet on the middle of the bar, to have the same effect?—My next questions were, how long, and how far, ought a given globe to descend by its comparative weight in a medium of a given density, but without resistance, to acquire the greatest velocity it is capable of in descending with the same weight, and in the same medium, with resistance?—And how are we to find the value of a solid formed by the rotation of this curvilinear space, A C D about the axis A D, the general equation, expressing the nature of the curve, being $y = \frac{\overline{a-x}^{\frac{m}{n}} \times x}{a^{\frac{m}{n}}}$?—How is the centre of gravity to be found of the space enclosed by an hyperbola, and its asymptete? And how are we to find the centre oscillation of a sphere revolving about the line P A M, a tangent, to the generating circle

F A H, in the point A, as an axis?—These questions MARIA answered with a celerity and elegance that again amazed me, and convinced me that, notwithstanding the Right Rev. metaphysical disputant, Dr. Berkeley, late Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, could not understand the doctrine of fluxions, and therefore did all he could to disgrace them, and the few mathematicians who have studied magnitudes as generated by motion; yet, the doctrine, as delivered by the divine Newton, may be clearly conceived, and distinctly comprehended; that the principles upon which it is founded, are true, and the demonstrations of its rules conclusive. No opposition can hurt it.

When I observed, that some learned men will not allow that a velocity which continues for no time at all, can possibly describe any space at all: its effect, they say, is absolutely nothing, and instead of satisfying reason with truth and precision, the human faculties are quite confounded, lost, and bewildered in fluxions. A velocity or fluxion is at best we do not know what; whether something or nothing: and how can the mind lay hold on, or form any accurate abstract idea of such a subtile, fleeting thing?

"Disputants," answered Maria, 'may perplex with deep speculations, and confound with myste-

rious disquisitions, but the method of fluxions has no dependance on such things. The operation is not what any single abstract velocity can generate or describe of itself, but what a continual and successively variable velocity can produce in the whole. And certainly, a variable cause may produce a variable effect, as well as a permanent cause a permanent and constant effect. The difference can only be, that the continual variation of the effect must be proportional to the continual variation of the cause. The method of fluxions therefore is true, whether we can or cannot conceive the nature and manner of several things relating to them, though we had no ideas of perpetually arising increments, and magnitudes in nascent or evanescent states. The knowledge of such things is not essential to fluxions. All they propose is, to determine the velocity or flowing wherewith a generated quantity increases, and to sum up all that has been generated or described by the continually variable fluxion. On these two bases fluxions stand."

This was clear and just, and showed that the nature and idea of fluxions is agreeable to the nature and constitution of things. They can have no dependance upon any metaphysical speculations, such speculations as that anti-mathematician, my Lord of Cloyne, brought in, to cavil and dispute

against principles he understood nothing of, and maliciously run the account of them into the dark; but are the genuine offspring of nature and truth. An instance or two may illustrate the matter.

1. A heavy body descends perpendicularly $16\frac{1}{12}$ feet in a second, and at the end of this time, has acquired a velocity of $32\frac{1}{6}$ feet in a second, which is accurately known. At any given distance then from the place the body fell, take the point A in the right line, and the velocity of the falling body in the point may be truly computed: but the velocity in any point above A, at ever so small a distance, will be less than in A; and the velocity at any point below A, at the least possible distance, will be greater than in A. It is therefore plain, that in the point A, the body has a certain determined velocity, which belongs to no other point in the whole line. Now this velocity is the fluxion of that right line in the point A; and with it the body would proceed, if gravity acted no longer on the body's arrival at A.

2. Take a glass tube open at both ends whose concavity is of different diameters in different places, and immerse it in a stream, till the water fills the tube, and flows through it. Then, in different parts of the tube, the velocity of the water will be as the squares of the diameters, and of conse-

quence different. Suppose then, in any marked place, a plane to pass through the tube perpendicular to the axis, or to the motion of the water, and of consequence, the water will pass through this section with a certain determinate velocity. But if another section be drawn ever so near the former, the water, by reason of the different diameters, will flow through this with a velocity different from what it did at the former, and therefore to one section of the tube, or single point only, the determinate velocity belongs. It is the fluxion of the space which the fluid describes at that section; and with that uniform velocity the fluid would continue to move, if the diameter was the same to the end of the tube.

3. If a hollow cylinder be filled with water to flow freely out through a hole at the bottom, the velocity of the effluent will be as the height of the water, and since the surface of the incumbent fluid descends without stop, the velocity of the stream will decrease, till the effluent be all out. There can then be no two moments of time, succeeding each other ever so nearly, wherein the velocity of the water is the same; and of consequence, the velocity, at any given point, belongs only to that particular indivisible moment of time. Now this is accurately the fluxion of the fluid then flowing; and if, at that

instant, more water was poured into the cylinder, to make the surface keep its place, the effluent would retain its velocity, and still be the fluxion of the fluid. Such are the operations of nature, and they visibly confirm the nature of Fluxion. It is from hence quite clear, that the fluxion of a generated quantity, cannot retain any one determined value for the least space of time whatever, but the moment it arrives at that value, the same moment it loses it again. The fluxion of such quantity can only pass gradually and successively through the indefinite degrees contained between the two extreme values, which are the limits thereof, during the generation of the fluent, in case the fluxion be variable. But then, though a determinate degree of fluxion does not continue at all, yet, at every determinate indivisible moment of time, every fluent has some determinate degree of fluxion; that is, every generated quantity has every where a certain rate of increasing, a fluxion whose abstract value is determinate in itself, though the fluxion has no determined value for the least space of time whatever. To find its value then, that is, the ratio one fluxion has to another, is a problem strictly geometrical; notwithstanding the Right Rev. anti-mathematician has declared the contrary, in his hatred to mathemati-

cians, and his ignorance of the true principles of mathematics.

If my Lord of Cloyne had been qualified to examine and consider the case of fluxions, and could have laid aside that unaccountable obstinacy, and invincible prejudice, which made him resolve to yield to no reason on the subject; not to regard even the great Maclaurin's answer to his *Analyst*, he would have discovered, that it was very possible to find the abstract value of a generated quantity, or the contemporary increment of any compound quantity. By the binomial theorem, the ratio of the fluxion of a simple quantity to the fluxion of that compound quantity, may be had in general, in the lowest terms, and as near the truth as we please, whilst we suppose some very small increment actually described. And whereas the ratio of these fluxions is required for some one indivisible point of the fluid, in the very beginning of the increment, and before it is generated, we make, in the particular case, the values of the simple increments nothing, which before was expressed in general: then all the terms wherein they are found vanish, and what is left accurately shews the relation of the fluxions for the point where the increment is supposed to commence. As the abstract value of

the fluxion belongs only to one point of the fluent, the moments are made to vanish, after we have seen by their continual diminution, whither the ratio tends, and what it continually verges to; and this becomes as visible as the very character it is written in.

But Bishop Berkeley was unacquainted with mathematical principles, and out of his aversion to these sciences, and zeal for orthodoxy, cavilled and disputed with all his might, and endeavoured to bring the matter to a state unintelligible to himself, and every body else. Here MARIA had done, and for near a quarter of an hour after, I sat silently looking at her, in the greatest astonishment.

But as to our travels, the 10th of August we got safe to London, and the consequence of the journey was, that the last day of the same month, I had the honour and happiness of being married to this young lady.

Wise is the man, who prepares both for his own death and the death of his friends; who makes use of the foresight of troubles, so, as to abate the uneasiness of them, and puts in practice the resolution of the philosopher Cleanthes. * "I am think-

* Cleanthes was a native of Assus in Lysia, in Asia-Minor, and so very poor, when he came to Athens to

ing with myself every day, says one of the philosophers, how many things are dear to me; and after

study, that, for his support, he wrought at nights in drawing water for the gardens, and in grinding behind the mill. He attended the lectures of Zeno, succeeded him in his school, and grew into very high esteem with the Athenians. He lived to ninty-nine, but the year he died we know not. His master Zeno died 342 years before Christ, and had conversed with Socrates and Plato.

The antient academics were Plato, the disciple of Socrates; Speucippus, Zenocrates, Polemo, Crates, and Crantor; and from Crates, the fifth academic, sprung the old stoics, to wit, Crates, Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, and Diogenes the Babylonian; not he that was surly and proud. Cicero in his works often mentions this Babylonian, the stoic. We find in the Roman history, that he was living in the year of Rome 599, that is, 155 years before Christ; but when he died we know not. These gentlemen of the two old schools were to be sure great philosophers, excellent men; but then, to be strictly impartial, we must own, that all they knew in relation to the will of God, and a kingdom to come, was but poor moral learning, in respect to what is written in the *New Testament* for our Instruction, if we will lay aside our fancies and systems, and let reason explain revelation. The Christian religion is really more for the glory of God, and the good of mankind, than reason, without inspiration, has been able to teach. Christianity, without the additions and supplements of monks,

I have considered them as temporary and perishable, I prepare myself, from that very minute, to bear the loss of them without weakness." I thought of this the morning I married the beautiful and ingenious Miss SPENCE, and determined if I lost her, to make the great affliction produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The man must feel, in such a case: the Christian will submit. Before the end of six months, she died, and I mourned the loss with a degree of sorrow due to so much excellence, endearment and delight. My complaint was bitter, in proportion to the desires of nature. But as nature says, "let this cup pass:" Grace says, "let thy will be done." If the flower of all my comfort was gone, the glory departed! yet thy glory is, O man, to do the will of God, and bear the burthen he lays upon thee! Let nature, grace, and time, do their part, to close the wound, and let not ignorance impeach the wisdom of the Most High. The cup which my Father hath given me: shall I not drink? I will. I will not quarrel with Providence. In short, I resigned, and not long after I had buried this admirable woman, who died at her seat in Westmoreland, I went into the world again, to relieve my mind, and try my

is not only above all just exception, but preferable to any other scheme.

fortune once more. What happened there, I will report, when I have related the extraordinary case of my wife Miss SPENCE, and the four physicians I had to attend her. It is a very curious thing.

This young lady was seized with that fatal distemper, called a malignant fever: Something foreign to nature got into her blood, by a cold, and other accidents, it may be, and the luctus or strife to get clear thereof become very great. The effervescence or perturbation was very soon so violent as to shew, that it not only endangered, but would quickly subvert the animal fabric, unless the blood was speedily dispersed, and nature got the victory by an exclusion of the noxious shut-in particles. The thirst, the dry tongue, the coming causus, were terrible, and gave me too much reason to apprehend this charming woman would sink under the conflict. To save her, if possible, I sent immediately for a great physician, Dr. Sharp, a man who talked with great fluency of medicine and diseases.

This gentleman told me, the Alkaline was the root of fevers, as well as of other distempers, and therefore, to take off the effervescence of the blood in the ebullitions of it, to incide the viscous humour, to drain the tartarous salts from the kidnies, to allay the preternatural ferment, and to brace up the relaxed tones, he ordered orange and vinegar

in whey, and prescribed spirit of sulphur, and vitriol, the cream, chrystals, and vitriolate tartar in other vehicles. If any thing can relieve, it must be plenty of acid. In acidis posita est omni curatio. But these things gave no relief to the sufferer.

I sent then in all haste for Dr. Hough, a man of great reputation, and he differed so much in opinion from Sharp, that he called an acid the chief enemy. It keeps up the luctus or struggle, and if not expelled very quickly, will certainly prove fatal. Our sheet anchor then must be the testacea, in vehicles of mineral water, and accordingly he ordered the absorbent powers to conflict with this acidity, the principal cause of all diseases. Pearl and coral, crab's eyes, and crab's claws, he prescribed in diverse forms; but they were of no use to the sick woman. She became worse every hour.

Dr. Pym was next called in, a great practitioner, and learned man. His notion of a fever was quite different from the opinions of Sharp and Hough. He maintained that a fever was a poisonous ferment or venom, which seized on the animal spirits: it breaks and smites them; and unless by alexipharmics the spirits can be enabled to gain a victory in a day or two, this ferment will bring on what the Greeks call a synochus, that is, a continual fever. In that state, the venom holds fast the animal spirits,

will not let them expand, or disengage themselves, and then they grow enraged, and tumultuating, are hurried into a state of explosion, and blow up the fabric. Hence the inflammatory fever, according to the diverse indoles of the venom; and when the contagious miasms arrive at their highest degree, the malignant fever ariseth. The spirits are then knocked down, and the marks of the enemies weapons, the spots, &c. appear. This, continued the Doctor, is the case of your lady, and therefore the thing to be done is, to make the malignant tack about to the mild, and produce an extinction of the ferment, and relief of the symptoms. This I endeavour to do by alexipharmics and vesicatories, and by subduing the poison by the bark and the warmer antidotes. Thus did my Doctor marshal his animal spirits, fight them against the enemy venom, to great disadvantage. If his talk was not romance, it was plain his spirits were routed, and venom was getting the day. His alexipharmics and warm antidotes, were good for nothing. The malady encreased.

This being the case, I sent again in haste for a fourth doctor, a man of greater learning than the other three, and therefore, in opinion, opposite, and against their management of the fever. This great man was Dr. Frost. He was a mechanician, and

affirmed that, the solid parts of the human body are subjected to the rules of geometry, and the fluids to the hydrostatics; and therefore, to keep the machine in right order, that is, in a state of health, an æquilibrium must be maintained, or restored, if destroyed. The balance must not turn to one side or the other. To restore sanity in acute cases, and in chronic too, our business is to prevent the vessels being elevated or deprest beyond the standard of nature: when either happens, the division of the blood is increased, the motion is augmented, and so beget a fever. There cannot be an inordinate elevation of the oily or fiery parts of the blood, till the vessels vibrate above the standard of nature.

In a slight fever, the blood increases but little above the balance; but if more than one day, turns to a synochus, which is but the same fever augmented beyond the balance of nature. This turns to a putrid synochus, and this to a causus. This is the case of your lady. From an elevated contraction, the Doctor continued, to my amazement, her blood obtains a greater force and motion; hence greater division, hence an increase of quantity and fluidity: and thus from greater division, motion and quantity increased, arises that heat and thirst, with the other concomitant symptoms of her fever; for the blood dividing faster than it can be detached

through the perspiratory emunctories of the skin, is the immediate cause of the heart's preternatural beating: and this preternatural division of the blood arises from the additional quantity of obstructed perspirable matter, added to the natural quantity of the blood.

Things being so, the Doctor went on; and the fever rising by the blood's dividing faster than can be detached by the several emunctories; and this from an elevation of the solids above the balance, we must then strive to take off the tension of the solids, and subtract the cause. This makes me begin in a manner quite contrary to the other physicians, and I doubt not but I shall soon get the better of the fury and orgasm, make an alteration in the black scabrous tongue, and by according with the modus of nature, throw forth the matter of the disease. I will enable nature to extricate herself. I hope to disentangle her from the weight.

Thus did this very learned man enlarge; and while he talked of doing wonders, the dry and parched skin, the black and brushy tongue, the crusty fur upon the teeth, and all the signals of an incendium within, declared her dissolution very near. As the serum diminished fast, and the intestine motion of the crassamentum increased, nature was brought to her last struggles. All the dis-

mal harbingers of a general wreck appeared, to give the by-standers notice of approaching death. She died the ninth day, by the ignorance of four learned Physicians. Had these Gentlemen considered the fever no otherwise than as a disease arising from some unusual ferment, stirred up among the humours of the blood, disturbing both those natural motions and functions of the body, hindering perspiration, and thereby giving quick and large accession to such parts of the aliment or liquors taken down, as are disposed to ferment; and there is always a strong disposition that way; for the blood has a three-fold motion, fluidity, common to all liquors, protrusive, from the impulse of the heart and arteries, and fermentative, that is, a motion throughout of all its parts, which quality is owing to the dissimilar parts of the blood; for being a compound of various particles, there must be a colluctation when they occur, and of consequence, a continual fermentation. As this is just and moderate, it is for the good of the animal, and purifies the blood: if it is too much, it tends to a fever; if it still increases, it produces the burning causus. Hard is the struggle then, and if nature cannot dispume, even helped by art, the patient has no hazard for life. Hence it is, that we are so subject to fevers, and that it carries away more people than all

the rest of the diseases. Out of every forty-two that have it, twenty-five generally die. It was so in the time of Hippocrates, 430 years before Christ. And so Dr. Sydenham and Dr. Friend found it, in their practice. But had my four Doctors considered the fever as I have plainly stated it, without vainly pretending to be so wise as to know the essential causes of it; and in the beginning of it, before the terrible appearances, the vigil, delirium, subsultus, the dry black tongue, the furred teeth, and the pale, unconcocted urine, had caused a depletion by large bleeding, had opened the pores by a mild sudorific, had then given a vomit, Rad. Ipecacuanha in small sack-whey or chicken-water, and let the sufferer indulge in that thin diluting liquor, an emulsion of the seeds and almonds in barley water, and if the patient required it, a draught of table-beer with a toast, between whiles; had this been done very soon, there might be relief as quickly; or if the fever still run high, to bleed again, and wash down some proper alexipharmic powder with a proper cordial julap, it is possible nature would have been able to accomplish the work, and health had been again restored. I use the word proper alexipharmic, and proper cordial julap, because the Theriaca and Mithridatium of the shops, which are commonly, almost always ordered as an alexipharmic bole, are

rather poisons than useful in a fever; and because the tincture and syrup of saffron, the treacle-water, or any other distilled compound, are not fit cordials in the case; but it should be the conserva lujulæ in an emulsion ex sem. fr. cum amygd. in aq. hordei. This is the true alexipharmic, and the only cordial, to be given in a fever. But it was the destructive alexipharmics and cordials of the shops they forced down Maria's throat, and this, with the other bad prescriptions and management, killed one of the finest and most excellent women that ever lived.

And now to give the world a better idea of this admirable woman than any description of mine can exhibit, I shall here place a few religious little Pieces, which she wrote while Miss SPENCE, and which I found among her papers.

MORAL THOUGHTS.

Written by Miss Spence.

MORALITY.

Abstract, mathematical, or physical truth, may be above the reach of the bulk and community of mankind. They have neither the leisure, nor the necessary helps and advantages to acquire the natural knowledge of arts and sciences. The many calls and importunities of the animal kind, take up the greatest part of their time, thoughts, and labor,

so that the more abstract speculations, and experimental disquisitions of philosophy, are placed by Providence quite out of their reach, and beyond their sphere of action.

On the contrary, moral truth, right and wrong, good and evil, the doing as we would be done by, and acting towards all men as they really are, and stand related in society; these things are as evident to the understanding, as light and colors are to the eye, and may be called the intellectual, moral sense. Here needs no deep learning, or trouble and expence of education, but the same truths are as evident, and as much seen and felt by the learned, and unlearned, the gentleman and the ploughman, the savage or wild Indian, as by the best instructed philosopher. The divine perfections shine through all nature, and the goodness and bounty of the Creator to all his creatures, impress the obligation of imitating this wisest and best of Beings upon every man's heart and conscience.

But notwithstanding the maxims of morality are thus solidly established, and adapted to all capacities; and though every man has a happiness to seek, and a main end to secure, which must be infinitely preferable to any concerns of life, yet here it is we find, that mankind in general have been most lost and bewildered, as if Providence had placed

their own happiness, and the way to it, more out of their power than any thing else. How this should happen, might seem unaccountable at first sight, and yet it can be no great mystery to any man tolerably acquainted with the world and human nature. It is no difficult matter to discover the reasons hereof, and it is withal highly useful to give them their due consideration.

1. The principal cause I take to be the prevailing strength and bias of private, corrupt, animal affection, and desires. Reason is silenced and borne down by brutal appetite and passion. They resolve to gratify their sensual appetites and desires, and will therefore never taste or try the superior pleasures and enjoyments of reason and virtue. But such men as these having declared open war against their own reason and conscience, and being resolved at all risks to maintain the combat, must be self-condemned, and cannot plead ignorance, or error of judgment in the case.

2. Another fundamental cause of moral error, is the prejudice and prepossession of a wrong education. False principles and absurd notions of God and religion, wrought early into the tender, unexperienced mind, and there radicated and confirmed from time to time, from youth to riper age, by parents, teachers, our most intimate friends and

acquaintance, and such as we have the best opinion of, and confide most in; such causes make such strong impressions, that the grossest errors, thus rivetted and fixed, are with the greatest difficulty ever conquered or cleared off. In this case, men turn out well-grounded believers, and are well-armed against conviction. Circumcision or baptism fixes their religion in their infancy, and their church is as natural to them as their country. Free enquiry is with them an apostasy from the orthodox party, and as the great and sure trial of their faith and fortitude, they will hear no reasonings about the holy religion they have taken upon trust.

3. Then the few, who have applied themselves to the study of morality, have done it for the most part in a manner confused; and superficial enough: and often so, as even to build upon principles either entirely false, or obscure and uncertain; either foreign to its proper business, or mixt up with gross errors, and absurdities. From whence it comes to pass, that in all languages, the terms of morality, both in common discourse, and in the writings of the learned, are such as have the most obscure, confused, indetermined, and unfixed ideas, of any other terms whatever; men for the most part despising the things which are plain and ordinary, to run after such as are extraordinary and mysterious; and

that they either will not know, or reject even truth itself, unless she brings some charm with her, to raise their curiosity, and gratify their passion for what is marvellous and uncommon.

In sum, the prejudices of the understanding, the illusions of the heart, and the tyranny established in the world with relation to opinions, form a grand obstacle to the serious study of morality; and to the attainment of a more exact knowledge of our duty. Nor is it to be expected that any will very much apply themselves to make discoveries in these matters, whilst the desire of esteem, riches, or power, makes men espouse the well-endowed opinions in fashion, and then seek arguments either to make good their beauty, or varnish over and cover their deformity. Whilst the parties of men, cram their tenets down all men's throats, whom they can get into their power, without permitting them to examine their truth and falsehood; and will not let truth have fair play in the world, nor men the liberty to search after it; what improvements can be expected of this kind? What greater light can be hoped for in the moral sciences? The subject part of mankind in most places might, instead thereof, with Egyptian bondage, expect Egyptian darkness, were not the candle of the Lord set up by himself in men's minds, which it is impos-

sible for the breath of man wholly to extinguish; how much soever the infallible guides of one church, and the orthodox rulers of another, may scheme and labour to subject conscience to human jurisdiction, and bring the inward principle and motive of action within the cognizance of their political theocracy, or theocratic policy.

After all this, is it to be wondered at, that such, whose occupations and distractions of life, or want of genius and outward helps, do not allow them to engage in long and profound meditations, are found to have generally understandings so short and narrow, and ideas so false or confused, in matters of morality.

And since this is the case of the greatest part of mankind, it has no doubt been always God's will, that they, who had the greatest light, and whom his providence had furnished with the greatest helps, should communicate their knowledge to such as were not able of themselves to acquire it so easily, or in so great a degree.

RELIGION.

What is religion? The true, eternal, immutable religion of God and nature, consists, as I opine, in the filial love and fear of God, and the brotherly love of mankind; in the practice of all those moral

duties of truth and righteousness, which result from it, under a fiducial trust in, and dependance on God, and the constant sense of his power and presence in all our actions, as the rewarder of good and punisher of bad men. This is the religion founded in nature and reason, and which must be at all times and every where the same. As this religion was in a great measure lost, and neglected, amidst the general ignorance, superstition, and idolatry of the world, it was the great business and design of revelation to restore it, and set moral truth and reason in its original light, by bringing mankind to the right use of their reason and understanding in such matters.

After Epicurus and Zeno, there were no new succeeding schemes of morality, but each man betook himself to that sect, where he found what most suited his own sentiments.

In the reign of Augustus, Potamo of Alexandria introduced a manner of philosophising, which was called the Eclectic, because it consisted in collecting from all the tenets of preceding philosophers, such as appeared most reasonable; out of which they formed each man his own system of philosophy. It appears from Cicero's works that he was an Eclectic.

And why should it not be good in religion, as

well as in philosophy? I own I am an Eclectic in divinis. And the sum of my religion is, without regard to modes or parties, so to live to the glory of the Father, without attachment to the creature, for the sanctification and happiness of mankind; that when this fleeting scene of sin and sorrow shall vanish, and pass away from sight, the angels of God may give my soul a safe transition to that heavenly happiness, which no thought can lay hold on, and which no art can describe.

The practice of reason and truth is the rule of action to God himself, and the foundation of all true religion. It is the first and highest obligation of all rational beings, and our divine Lord came down from heaven to earth to teach it to mankind. Christ preached a plain doctrine to men, fitted to reform their hearts and lives, intended to make them perfect in self-denial, humility, love, goodness, and innocence; and to enable them, with hearts raised above the world, to worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

But this glorious religion the Romish priests have perverted into a system of mysteries, and staring contradictions, the better to support the worst and most deplorable purposes of temporal wealth, power, pride, malice, and cruelty. In direct opposition to reason and common sense, we must com-

mence generous believers in an ecclesiastical Christianity, and confess the symbol of their holy Athanasius, though it be no more, or better, than the effects of a luxuriant fancy, without likeness and correspondency, in the real nature and reason of things; 17, 4, and 19 are 41, says convocation to his believers, and your religion, my brethren, is all a tremendous mystery: You must adore as such, what the Infidels renounce as a contradiction.

Thus shamefully do these priests sink the credibility of our gospel, and impose upon the silly people, a ball of wax for the religion of Jesus; making them believe contrary to knowledge, and prefer a system that is a lye against the light of nature, and the gospel.

But the chief end, duty, happiness, and highest perfection that man can arrive at, consists, and is found, in a perfect exercise of human reason.

We read in *Chronicles*, that Hezekiah began his good reign with the revival of religion, which had long suffered by the neglect and profanation, or through the neglect and omission of his predecessors. To this purpose he opened the doors of the house of the Lord, and issued a decree, that all Israel should come to keep the passover, which they had not done of a long time. But as the legal cleansing and purifying, could not be performed by

great numbers that did eat the passover, by the appointed time, on account of many things, and particularly the force of long interval and disuse; therefore this irregularity employed the devotion of the good king, as the canon of the passover, under the strictest prohibition, and the severest penalty, forbid any one to eat, that did not come with outward and legal purity. No unclean person shall eat of it: and he prayed for the people, saying, The good Lord pardon every one that prepareth his heart to seek God, the Lord God of their fathers, though he be not cleansed according to the purification of the sanctuary; and the Lord hearkened unto Hezekiah, says the next verse, and healed the people, that is, took off the penalties of the canon, and gave them the benefit of the rite. From hence it follows, that, however defective we may be in outward rites and ceremonies of a church, yet inward truth and purity will be accepted in default of outward things. Inward disposition is the substance of religion, and may compound for the want of outward matters; but outward service can never be accepted instead of inward purification.

And it farther follows, if the outward solemnities of religion cannot be obtained upon lawful terms, which is the case of many, in respect of Popery and Athanasian worship; then will the

good Lord pardon and be propitious to those who prepare their heart to seek him, though they be not cleansed according to the solemn institution, and ritual purification.

This text is in the vulgar Latin, Dominus bonus propitiabitur cunctis qui in toto corde requirunt Dominum, Deum patrum suorum, et non imputabit eis quod minus sanctificati sunt. The good Lord will be propitious to all those, who in their whole heart seek the Lord God of their fathers, and will not impute to them their being less sanctified than they ought.

* Histories in all ages are full of the encroachments of the clergy, yet they all omit one of the most successful stratagems to ingross money. We are indebted to our statute-book for informing us of one of the most notorious pieces of priestcraft that ever was practised. Would one believe, that there is a country, and in Europe too, where the clergy gained such an ascendant over the minds of the people, as tamely to suffer the moveable estate of every man who died intestate, to be swallowed up by them; yet so prevalent was superstition in our country, that it produced a law preferring the Bi-

* Note. This article relating to the encroachments of the the clergy, was not found among Miss Spence's papers, but is inserted here as in a proper place.

shop to the next of kin; and in its extension excluding the children, the wife, and the relations of the deceased, nay the creditor; and giving all to the Bishop per aversionem. Such was the sameful rapacity of the clergy here for ages. Such a monstrous practice was established upon this foundation, that the moveable effects of every deceased person, his own appointment failing, ought to be laid out for promoting the good of his soul; and so the Ordinary took possession, without deigning to account with any mortal. This began temp. Hen. I. when the Ordinary, for the good of the soul of the deceased, obtained a directing power, and was in the nature of an overseer, and somewhat more. In the time of King John, the Ordinary drew blood, as Bacon well expresses it *; for though the possession was as formerly, yet the dividend must be in the view of the church, and by which means, the dividers were but mere instruments, and the right was vanished into the clouds. But temp. Hen. III. it was settled, the Ordinary had not only gotten the game, but gorged it. Both right and possession were now become the clergy's, the Ordinary was to distribute it according to pious uses, and no use

* *Discourse of Laws*, pp. 1, 66, and *New Abridgement of the Law*, p. 398.

seemed so pious as to appoint to himself and his brethren.

The first statute that limited the power of the Ordinary was 13 Edw. I. c. 19. By this the Ordinary was obliged to satisfy the intestate's death so far as the goods extended. And 31 Edw. III. cap. 2, the actual possession was taken from the Ordinary, by obliging him to give a deputation to the next and most lawful friends of the intestate, for administrating his goods. But this statute proved but a weak check to the avarice of the clergy. Means were fallen upon to elude it, by preferring such of the intestate's relations, who were willing to offer the best terms: this corrupt practice was suffered in the days of Hen. VIII. when the clergy losing ground, the statute 21 Hen. VIII. was enacted, bearing "That in case any person die intestate, or the executors refuse to prove the testament, the Ordinary shall grant administration to the widow, or to the next of kin, or to both, taking surety for true administration."

This statute, as it points out the particular persons who are intitled to letters of adminstration, without leaving any choice to the Ordinary, was certainly intended to cut him out of all hope of making gain of the effects of persons dying intestate. But the church does not easily quit its hold.

Means were fallen upon to elude this law also. Though the possession given by this statute was wrested out of the hands of the Ordinary, yet his pretentions subsisted intire, of calling the administrator to account, and obliging him or her to distribute the effects to pious uses. This was an admirable engine in the hands of a churchman for squeezing money. An administrator who gave any considerable share to the Bishop, to be laid out by him, without doubt, in pious uses, would not find much difficulty in making his accompt. This rank abuse moved the judges solemnly to resolve, that the Ordinary, after administration granted by him, cannot compel the administrator to make distribution *. And at last, the right of the next of kin was fully established by statute 22 and 23 Car. II. cap. 10. This cut out the Ordinary entirely.

If I thought the Athanasian creed was a part of the religion of Jesus, I should be induced to entertain a hard thought of Christianity. I should think it enjoined a slavish submission to the dictates of designing men: and instead of a reasonable service, required us to renounce our understandings, to apostatize from humanity, and degenerate into brutes, by giving up our reason, which alone dis-

* *New Abridgement of the Law*, p. 398.

tinguishes us from them. Most unjust charge upon our holy religion! A religion, which enlarges our rational faculties, filling the mind with an astonishing idea of an eternal duration, and thereby giving us a contempt of the mean, transient pleasures of this life, and which we and the brutes enjoy in common: a religion that requires only the highest degree of reverence towards the MOST HIGH, the most refined purity of heart and mind, and the most noble and diffusive charity towards all mankind. In short, that establishes righteousness upon earth, and intire obedience to the will of God; that so having put the oil into our lamp, according to the gospel parable, it may not only measure the course of time, but light us beyond it, to the coming of the bridegroom, and the morning of eternity.

But this will not do for the Doctors, they must have established Credenda for judgments of all sizes, they must have a formulary of dogmatic theology, an Athanasian Jumble, to support the Holy Church; though their creed burlesques mathematical certainty, and renders their ecclesiastical Christianity inferior to the antient pagan religion. A trinity is the ecclesiastical God; but whether three distinct conscious beings of co-ordinate power, equal independency, and unorigination, and so three proper Deities; or, only three symbols of na-

tural powers. In this the Doctors are not agreed; but the majority are for the three proper Deities: this heresy of three Gods we must subscribe to, or the priests will number us with the infidels, and do us all the mischief they can. Hence it comes to pass, that humanity, sweetness of temper, and moderation, are banished from society; religion, like a cloak, is made use of to authorise hatred, violence, and injustice; and the Christian religion, as the priests have forged it, and shew it off, that is, upon its present footing, as an establishment, is pernicious to mankind, and ought to go, that the people may be restored again to Christ's religion, and be led to attend to the command of God; which is to believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and to love one another.

FAITH.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" *Hebrews*, ch. xi. v. 1. that is, faith is such a firm persuasion as gives, as it were, a substance or present existence to the good things which we hope for, and which are not yet in being, and as engages us to depend upon the truth of unseen things, as really, as upon ocular demonstration.

"He endured, as seeing him who is invisible;"

ver. 27, that is, Moses as really believed the being and attributes of the invisible God, as if he had seen him with his eyes; and fully depended upon his conduct and assistance.

The better thing provided for Christians.

"And these all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect; *Hebrews*, ch. xi. v. 39. 40, that is, Though the upright under the law have a good character in Scripture, and of consequence were accepted of God upon the account of their faith in the divine power and goodness, yet they received not the promised reward of another life, immediately on their leaving this world: God provided this better thing for us Christians, that we should be made happy immediately, as soon as we leave this world, that so they might not be made happy in heaven, till Christianity commenced, and Christians should be there received to happiness with them.

Note 1. It is plain from what the Apostle says before, that the thing promised is the better and more enduring substance in heaven.

2. The better thing provided for Christians, cannot be the resurrection from the dead, and the

being, after that, received into the heavenly Jerusalem; since herein we shall have nothing better than the good people who lived under the law: therefore better things can only mean our enjoyment of God immediately upon our leaving this world.

It is strange then that Bishop Fell, and Whitby say, the better thing means the Messias, or the heavenly country to be fully possessed at the end of the world.

Of the same opinion is Pyle. He says, our pious ancestors under the law, though in a state of rest and happiness, after death, yet received not the full and complete enjoyment of celestial glory, that being deferred till the last and great dispensation of the Messiah be past, that so they and sincere Christians, may be all rewarded and crowned together, with the happiness both of body and soul, at the final day of judgment: but if so, tell me Mr. Pyle, where is the better thing provided for us Christians?

3. Besides, if the Apostle may be his own interpreter, the word perfect means the intermediate state of good souls in paradise, and not the complete state after the resurrection. In the next chapter, he speaks of the spirits of the just made perfect, by which he means undoubtedly the separate souls now in glory.

In a word, the design of the Apostle was to prove that, since God has provided some better thing for us, we appear to be more in his favour; and therefore the argument from their being justified to our being justified by faith, is stronger, that is, such a faith as has an operative influence, by rendering our lives a comment upon the blessed nature of God.

And that this was the meaning of the Apostle in the something better provided for us Christians, appears yet plainer from the consequence drawn by the inspired writer, to wit, that we ought with the greater patience and courage to endure persecution, since God has provided something better for us than for them. If the ancient believers held out, who expected but a state of sleep, till the time of the general resurrection: much more should we patiently suffer affliction, and even death itself, for the sake of truth, and of the gospel, when we know, that God has promised us something better; to wit, that we shall be conducted to paradise immediately after death, and be there spirits of just men made perfect, and be with Christ, which is far better than either to sleep after death, or to live longer in this world.

Let us lay aside then every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with

patience the race that is set before us. Let us put away every thing from us, that would hinder us from improving in virtue and goodness; looking to and imitating Jesus, the leader and captain of the faithful, and an example of spotless virtue and perfect obedience. The love of the world is enmity with God, and to place our affections here, is to vilify that better provision which he has made for us. We are but strangers and pilgrims here. The human state is but a passage, not a place of abode. It is a station of exercise and discipline, and was not designed for the place of enjoyment. That happy country is before us.

AVOIDINGS.

Avoid all indirect arts in the pursuit of a fortune. All unlawful methods of self-preservation. And every gratification that militates with reason and benevolence.

The Offices of a Christian.

These are heavenly-mindedness, and contempt of the world, and chusing rather to die than commit a moral evil. Such things, however, are not much esteemed by the generality of Christians: Most people laugh at them, and look upon them as indiscretions; therefore there is but little true

Christianity in the world. It has never been my luck to meet with many people that had these three necessary qualifications. And as for the people, exclusive of their going to church to make a character, or to ogle one another, or out of superstition to perform so much opus operatum, a job of lip service, which they idly fancy to be religion, they, I mean the great and the small, might as well be Heathens as Christians, for any real Christian purpose they answer, in a strict adherence to the three offices aforementioned. The name of Christian sounds over Europe, and large parts of Asia, Africa, and America: but if a Christian is what St. Paul defines it, to wit, a man that is heavenly-minded, that contemns the world, and would die rather than commit a moral evil, then is the number of Christians very small indeed.

The meaning of John, ch. vi. v. 44. "*No man can come to me, except the Father draw him.*"

That is, no one can be a Christian, unless his regard for the Deity and natural religion inclines him to receive a more improved scheme of religion.

But Dr. Young, in one of his sermons, explains this text in the following manner. No one can live up to the religion of Jesus, and reach Christian perfection, unless the Father enlightens and enables

him, by the operative influence of his holy spirit. We can do nothing, in respect of what ought to be done, to be more than nominal Christians, without the inward principle of sanctification. This I think is mere methodism. The excellent Dr. Lardner expounds the text in the following words: "No man will come to me, and receive my pure, sublime, and spiritual doctrine, unless he have first gained some just apprehensions concerning the general principles of religion. And if a man have some good notions of God, and his perfections, and his will as already revealed, he will come unto me. If any man is well disposed, if he has a love of truth, and a desire to advance in virtue, and religious knowledge; he will readily hearken to me, and believe in me." *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 303.

Of Baptism, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

What is the meaning of baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost?

It signifies receiving men by baptism to the profession and privileges of that religion, which was taught by the Father, Son, and Spirit, that is, which the Father taught by the Son, in his lifetime, and by the Spirit, after his ascension.

Or, to be baptized, is solemnly to profess our resolution to adhere to that holy doctrine, which is the mind and will of God the Father, published to the world by his Son, whom he sent from heaven for that purpose, and confirmed by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Note, An able writer, St. *Hillary de Trinitate,* lib. 2. *ad calcem* on *Matt.* ch. xxviii. v. 19, says that baptising in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, signifies, In confession of the author of all things, and of the only begotten, and of the gift.

Of Christian Idolatry.

What a surprising incident is idolatry in the church of Christ! that after the religion of Jesus had accomplished its glorious design, and subverted idolatry and superstition throughout the world, it should itself be wounded almost to death, by the enemy it had subdued! This is the case all over the realms of popery. And can they be said to have any true religion among them, where the theology of Athanasius prevails?

Churchism and Creeds.

I have no very good opinion of creeds. Jesus Christ came with a legatarian power from God, the

Supreme Being, to declare his will to mankind; and the great work to be done, so far as I can find in the gospel, is, the perfecting our minds in all that is truly excellent; by labouring to excel in all the virtues of the gospel, by loving the whole race of mankind with an universal charity, and striving to add to the satisfaction and happiness of all about us, and with whom we have any connexion.

Having lost MARIA, I went up to London, and on my way to the metropolis, dined at a pleasant village, not far from Nottingham, where I saw two gentlemen well worth mentioning. They were sitting in a room the waiter shewed me into, and had each of them a porringer of mutton broth. One of them seemed a little consumptive creature, about four feet six inches high, uncommonly thin, or rather exsiccated to a cuticle. His broth and bread however he supped up with some relish. He seemed to be past threescore. His name was RIBBLE.

The other was a young man, once very handsome, tall and strong, but so consumed and weak, that he could hardly speak or stir. His name was RICHMOND. He attempted to get down his broth, but not above a spoonful or two could he swallow. He appeared to me to be a dying man.

While I beheld things with astonishment, the

servant brought in dinner, a pound of rump steaks, and a quart of green peas; two cuts of bread, a tankard of strong beer, and pint of port wine: with a fine appetite, I soon dispatched my mess, and over my wine, to help digestion, began to sing the following:

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains,
Who range the mazy grove, or flow'ry plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

Come, Rosalind, O come, and infant flow'rs
Shall bloom and smile; and form their charms by yours;
By you the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose.

Hark! from yon bow'rs what airs soft warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' inchanting lay.
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
And smoothly gliding, shines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears.

While I was singing, and indeed all the while I was at dinner, the gentlemen looked with wonder at me, and at last, as soon as I was silent, old RIBBLE expressed himself in the following words: "You are the most fortunate of mortals to be sure, Sir. A happy man indeed. You seem to have health and peace, contentment and tranquillity, in perfection. You are the more striking, when such spectacles as my cousin RICHMOND (pointing to the dying gentleman in the room) and I are in contrast before you. I will tell you our stories, Sir, in return for your charming song, and hope what I am going to say may be of service to you, as you are coming on, and we going off from this world.

"My kinsman there, the dying RICHMOND, in that chair, was once a Sampson, and the handsomest man of his time, though the remains of beauty or strength cannot now be traced. By drinking and whoring he brought himself to what you see; to a state that eludes all the arts of medicine. He has an aggravated cough, which produces a filthy pus of an ash-colour, streaked with blood, and mixed with filaments torn from his lungs and membranes, and with the utmost difficulty he respires. He has a perpetual violent pain in his breast, a pricking soreness in his paps when he coughs, and defects in all his functions. He has that flux of

the belly, which is called a lientery, and the fluids of his body are wasted in colliquative sweats. A stretching pain racks him if he lies on either side, by reason of some adhesion of the lungs to the pleura. His hair is fallen off, and his nails you see are dead-coloured, and hooked. His countenance, you observe, is Hippocratical, the very image of death: his face a dead pale, his eyes sunk, his nose sharp, his cheeks hollow, his temples fallen, and his whole body thin like a skeleton. What a figure now is this once curled darling of the ladies: it was done, good Sir, by the hand of Intemperance.

"As to myself," he continued, "I brought a a consumption into the world with me, and by art have supported under it. I was born with the sharp shoulders you see, which are called pterogoides, or wing-like, and had a contracted thorax, and long chest, a thin and long neck, a flaccid tone of all the parts about the breast, and a very flabby contexture of the muscles all over my body: but nevertheless, by a strict temperance all my life, and by following the directions of Dr. Bennet in his *Theatrum Tabidorum*, I have not only made life tolerable, but so removed the burden of stagnant phlegm from the thorax, by throwing it down by stool, and up by expectoration, exhaling it sometimes through the skin, and at other times digest-

ing it with fasting, that I contrive more useful hours to myself than the strong and young can enjoy in their continued scenes of dissipation and riot. In me is seen the wonderful effect of rule and sobriety. I am now past fifty by several years, notwithstanding my very weak and miserable constitution, and by attending to nature, and never indulging in gratification or excess, am not only able to live without pain, but to divert life by experimental philosophy. I came down to this pleasant place, chiefly for the benefit of poor Richmond, my kinsman, whom you see with his eyes shut before you, the very picture of death; and also, with a view to do some good to myself, as it is the finest air in the world. I took a house in the village to live the more easily, as the lodging-houses are all crowded here, and resolved to amuse the days I have left in cultivating the science of chemistry; not in order to finish what nature has begun, do you see me, as the alchymists talk, and procure to the imperfect metals the much desired coction; but, to examine substances, and by the examination, obtain ideas of the bodies capable of the three degrees of fermentation, spiritous, acetous, and putrid; and of the products of those fermentations, to wit, ardent spirits, acids analogous to those of vegetables and animals, and volatile alkalis.

"To this purpose, I made for myself a laboratory, and about a year ago, began to employ my vessels and furnaces in various processes. A vast variety of entertaining things have since occurred, and my life is thereby made agreeable and pleasing; though to look at my poor frame, one would think me incapable of any satisfactions. I will give you an instance or two of my amusements, and do you judge, if they may not afford a mind more than the tumultuous joys of love and wine, horse-racing, cock-fighting, hunting, and other violent pleasures can yield.

"You know, good Sir, I suppose, that there are six metals, two perfect, and four imperfect. Gold and silver, perfect: the others, copper, tin, lead, and iron. Quicksilver is by some called a seventh metal: but that I think cannot be, as it is not malleable. Yet it is not to be confounded with the semi-metals, as it differs from the metals no otherwise than by being constantly in fusion; which is occasioned by its aptness to flow with such a small degree of heat, that be there ever so little warmth on earth, there is still more than enough to keep mercury in fusion. It must be called then, in my opinion, a metallic body of a particular kind: And the more so, let me add, as art has not yet found out a way of depriving it wholly of its phlogiston.

"I must observe to you, good Sir, in order to be intelligible in what I am saying, that the phlogiston in metals is the matter of fire as a constituent principle in bodies. It is the element of fire combined with some other substance, which serves it as a basis for constituting a kind of secondary principle; and it differs from pure fixed fire in these particulars, that it communicates neither heat nor light, it causes no change, but only renders body apt to fuse by the force of a culinary fire, and it can be conveyed from body to body, with this circumstance, that the body deprived of the phlogiston is greatly altered, as is the body that receives it.

"As to the semi-metals, which I mentioned, you will be pleased to observe, that they are regulus of antimony, bismuth, zinc, and regulus of arsenic. They are not malleable, and easily part with their phlogiston. Zinc and bismuth are free from the poisonous quality, but arsenic is the most violent poison; especially the shining crystalline calx of it, or flowers raised by the fire, and named white arsenic; regulus of antimony is likewise a poison, not in its nature, but because it always contains a portion of arsenic in its composition.

"Antimony is of a pretty white bright colour, and has the splendour, opocity, and gravity of a metal, but under the hammer crumbles to dust. A

moderate heat makes it flow, and a violent fire dissipates it into smoke and white vapours. They adhere to cold bodies, and when the farina is collected, we call these vapours flowers of antimony.

"Butter of Antimony, good Sir, that wonderful corrosive, is a compound made by distilling pulverized regulus of antimony, and corrosive sublimate. The production, on operation, is a white matter, thick and scarce fluid, which is the regulus of antimony united with the acid of sea-salt. Here the corrosive sublimate is decompounded, the mercury revivified, and the acid combined with it, quits it to join the regulus of antimony, because its affinity with it is greater." Little RIBBLE, the Chemist, went on, and with difficulty I could refrain from laughing; not on account of the man's talking nonsense, for his discourse was the very reverse of that; but by reason of the gripe he had of my arm, the pulls he gave me, if I happened to look another way, and the surprising eagerness with which he spoke; which shewed, that he was chemically struck to an amazing degree, and following up closely, "But liver of antimony, good Sir," he continued, "is made of equal parts of nitre and antimony. On the mixture's being exposed to the action of fire, a violent detonation ensues, and the deflagrating nitre consumes the sulphur of the antimony, and even a

part of its phlogiston. A greyish matter remains after the detonation, and this is what we call liver of antimony. It contains a fixed nitre, a vitriolated tartar, and the reguline part of antimony vitrified.

"The principal use the Chemists make of antimony is to separate gold from the other metals. All metals, gold excepted, have a greater affinity with sulphur than the reguline part of antimony. As to gold, it is incapable of contracting any union with sulphur. If therefore I have a mass compounded of various metals, and want to get the gold out, I melt it with antimony, and as soon as it flows, every thing in the mass which is not gold, unites with the sulphur, in or of the antimony, and causes two separations, that of the sulphur of antimony from its reguline part, and that of the gold from the metals with which it was mixed. This produces two new combinations, the metals and the sulphur, in fusion, being lighter, rise to the surface; and the gold and the reguline part of antimony being heaviest, the combination of them sinks to the bottom. Now the business is to part these two, and to this purpose, I expose the combination to a degree of fire, capable of dissipating into vapours all the semi-metal the mass contains. The reguline being volatile, goes off by the great heat, and my gold remains pure and fixed in my crucible.

"As to the antimonial wine, made by the essence of antimony, that is, by impregnating the most generous white wine, with the minims or leasts of antimony, which the physicians have found out, it is not the part of a chemist to speak of that; and therefore, I shall only observe to you, that it is the best vomit, the best purge, and the best thing for a sweat, in the world. I will tell you, good Sir, what I heard an eminent Doctor say of it. Affirmo sanctissime, nihil inde melius, nihil tutius, nihil efficacius, deprehendi unquam, quam tritum illum, ac simplicem vini automonialis infusum ex vino albo generoso, aromate aliquo stomachico adjecto. Epotus largiter maximas movit vomitiones, in minuta tantùm quantitate, ad guttas puta vigenta, aut triginta, adhibitus sudores elicit benignos; paulo tamen majoræ aleum solvit leniter. Medicamentum, paratu quidem facillimum, at viribus maximum. And therefore, good Sir, when any thing ails you, let me recommend the antimonial wine to you. Thirty drops will sweat you effectually, and about forty or fifty will effect a purge in a happy manner.

"But as to the second semi-metal, bismuth, it has almost the same appearance as regulus of antimony, but of a more dusky cast, inclining somewhat to red. It requires less heat than antimony to flow, and like it, and the other semi-metals, is

volatile, by the action of a violent fire, and under the hammer is dust. In fusion, it mixes well with all metals, and whitens them by union, but destroys their malleability. In flowing, it loses its phlogiston with its metallic form. And it has a singular property, which the other semi-metals have not, of attenuating lead so as to make it amalgamatic with mercury, so perfectly as to make it pass with it through shamoy leather. As soon as the amalgama is made, the bismuth goes off or separates; but the lead for ever remains united with the mercury.

"It is of a solution of the ore of bismuth, we make that very curious and useful thing called sympathetic ink, which is a liquor of a beautiful colour, like that of the lilach or pipe-tree blossom. The process in preparing this liquor is tedious and difficult by aqua fortis, aqua regis, and fire, and therefore the ink is rarely to be met with. It is not to be had, unless some gentleman who makes chemistry his employment, gives one a present of a bottle of it; as I do now to you, in hopes it may some time or other be of singular service to you; for I have conceived a great regard for you, though I never saw you before, as you seem not only more teachable than any I have met with, but to delight in the information I give you relating to chemical things."

Here I returned my Chemist many thanks, and professed my eternal obligation to him: that I could listen for years to him; and wished it was possible to become his disciple, that I might see him by experiment facilitate the study of a science, more entertaining, instructive, and extensively useful than any other. "But how, dear Sir, am I to use this ink, you are so vastly good as to give me, to make it more useful than any other ink could be?"

"I will tell you," replied he, "you must write with this lilach-coloured liquor, on good well gummed paper that does not sink; and the singularity of the ink, consists in its property of disappearing entirely, and becoming invisible, though it be not touched with any thing whatever, and this distinguishes it from all others. The writing must dry in a warm air, and while it is cold no colour can be perceived: but gently warming it before the fire, the writing gradually acquires a greenish blue colour, which is visible as long as the paper continues a little warm, and disappears entirely when it cools. When other sympathetic inks are made to appear by proper application, they do not disappear again; but this liquor from the ore of bismuth must have the fire or heat kept to it, to render it legible. If a man writes to his mistress, suppose, or to a minister of state, with lemon juice, once the writing

has been warmed by the fire, and the letters by that means appear, the epistle may be afterwards read at any time and place; but if the lady's father should by accident get your letter, written in lilach-coloured liquor, it must still remain a secret to him, for if on getting it, and opening the seal, he could see no writing, and therefore imagining it was written with lemon juice, or some other sympathetic ink, he should hold it himself to the fire, or bid his servant hold it to the heat, that the letters might be produced, and made visible, yet the moment bismuth ink is taken away from the fire, and begins to cool, it is as invisible again, as a sheet of white paper. How serviceable this may be on various occasions, may be easily conceived.

"But as to our third semi-metal, called Zinc, this is so like bismuth to appearance, that some have confounded it with Zinc; though it differs from it essentially in its properties, and will unite with all metalline substances, except bismuth. It is volatile by fire above all things, and makes a sublimate of the metallic substances with which it is fused. Zinc mixed with copper in the quantity of a fourth part, produces brass. If the Zinc is not very pure, the composition proves tombac, or Prince's metal.

"Regulus of arsenic, the fourth semi-metal, has a colour resembling lead, unites readily with me-

tallic substances, and renders them brittle, unmalleable, and volatile. The calx of it produced by fire, may be made volatile by more fire, and in this differs from the calx of all metalline substances; for all other calx's are fixed, and cannot be moved. It has likewise a saline character, in which its corrosive quality or poison consists: a quality from which the other metallic substances are free, when they are not combined with a saline matter. These things being noticed, in relation to metals, and semi-metals in general, I will now proceed to relate a few curious cases, in respect of the metals.

"Gold, our first metal, has ten sensible criterions. It is the heaviest and densest of all bodies: the most simple of all bodies: the most fixed of all bodies: the only body that cannot be turned into scoriæ, by antimony and lead; the most ductile of all bodies: so soft as to be scarcely elastic or sonorous: must be red hot to melt: is dissolvable by sea-salt and its preparations, but remains untouched by any other species of salts; and of consequence not liable to rust; as aqua regia and spirit of sea-salt do not float in the air, unless in laboratories, or chemists shops, where we find them sometimes: it unites spontaneously with pure quick-silver, and never wastes by emitting effluvia, or exhalations. These are the ten sensible properties or characteristics of this metal. It is certainly

pure gold, if it has these criterions, and they are of great use in life; especially to persons who have to do with that subtil tribe, the alchemists.

"As to the weight of gold, it is more than nineteen times heavier than water, bulk for bulk, and this property is inseparable from it; it being impossible to render gold more or less heavy; and for this reason, the specific gravity of gold, if it had no other criterion, might demonstrate real gold. To make gold, other metals must be rendered equiponderant to it, and therefore, if an alchemist should offer to obtrude a metal on you for gold, hang an equal weight of pure, and of suspected gold by two threads to a nice ballance, and on immerging them in water, if the alchemist's gold be pure, the water will retain both pieces in æqilibrio; otherwise, the adulterate metal will rise, and the pure descend.

"The reason is, all bodies lose some of their weight in a fluid, and the weight which a body loses in a fluid, is to its whole weight, as the specific gravity of the fluid is to that of the body. The specific gravity of a body is the weight of it, when the bulk is given; thirty-eight grains of gold weighed in the air, is not the true weight of it: for there it loses the weight of an equal bulk of air: it weighs only thirty-six grains in the water, and there it loses the weight of as much water, as is equal in bulk of

itself, that is, two grains, and as the gold weighs thirty-eight grains, it follows, that the weight of water is to that of gold, bulk for bulk, as two to thirty-eight, that is, as the weight lost in the fluid is the whole weight.

"And so, if a piece of gold, and a piece of copper, are equiponderant in air, yet in water the gold will outweigh the copper; because their bulks, though of equal weight, are inversely as their specific gravities, that is, the gold must be as much less than the copper, as the specific gravity of gold is greater than that of copper: and as they must both lose weight in proportion to bulk in water, therefore the gold, the lesser of the two, loses less of its weight than the copper does, and consequently, out-weights the copper in water. I hope this is clear. The case is the same, in proportion, in pure gold, and gold mixed with other metals. The bulk of the pure gold must be less than that of allayed gold, and its weight greater in water; though both equiponderate, a pound suppose, in air."

"It is very plain, Sir, and I request you will proceed. You give me valuable information, and oblige me very much." This pleased the Chemist, and the ingenious little RIBBLE went on.

"As to the simplicity of gold, we mean, by simple body, that whose minutest part has all the

physical properties of the whole mass. Now dissolve a grain of gold in aqua regia, and from a single drop of the solution, a particle of gold may be separated, and have all the characters of gold, except those of magnitude, though the separated particle of gold shall only be the millionth part of the grain. Or, fuse a single grain of gold with a mass of silver, and mix the whole together, so that the gold shall be equally distributed: then take a particle thereof, and you will have a particle of perfect gold; for dissolve the least part of the mixture in aqua fortis, and a quantity of gold will precipitate to the bottom. It will bear the same proportion to the grain, that the part dissolved did to the whole mass.

"Having mentioned aqua regia and aqua fortis, I must to be intelligible, say two or three words in relation to them. Aqua regia is an extract by fire from sea-salt and spirit of nitre. The acid liquor that comes over from them into the receiver, is aqua regis. Aqua fortis, or spirit of nitre, is a nitrous acid separated from its basis, nitre, by the vitriolic acid. Aqua regis only will dissolve gold. Silver is not soluble by aqua regis; its proper solvent is the acid of nitre or aqua fortis. But if you want to separate a mass of gold and silver, either will do. You may dissolve the gold byaqua regia, and let

the silver remain pure: or, dissolve the silver by aqua fortis, and let the gold remain pure. Only note in this case of a mixed lump of gold and silver, the operation by aqua fortis is preferable, for this reason; that aqua regis in dissolving the gold, takes up likewise a little silver; but aqua fortis hath not the least effect on gold; and note further, that if there be equal parts of gold and silver in the mixture, they cannot be parted by aqua fortis. It has not then the least effect on the silver, which is very strange. To make aqua fortis act duly on silver mixed with gold, the silver must be at least in a triple proportion to that of the gold. The reason of the singular effect is, that when the gold exceeds, or the parts of both are equal in quantity, then, as both are intimate, united in the mass, the parts or minims of the gold coat over the parts of the silver, and defend them from the action of the aqua fortis. In this case, aqua regia must be used to dissolve the gold, and leave the silver pure: or, as aqua regia takes up a little of the silver, when it dissolves the gold, melt the metalline mass, and add as much silver, as will make it a triple proportion to the gold. Then you may by aqua fortis take up all your silver in the dissolution, and leave all the gold pure.

"But as to the third criterion of gold, its being

the most fixed of all bodies, this is evident from the violence of fire having no effect on it. An ounce of it exposed for the space of two months, in the eye of a glass furnace, does not lose half a grain. It may from thence be said to be incorruptible.

" As to gold's resisting antimony, and not turning into scoriæ by its force, it is most certain from hence, that if you take a mass consisting of gold, silver, copper, the other metals, with stones, &c. and fuse it with antimony, the bodies will flow on the surface, and be easily blown off by the bellows: the antimony all evaporates, and leaves the gold alone. This is called the last test of gold, to try the purity of it. If the remaining gold have lost nothing of its weight, it is allowed perfectly pure, and called gold of twenty-four carats; or if it be found $\frac{1}{24}$ lighter, it is said to be twenty-three carats fine.

" But as to the ductility of gold, this is the most extraordinary property of it. The arts of gold-beating and wire-drawing, shew us things quite amazing. In leaf-gold, a grain and a quarter of the metal, may be made to cover an area of fifty square inches; and if the leaf be divided by parallel lines $\frac{1}{100}$ part of an inch, a grain of gold will be divided into five hundred thousand minute squares, all discernible by the eye: yet this is not the most can

be done by the hammer. A single grain of gold may be stretched into a leaf that will cover a house, and yet the leaf remain so compact, as not to transmit the rays of light, nor ever admit spirit of wine to transude. This however is nothing to the effects of wire-drawing.

" A gold wire is only a silver one gilt, and if you coat a silver cylinder of forty-eight ounces weight, with one ounce of gold, which is sufficient, this cylinder may be drawn out into a wire so very fine, that two yards thereof shall weigh only one grain, and ninety-eight yards only forty-nine grains, so that one grain of gold gilds ninety-eight yards; and of course the ten thousandth part of a grain, is above one-third part of an inch long. And since the third part of an inch is yet capable of being divided into ten lesser parts visible to the eye, it is evident that the hundred thousandth part of a grain of gold, may be seen without the help of a microscope. And yet so intimately do its parts cohere, that though the gold wherewith the wire is coated, be stretched to such a degree, there is not any appearance of the colour of silver underneath. Nor is this all.

" In supergildings, that is, to make the richest lace, they employ but six ounces of gold, to cover or gild forty-five marks of silver, that is, twenty-

two pounds and a half avordupoise weight, rounded into the form of a cylinder or roller, which hath fifteen lines in diameter, and twenty-two inches in length; and here the stratum of gold which inve-lopes the ingot that is to be drawn into wire, hath no more thickness than the fifteenth part of a line, which is extremely thin; as a line is the twelfth part of an inch.

"But to make the common gold-thread, they do not use more than two ounces of gold, and some-times not more than one, to gild or cover the ingot I have mentioned, and then the inveloping statum is not more in thickness, if two ounces be employed, than the forty-fith part of a line; and if one ounce be used, but the ninetieth part of a line. Two ounces of gold are generally used, in gilding or covering the ingot I have mentioned, and vastly thinner must the stratum be, when the ingot is drawn till it surpasses the fineness of a hair, and the diameter is nine thousand times smaller than what it had in the mass. By weighing out half a dram of this thread or wire, it is found by measuring the length of the half dram, that the ingot of twenty-two pounds and a half, and twenty-two inches long, is changed into a length of one hundred and sixteen millions three thousand five hundred and twenty feet, that is, ninety-six leagues and one hundred

and ninety-six fathom; for the half dram of wire or thread measures two hundred and two feet; by consequence, an ounce of it, three thousand two hundred and thirty-two feet; a mark of it, or eight ounces, twenty-five thousand eight hundred and fifty-six feet. And yet, astonishing as this length is, for two ounces of gold to be drawn to, the gold which covers the silver never ceases to gild it. The gold still keeps pace with the wire, stretch it to what length the drawers can, through the wire-drawing irons, and holes much smaller one than another. The silver never appears.

"It does not however rest there. Before the thread or wire is wound on silk, and before they spin it, it must be flatted by passing it between steel wheels extremely well polished, and this flatting increases its length to more than a seventh part. One ingot, therefore, of eight marks, or twenty-two and a half pounds, and twenty-two inches long, by this increase of a seventh part, is brought to the length of a hundred and a eleven leagues, that is, about three-hundred English miles.

"But amazing as this extent is, it is not the utmost bounds to which the ductility of gold may be carried. One ounce only of gold is sometimes used to cover one ingot, and drawn to the length I have mentioned, and by the time it has passed the

flatting wheels, the gold that covers the silver laminæ, must have its thickness reduced to less than the millionth part of a line; that is, a twelve millionth of an inch. This is beyond the reach of our conception. Imagination cannot plumb her line so low."

"But, Sir," said I, "May not the gold be divided into small grains separate one from another, but yet near enough to give their colour to the silver? Though we may not be able to see the thing, yet I think it may be imagined; the gold on the laminæ doth not form a continued leaf."

"Experience, good Sir, demonstrates the contrary, that every point of silver hath its cover of gold. Put a piece of this gilt wire in aqua fortis, the silver will be dissolved, and the gold left a perfect, continuous tube. It is an amazing thing! and shews the astonishing power of the first cause! As to the reason of this ductility, and why gold in such a manner adheres to silver, so as never to part from it, if the twenty-two and a half pounds of silver gilded with one ounce of gold could be extended by art for ever, this is past our finding out. It is a secret of nature we cannot form any idea of

Calignosa nocte premit Deus."

RIBBLE went on. "These are the things most

remarkable in relation to gold; and I have only to add, that as to the manner of getting it, it is found sometimes in glebes or clods, consisting of gold alone; sometimes in a powdery form, and then called gold-dust, or sand-gold, in the sands and mud of rivers and brooks; but most commonly in whitish clods, dug out of mines of vast depth, and intermixed with silver and various fossils. This they reduce by fire to a mass of metal, and by aqua regia or aqua fortis, the gold is easily taken out of the ore.

"As to gold's being so yielding and ductile by human art, it is to be observed, that in return it exerts a greater power on the human mind. Passive it is in its ductility, but more active in its influence on man. It is a greater tyrant than a slave. It drives repeated millions of the human race to death and hell. King of metals as it is, bright and glorious to behold, and what procures innumerable blessings to mankind;-yet, without the grace of God, to moderate the passion for it, and to direct the mind in a true use of it, it is more dangerous to beings on a trial in a first state, than even poverty can be in this lower hemisphere. What villainies are daily committed to get it! What iniquities daily perpetrated by those who have plenty of it! Lead us not into temptation, should relate as well to too much

of it, as to a total want of it; and it is well prayed, In all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us.

" In my opinion, neither poverty nor riches, but a middle state, is the thing we should desire. It is in this condition, we can best live soberly, or with a sound mind, and conduct ourselves as those who have an intelligent spirit to preside in body. Too much gold most commonly inverts this order, and produces an apostasy that sets the inferior powers in the throne, and enslaves the mind to the body. It gives the passions the commanding influence, and makes reason receive law from appetite.

" If we look into the world, we find too often, in this case, that wealth is big with innumerable sins. The rich are filled with wine, wherein is excess, and shew an unbridled dissoluteness of manners. Their eyes behold strange women, and their hearts utter perverse things. Instead of regarding the common good, they commit the most extravagant injuries. Of such a hardening nature is too much gold, that it tends to make conscience insensible and stupid, and renders it for ever unapt for impression. Then whoredom and wine, and new wine, take away the heart, and men are made to forget the law of God.

" But having neither poverty nor riches, in the calm middle state, having all reasonable conveniencies, we can fairly come by; a vast variety of

creatures for our food, and wine in its season, to make glad the heart; we may then partake of the bounties of Providence, with a sober freedom, and at the same time, can best lay up for ourselves a good foundation, or security for the time to come, that we may lay hold of eternal life.

"Though it is with a prospect of difficulties, that all must enter upon religion, and with labour and difficulty, maintain our ground, and acquit ourselves like Christians, that is, resist the devil in all his assaults, overcome the world in its ensnaring influence, and mortify the irregular inclinations of nature; yet in the happy middle state, where there is no poverty nor riches, that is, great wealth, we can make everlasting glory and felicity our governing aim, and bound our ambition and desires by nothing short of the resurrection of the dead. We may live in a full and ready submission of the soul to the authority of God's word. Things eternal may have the ascendant in our practical judgment, and then with pleasure we become followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

"Good Sir, this is all our sowing time, and whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh, shall of his flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap everlasting life. And therefore,

whether your lot be cast in the middling state, or you were born to thousands a year, let wisdom be your rule, and prefer that happiness which has everlasting duration, in the realms of light above, to any present good that can come in competition with it. Do not spend money for that which is not bread—and your labour for that which satisfieth not. Do not employ your pains for that which hath vanity written upon it, by the word of God, by the testimony of the wisest men, and by frequent experience: but let your principal regard be for your immortal soul, when nothing can be given in exchange for the soul. Implore the light and grace of the good spirit, and by the quickening influences of the Father of the universe, and the exertion of your whole strength, let it be the principal labour of your every day, to make advances in the divine life, and be a blessing to society wherever you come. In virtue and charity may you excel.

"You will pardon old RIBBLE, I hope, good Sir, and excuse his addressing himself to you in this manner. It is an odd conclusion, I own, to a discourse on metals and semi-metals; but it is from an extreme regard I have conceived for you, that I talk as I do, and presume to call upon you, (as you are a young man of fortune, I suppose) to consider seriously of that decree, which is the result of

unerring wisdom, and the will of the Rector of the universe, to wit, that we are all under the law of death, and through that gate must pass, perhaps at a day's, an hour's warning, to the resurrection of the dead, to be adjudged to happiness or misery, as time has been employed, and life spent here. This is the decree of the Most High God, and of consequence, it is incumbent on us, to prepare for the awful hereafter, and endeavour by good actions, and a virtuous mind, by purity of conscience, and an exalted piety, to come off well in judgment. Happy, thrice happy they that do so."

Here little RIBBLE the Chemist had done, and I had reason to return him my very hearty thanks for the favour of his whole discourse. I was vastly obliged to him for the knowledge he had given me, in relation to the philosophy of metals, and taking him by the hand, promised him, that I would ever gratefully remember his moral conclusion. This pleased the old gentleman, and at four in the afternoon we parted.

Reflecting on the wonders of the metals, which I had heard old RIBBLE so well discourse of, and being more intent on what had been told me of these things, that I might never forget such useful learning, I trotted on for several hours without minding the road, and arrived as the sun was setting in a

deep and melancholy vale, through which a pleasant river run, that by the murmur of its streams, seemed to be marked out for the rendezvous of the thoughtful, who love the deep recesses, and embowering woods, with the soft thrillings of gliding streams, as much as the sprightly court the gayest scenes. In this sweet spot, I found a pretty country house, and not knowing where I was, rode up to the door, to enquire my way. A gentleman, who seemed to be about forty, immediately appeared, let me know I was at a considerable distance from any town, and as it was near ten, to'd me I had best rest with him that night, and I was most heartily welcome. This was humane and civil. I accepted the kind invitation, and immediately went in with him. He brought me into a decent room, and gave me a handsome meal. We had a couple of bottles after supper, talked of a thousand things, and then withdrew to wind up the machines. He would not let me stir the next morning, and after dinner we became well acquainted. Six days this gentleman prevailed with me to stay at his house, and then I left him with regret. He was so generous, so civil, and in every thing so agreeable, that I could not avoid admiring him, and regarding him to an extreme degree. His name was MONCTON.

AVERY MONCTON had seen the world, when he

was a young man, and by reading much, and thinking a great deal, had acquired an extensive knowledge, and a deep penetration: in him the gentleman and the scholar were visible. He seemed superior to folly, and his philosophy appeared to be an assiduous examination of his ideas, fancies, and opinions, in order to render them true and just. His religion consisted in a cheerful submission to the divine pleasure, with respect to all things independent of us, or absolutely external to us; and in a continued exertion of benevolence, in doing all the good he could. What the theology of sects was, and the notions of divines, he never minded. It was his opinion, that an active charity is the only thing that can liken and approve us to the original benevolent mind: and that it is reasonable to submit to all his dispensations, since the providence of an infinitely perfect Being, must do all for the best in the whole. This was AVERY MONCTON, Esq. In his person he was tall, and very thin.

This gentleman told me the following remarkable story relating to himself, on my asking him, if he had ever been married? "Yes, Sir," he replied, "When I was about five and twenty, a young lady came in my way, who had all the external charms that ever adorned a woman, and I thought, her mind as perfect in goodness of every kind, as minds

can be on this earth. I made my addresses to her, and with some difficulty persuaded her to accept of a good jointure, and be a wife; for she had got it into her head, that Christian perfection consisted in a virgin-life. I loved her to an extreme degree, and fancied myself beyond mortals happy, as her fondness seemed equal to my passion, and she expressed it in a most transporting way. Three months passed on in this delightful manner, and I should have thought an age but minutes, if the scene was to have no change. But every thing must have an end in this poor state. Business called me one morning early into the city, and till it was late at night, I thought not to return; back however I was compelled to go for some papers, I had forgot, and designing to surprise my wife agreeably, came in by a key I had, at the wash-house door, and unseen went softly up to my chamber, where I expected to find my beloved in a sweet sleep. Gently I touched the lock, and intended, as my charmer slumbered, to give this idol of my heart a kiss. But, as I opened the door without being heard, I saw a man by my bed-side, and my fond faithful wife, buttoning up his breeches. Amazement seized me, but I was not in a rage. I only said "Is that Louisa I see?" and shut the door. Down stairs I went immediately, and out again the same way I came in. I was done

with love for ever, and from that time never saw my wife more. A ship being to sail the next day for Constantinople, I went a passenger in it, and resolved to live abroad some years.

Six years I resided in Greece, and visited every curious place. Four I spent in Asia Minor, and two in Italy and France. I diverted myself with noting down the extraordinary things I saw, and I purchased several fine antiquities by the way. When done, I came back to my country again, and this little seat I now live at, being to be sold, I bought it immediately, and have resided here ever since. My study, my garden, and my horse, divert me fully and finely every day. I have all I desire in this world, and reign more happily over my few subjects, in this airy, silent, secret spot, than the greatest monarch can do on a throne. My people are only one young man, who is my gardener, my footman, and my groom, and two old women, my maids. These are ever attentive to my will, and by their good behaviour and management, make my lodge as agreeable, and life as pleasing, as can be expected in this system of things."

MONCTON'S story pleased me much, and I wondered greatly at his happy temper, when he saw his beloved wife buttoning up the breeches of the man. "But did you ever hear what became of her

after? Faulty as she was, may there not be found an honest charming woman, to render your hours more delightful than study and contrivance can make them, without a soft partner through life? Come into the world with me, Sir, and I well engage to find out for you a primitive Christian of a woman, with all the beauties of body that Lucian gives his images."

"You are very good, Sir," replied MONCTON "in offering to look out for another wife for me, and I thank you very heartily, for your well-meant kindness; but as I never enquired what became of my first wife, from the morning I left her, and know only that she is dead, as her jointure has not been demanded for several years past; so shall I never be concerned with a second. Perhaps there are some honest women in the world, I hope so; but I have had enough of marriage. Beside, I think it time now to turn my thoughts a better way. In the forty-fifth year of my age, it cannot be weak, to begin to consider the great change before me, and fix my hopes on a good remove into some better and happier region. If I was unfortunate with a wife when a young man, I have little reason to expect better days with one, as age comes on. I might find myself again most sadly mistaken. But there can be no disappointment in making it the principal

work of life, to prepare, in such a retirement as this, for that approaching hour, when we must submit to the power and tyranny of death and corruption. By this means, the greatest happiness may be secured. In every thing else, there is uncertainty and vanity. I speak principally in respect of my time of life, who am hastening fast to fifty; but at every time, it is my opinion, that men, as rationals, and beings who take on themselves the honourable profession of the Christian religion, should not comply with the criminal liberties allowed in the world, and give into the illicit usages and customs of place and company, for fear of ridicule, or to avoid giving offence; but keep strictly to the will and laws of their higher country, and in all things have a special regard to holiness, truth, and purity.

"I do not say this by way of preaching, but that you may thereby have a truer idea of the man you chanced to find in a lone house on the vast common. Seven years have I now lived here, and in all that time, have not been once in London: but sometimes I ride to a neighbouring village, and if on the road, or at an inn, I can pick up a sensible agreeable man, I love to dine with him, and drink a pint of wine. Such a man I frequently ride in quest of, and if he be entirely to my mind, which is

very rarely the case, I invite him home with me, to pass at my lodge two or three days. Far then am I from being unsocial, though I live in solitude; I left the world, because I was ill-used in it, and happen to think very differently from the generality of men." Here MONCKTON ended his story, and a little after we parted.

"I rode on for six hours without meeting with any thing remarkable, but as I baited about three o'clock at a lone inn, the situation of which was so fine in forest and water, that I determined to go no further that day, there arrived a little after, a young lady, her maid, and two men servants. They were all well-mounted, and the lady's beast in particular, as great a beauty of its kind, as its mistress was among women. I thought I had seen the face before, and had been some where or other in her company; but as it must have been several years ago, her face and person were a little altered, and I could not immediately recollect her; but FIN, my lad, coming up to me, asked me, if I did not remember Miss TURNER of Skelsmore-vale?" Miss TURNER," said I, "to be sure, now I think, it is she; but this lady just arrived here is much fatter, and, if it be possible, something handsomer." "It is her, believe me," quoth FIN, "and you ought to wait upon her instantly." I went. It was Miss

TURNER, one of the beauties that adorns a gallery of pictures in the North; and who is with great truth in the following lines described, in a Poem written on this collection of paintings.

"But see! Emilia rises to the sight,
In every virtue, in every beauty bright!
See those victorious eyes, that heav'nly mien!
Behold her shine like Love's resistless Queen!
Thou fairest wonder of thy fairest kind!
By heav'n some image of itself design'd!
As if in thee it took peculiar care,
And form'd thee like some fav'rite seraph there.
But tho' thy beauty strikes the ravish'd sight,
Thy virtue shines distinguishingly bright!
And all the graces of thy form combin'd,
Yield to the charms of thy unblemish'd mind;
Where all is spotless, gentle, and serene,
One calm of life untouch'd by guilt or pain!
Could I in equal lays thy worth design,
Or paint exalted merit such as thine!
To latest ages should thy name survive,
And in my verse Emilia ever live;
Th' admiring world should listen to thy praise,
And the fair portrait charm succeeding days."

This lady knew me at once, on my entering the room where she was, and we dined together. She told me, her brother, my friend, died in Italy,

on his return home; and Miss JAQUELOT, her cousin and companion, was happily married; and that being thus left alone, by these two accidents, she was going up to London, to reside in the world.

"Miss TURNER," said I, "as you are now your own mistress, I may with justice tender you my addresses, and tell you, that from the first hour I saw you, I was in love with you, and am so still; that if you will do me the honour to be my wife, I will make the best of husbands. I have now some fortune, and if you will allow, that an honest man is the best companion for an honest woman, let us marry in the country, and instead of going up to that noisy tumultuous place London, retire to some still delightful retreat, and there live, content with each other, as happy as it is possible for two young mortals to be in this lower hemisphere. What do you say, Miss TURNER?"

"You shall have my answer, Sir, in a few days; but as to going up to London, I think I had best see it, since I am come so far. It may give me a new relish for still life, and make the country seem more charming than I thought it before. On the other hand, it may perhaps make me in love with the town, and put me out of conceit with the country. In short, on second thoughts, I will not go up to the capital. I will return to Skelsmore-vale. I

think so now; but how I may think in the morning, at present I do not know. In the mean time," she continued, "ring, if you please, for a pack of cards, and let us pass the evening in play. The cards were brought in, the game began, and before we had played many hours, I saw this dear charming creature was all my own. She sat before me, like blushing beauty in the picture, in the gallery of Venus, enriched with thought, warm with desire, and with delicate sensations covered over: I could not help wishing for father FLEMING, my friend, to qualify us for the implanted impulse, and sanctify the call. Early the next morning I sent FIN for him, and he was with me in a few days. The evening he arrived we were married. Man and wife we sat down to supper.

Here the morose, the visionary, and the dunce, will again fall upon me, for marrying a fifth wife, so quickly after the decease of the fourth, who had not been three months in her grave; but my answer is, that a dead woman is no wife, and marriage is ever glorious. It is the institution of heaven, a blessing to society, and therefore hated by the devil and mass-priests. Satan by opposing it, promotes fornication and perdition. The priests by preaching against it, drive the human race into cloisters; destroy every thing gentle, generous, and

social; and rob the people of their property. Celibacy is popery and hell in perfection. It is the doctrine of devils, and a war with the Almighty. It is against the institutions of nature and providence; and therefore, for ever execrable be the memory of the mass-priests, who dare to call it perfection.

My dear Reader, if you are unmarried, and healthy, get a wife as soon as possible, some charming girl, or pretty widow, adorned with modesty, robed with meekness, and who has the grace to attract the soul, and heighten every joy continually; take her to thy breast, and bravely, in holy wedlock, propagate. Despise and hiss the mass-priests, and every visionary, who preaches the contrary doctrine. They are foes to heaven and mankind, and ought to be drummed out of society.

For six weeks after our marriage, we resided at the inn, on account of the charms of the ground, and seemed to be in possession of a lasting happiness it is impossible for words to describe. Every thing was so smooth and so round, that we thought prosperity must be our own for many years to come, and were quite secure from the flames of destruction; but calamity laid hold of us, when we had not the least reason to expect it, and from a fulness of peace and felicity, we sunk at once into an abyss

of afflictions. Instead of going back to Skelsmore-vale, as we had resolved, my wife would go up to London, and pass a few weeks there, and thereabout, before she retired to the mountains. I was against it, but her will was my law. We set out for the capital, and the first day's journey was delightful: but her fine beast having met with an accident in the night, by a rope in the stable, which got about its foot, cut it deep, and rendered it unable to travel; we took a chariot and four to finish our way, but on driving by the side of a steep hill, the horses took fright, ran it down, over came the carriage, and my charmer was killed. This was a dismal scene. She lived about an hour, and repeated the following fine lines from Boissard, when she saw me weeping as I kneeled on the ground by her,

Nil prosunt lacrumæ, nec possunt fata moveri:
Nec pro me queror; hoc morte mihi est tristius ipsa,
Mœror Atimeti conjugis ille mihi. *

* These lines from the *Antiquities of Boissard*, are a real inscription on a tomb in Italy, which this antiquary found in his travels, and copied it as a curiosity to the world. Homonœa was a great beauty at the court of the Emperor Honorius, and married to Atimetus, a courtier and favourite, who preferred her to the most illustrious of ladies of that time, on account of her ex-

Just as she expired, she took me by the hand, and with the spirit of an old Roman, bid me adieu.

traordinary charms, and uncommon perfections; but she did not long enjoy the honour and happiness she was married into. Before she was twenty, death snatched her away, in the year of the reign of Honorius, A. D. 401. and the following beautiful epitaph was cut on her monument, and remains to this day; I place it here for the entertainment of my readers, and likewise La Fontaine's elegant translation of it.

HOMONŒA'S EPITAPH.

Si pensare animas sinerent crudelia fata,
Et posset redimi morte aliena salus:
Quantulacunque meæ debentur tempora vitæ
Pensarem pro te, cara Homonœa, libens.
At nunc quod possum, fugiam lucemque deosque,
Ut te matura per stuga morte sequar.

(Atimetus *the husband, is the speaker of these six lines.*)

Parce tuam conjux fletu quassare juventam,
Fataque merendo sollicitare mea.
Nil prosunt lacrumæ, nec possunt fata moveri.
Viximus; hic omnes exitus unus habet.
Parce, ita non unquam similem experiare dolorem.
Et faveant votis numina cuncta tuis!
Quodque mihi eripuit mors immatura juventæ,
Hoc tibi victuro proroget ulterius.

(Homonœa *is supposed to speak these eight lines, to her husband; and then relates her case to the traveller, who is passing by.*)

Can you form an idea, Reader, of the distress I was then in? It is not possible I think unless you

Tu qui secura procedis mente parumper
Siste gradum quæso, verbaque pauca lege.
Illa ego quæ claris fueram prælata puellis,
Hoc Homonœa brevi condita sum tumulo,
Cui formam paphia, et charites, tribuere decorem,
Quam Pallus cunctis artibus eruduit.
Nondum bis denos ætas compleverat annos,
Injecere manus invida fata mihi.
Nec pro me queror; hoc morte mihi est tristius ipsa,
Mœror Atimeti conjugis ille mihi.
Sit tibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vitâ
Quæque tuis olim perfruerêre bonis.

(These two lines may be the words of the Public, or of whoever erected the monument to the memory of Homonœa.

Now see how finely La Fontaine has done this inscription into verse.

Si l'on pouvoit donner ses jours pour ceux d'un autre
Et que par cet échange on contentat le sort,
Quels que soint les momens qui me restent encore
Mon ame, avec plaisir, racheteroit la votre.
Mais le destin l'ayant autrement arrêté,
Je ne sçaurois qui fuir les dieux et la clarté,
Pour vous suivre aux enfers d'une mort avancée.
Quittez, ô chere epoux, cette triste pensée,
Vous alterez en vain les plus beaux de vos ans:

have been exactly in the same situation; unless you loved like me, and have been as miserably separated

Cessez de fatiguer par de cris impuissans,
La parque et le destin, deïtez inflexibles.
Mettez fin à des pleurs qui ne le touchent point;
Je ne suis plus : tout tent à ce suprême poinct.
Ainsi nul accident, par des coups si sensibles
Ne vienne à l'avenir traverser vos plaisirs!
Ainsi l'Olimpe entier s'accorde a vos desirs!
Veüille enfin atropos, au cours de vôtre vie
Ajoûter l'etenduë à la mienne ravire!
Et toy, passant tranquille, apprens quels sont nos maux,
Daigne icy t'arréter un moment a les lire,
Celle qui preferée aux partis les plus hauts,
Sur le cœur d'Atimete acquit un doux empire;
Qui tenoit de venus la beauté de ses traits,
De Pallas son sçavoir, des graces ses attraits,
Gist sous ce peu d'espace en la tombe enserrée,
Vingt soleils n'avoient pas ma carriere éclairés,
Le sort jetta sur mois ses envieuses mains:
C'est Atimete seul qui fait que je m'en plains,
Ma mort m'afflige moins que sa douleur amere.
O femme, que la terre à tes os soit legere?
Femme digne de vivre; et bientôt pusses tu
Recommencer de voir les traits de la lumieres,
Et recouvrer le bien que ton cœur a perdu.

Or thus in prose.

S'il suffisoit aux destins qu'on donât sa vie pour celle

from as charming a woman. But it was in vain for me to continue lamenting. She was gone for

d'un autre, et qu'il fût possible de racheter ainsi ce que l'on ayme, quelque soit le nombre d'années que les parques m'ont accordé, je le donnerois avec plaisir pour vous tirer de tombeau, ma chere Homonée; mais cela ne se pouvant, ce que je puis faire est de fuïr le jour et la presence de dieux, pour aller bientôt vous suivre le long du Styx.

O mon chere epoux, cessez de vous affliger; ne corrompez plus le fleurs de vos ans; ne fatiguez plus ma destinée par de plaintes continuëlles: toutes les larmes sont icy vaines; on ne sauroit émouvoir la parque: me voila morte, chacun arrive à ce terme la. Cessez donc encore un fois: ainsi puissiez-vous ne sentir jamais une semblable douleur! Ainsi tous les dieux soient favorable a vos souhaits! Et veüille la parque ajoûter a vôtre vie ce qu'elle a ravi à la mienne.

Et toy qui passes tranquillement, arreté icy je te prie un moment ou deux, afin de lire ce peu de mots.

Moy, cette Homonée que preferra Atimete a de filles considerables; moy a qui Venus donna la beauté, les graces et les agrémens; que Pallas enfin avoit instruite dans tous les arts, me voilà icy renfermée dans un monument de peu d'espace. Je n'avois pas encore vingt ans quand le sort jetta ses mains envieuses sur ma personne. Ce ne'st pas pour moy que je m'en plains, c'est pour mon mari, de qui la douleur m'est plus difficile à supporter que ma propre mort.

ever, and lay as the clod of the valley before me. Her body I deposited in the next church-yard, and

Que la terre te soit legere, ô épouse digne de retourner à la vie, et de recouvrer un jour que tu a perdu!

The legend on the monument of Homoncea, *translated into English.*

Atimetus.

If it was allowed to lay down one's life for another, and possible by such means, to save what we loved from the grave, whatever length of days was allotted me, I would with pleasure offer up my life, to get my Homoncea from the tomb; but as this cannot be done, what is in my power I will do, fly from the light of heaven, and follow you to the realms of lasting night.

Homoncea.

My dearest Atimetus, cease to torment your unhappy mind, nor let grief thus feed on your youth, and make life bitterness itself. I am gone in the way appointed for all the mortal race: all must be numbered with the dead. And since fate is inexorable, and tears are in vain, weep not for me, once more I conjure you. But may you be ever happy, may Providence preserve you, and add to your life those years which have been taken from mine.

The person who erected the monument to the memory of

Homoncea.

Stop, traveller, for a few minutes, and ponder on these lines.

immediately after, rode as fast as I could to London, to lose thought in dissipation, and resign the better to the decree. For some days I lived at the inn I set up at, but as soon as I could, went into a lodging, and it happened to be at the house of the

Here lies Homonœa, whom Atimitus preferred to the greatest and most illustrious women of his time. She had the form of Venus, the charms of the graces; and an understanding and sensibility, which demonstrated that wisdom had given to an angel's form, a mind more lovely. Before she was twenty, she was dissolved. And as she had practised righteousness, by carrying it well to those about her, and to all that were specially related, she parted with them, as she had lived with them, in justice and charity, in modesty and submission, in thankfulness and peace. Filled with divine thoughts, inured to contemplate the perfections of God, and to acknowledge his providence in all events, she died with the humblest resignation to the divine will, and was only troubled that she left her husband a mourner. Excellent Homonœa.

May the earth lie light upon thee, and in the morning of the resurrection, may you awake again to life, and rise to that immortality and glory, which God, the righteous Judge, will give to true worth and dignity; as rewards to a life adorned with all virtues and excellencies, the *dikaiomata*, that is, the righteous acts of the Saints.

famous EDMUND CURLL the bookseller; a man well known in Pope's *Dunciad*, and his *Letters to his Friends*, on account of CURLL's frauds in purchasing and printing stolen copies of Pope's Works. It is in relation to these tricks, that Pope mentions CURLL in his *Dunciad* and *Letters*. A succinct history of him I shall here give: but had I complied with his requests, it would have been a long relation, to the advantage and glory of this extraordinary man: for he came one morning into my closet, with an apron full of papers; being letters, memorandums, parodies, and notes, written by or concerning himself; and requested I would, on a good consideration, write his life, to his profit and honour, and make it a five shilling book. That I said was not then in my power to do; but I would, one time or other, give the public a true account of him, and make it conclude I hoped to the glory of his charac ter. Here it is.

EDMUND CURLL was in person very tall and thin, an ungainly, awkward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light-grey, large, projecting, goggle, and pur-blind. He was splay-footed, and baker-kneed.

He had a good natural understanding, and was well acquainted with more than the title pages of books. He talked well on some subjects. He was

not an infidel as Mrs. Rowe misrepresents him in one of her letters to lady Hartford, afterwards Dutchess of Somerset. He told me, it was quite evident to him, that the scriptures of the *Old* and *New Testament* contained a real revelation. There is for it a rational, a natural, a traditionary, and a supernatural testimony; which rendered it quite certain to him. He said, he no more doubted the truth of the Christian religion, than he did the existence of an independent supreme Creator; but he did not believe the expositions given by the divines. So far CURLL was right enough. His fault was, that with such a belief, he took no pains with his heart. Trusting entirely to the merits of the Saviour, like too may other mistaken Christians, he had no notion of religion as an invisible thing within us, called the kingdom of God: he did not even consider it as a good outside thing, that recommends a man to his fellow-creatures. He was a debauchee to the last degree, and so injurious to society, that by filling his translations with wretched notes, forged letters, and bad pictures, he raised the price of a four shilling book to ten. Thus, in particular, he managed Burnet's *Archæology:* and when I told him he was very culpable in this, and other articles he sold, his answer was, What would I have him do? He was a bookseller. His translators in pay, lay

three in a bed, at the Pewter-Platter Inn in Holborn, and he and they were for ever at work, to deceive the Public. He likewise printed the lewdest things. He lost his ears for *The Nun in her Smock*, and another thing. As to drink, he was too fond of money, to spend any in making himself happy that way; but at another's expence, he would drink every day till he was quite blind, and as incapable of self-motion as a block. This was EDMUND CURLL, but he died at last, a great a penitent, as ever expired. I think in 1748, I mention this to his glory.

As CURLL knew the world well, and was acquainted with several extraordinary characters, he was of great use to me at my first coming to town, as I knew nobody, nor any place. He gave me the true characters of many I saw, told me whom I should avoid, and with whom I might be free. He conducted me to the play-houses, and gave me a judicious account of every actor. He understood those things well. No man could talk better on theatrical subjects. He took me likewise to Sadler's Wells, to the night-cellars, and to TOM KING'S, the famous night-house in Covent Garden. As he was very knowing, and well-known at such places, he soon made me as wise as himself in these branches of learning; and, in short, in the space of a

month, I was as well acquainted in London, as if I had been there for years. My kind preceptor spared no pains in lecturing.

But what of all things I thought most wonderful was the company I saw at the Sieur CURLL's. As he was intimate with all the high whores in town, many of them frequented his shop, to buy his dialogues, and other lively books. Some of these girls he often asked to dine with him, and then I was sure to be a guest. Many very fine women I thereby saw, but none worth mentioning, till CAROLA BENNET arrived, and surprised me exceedingly. Her mind and body were very wonderful, and I imagine a description of her, and her story afterward will not be ungrateful to my readers.

CAROLA BENNET was at this time in the two and twentieth year of her age, a dazzling beauty in the height of life and vigour. Her eyes were black and amazingly fine, her mouth charming, her neck and breast very beautiful, and her stature was just what it ought to be. She had a glow of health, a luscious air, and a bewitching vivacity: her manners were wonderfully winning, and the tone of her voice so sweet and insinuating, that her words and looks went directly to the heart. She had read many books of gaiety, wit, and humour, especially the French; and talked delightfully on such sub-

jects. She sang to perfection, but her conversation was too free, and she seemed to have no sense of any religion. It was a fine entertainment to be in her company, as I often was, yet I could not help sighing, to see so many perfections on the brink of everlasting destruction. This young lady all of a sudden disappeared, CURLL knew not what was become of her; but as I rode ten years after through Devonshire, in the finest part of that romantic county, I saw her one morning, as I stopped to water my horse in a brook that ran from a park, sitting on a seat, under a vast beautiful cedar tree, with a book in her hand. I thought I was no stranger to the fine face, and as I was pretty near to her, I called out, and asked, if she was not Miss BENNET? She knew me at once, and pointing to a gate that was only latched, desired I would come to her. I went and found she was the mistress of the fine seat at a small distance off. She brought me into the house, would not suffer me to stir that day, and told me the story of her life. I think it worth placing here.

CAROLA BENNET was the daughter of JOHN BENNET, Esq. a Yorkshire gentleman, who died when she was in her 19th year, and left her in the care of her aunt, an old lady who was outwardly all saint, and within a devil. This CAROLA knew well,

and requested her father to get another guardian for her, or leave her to manage herself; for Mrs. HUNFLEET, her aunt, was far from being that primitive Christian he took her for, and so great a miser, that exclusive of all her other vices, her avarice alone was enough to ruin her niece. She would sacrifice the whole human race for half a thousand pounds. But all his daughter said was in vain. He believed his sister was godliness itself, in its utmost latitude and extent; that she lived a continued opposition to our mortal enemies, the world, sin, and the devil; and that her heart was a mere magazine of universal honesty, probity of manners, and goodness of life and conversation. Integrity and rectitude, and benevolence, as he thought, were the bright criterions of her soul. She will teach you, CAROLA, to fast and pray, and make you like herself, a perfect saint.

It was to no purpose then for the daughter to remonstrate, she could only weep, as her father was positive, and after his death was obliged to go home with Mrs. HUNFLEET. There, as she expected, she had too much of the outward bodily exercise of religion, every thing that can be named within the circle of external worship; such as public and private services, fastings, macerations, bowings, expanded hands and lifted eyes, which Lord Halifax

in his *Advice to a Daughter*, calls "the holy goggle;" but that all this accompanied the internal acts of the old woman's mind, and went along with her heart and soul, CAROLA had reason to doubt. She saw it was but outward profession, all hypocrisy, that her life belied her creed, and that her practice was a renunciation of the Christian religion. This appeared to be the case very quickly. The aunt sold her to one CANTALUPE for five hundred pounds. Under pretence of taking her to visit a friend, she brought her to a private bagnio, or one of those houses called convents.

In describing a London convent, it is but proper to observe that such houses stand in back courts, narrow lanes, or in the most private places, and seem to be uninhabited, as the front windows are seldom opened, or like some little friary, where a company of visionaries reside; but within are elegantly furnished, and remarkable for the best wines. The woman who keeps the house is the only person to be seen in them, unless it be sometimes, that a high-priced whore, who passes for the gentlewoman's daughter, by accident appears.

In these brothels the Sieur CURLL was well known, and as the wine in them is always excellent, but a shilling a bottle dearer than at the tavern, and one sits without hearing the least noise, or

being seen by any one, I have often gone with this ingenious man to such places, on account of the purity of the wine, and the stillness of the house; as there are no waiters there, nor any well-drest hussies to come in the way. You are as silent as in a cave; nor does a woman appear, except as before excepted, unless it be by appointment at this kind of meeting-house, as such places may well be called; for there not seldom does many a married woman meet her gallant. One evening that I was there with CURLL, there came in the wife of a very eminent merchant, a lady of as excellent a character as any in the world; who was never so much as suspected by any of her acquaintance, but allowed by every body to be a woman of pure morals and unspotted chastity. She came in first with a black mask on her face, from her chair, and was by the woman of the house shewn into a chamber up stairs; half an hour after, there was another soft tap at the door, and a gentleman was let in, who was shewed up to the chamber the lady was in. As the door of the room CURLL and I were sitting in, happened to be open as this adventurer passed by, I knew the man. He was an Irish gentleman of large fortune, with whom I was well acquainted. He was ever engaged in amours, and was some years after this hanged at Cork, for ravishing SALLY

SQUIBB, the quaker. His name then can be no secret, but as to the lady's name, I shall never tell it, as she left several children, who are now living in reputation; but only observe, that there are, to my knowledge, many women of such strict virtue in the world. If you ask me reader, how I came to know who she was? I will tell you. As she came down stairs in a mask at ten at night, in the manner she went up, I concluded she was a married woman of distinction, and followed her chair, when it went off. She changed at Temple Bar, and then took a hackney coach, which drove beyond the Royal Exchange; I followed till it stopped at a grand house, into which she went without a mask, and had a full view of her fine face. I enquired next day who lived in the house I saw her go into, and was told it was Mr. *****, a merchant of the greatest repute. Often did I see this lady after this, was several times in her company, and if I had not known what I did, should have thought her a woman of as great virtue as ever lived. There was not the least appearance of levity or indecency in her. To all outward appearance, she was chastity and discretion in flesh and blood. But as to CAROLA BENNET.

Soon after her aunt and she arrived at Mrs. Bedewell's, in came CANTALUPE as a visitor, and after tea, they went to cards. Then followed a

supper, and when that was over, they gave the innocent Miss BENNET a dose, which deprived her of her senses, put her to bed, and in the morning she found herself ruined in the arms of that villain CANTALUPE. Distraction almost seized her, but he would not let her stir. She called, but no one came near to her relief. He swore a million of oaths, that it was pure love made him buy her of her aunt, as he heard she was going to marry another man, and if she would but share with him in his great fortune, since the thing was done, he would, by every sacred power he vowed, marry her that evening or the next, the first time they went out, and be the most true and tender husband that ever yet appeared in the world. This, and the situation she was in, naked and clasped in his strong arms, without a friend to aid her, within doors or without, made her sensible her resentments were in vain, and that she had better acquiesce, and make the man her husband, if she could, since it was her hard fate, and that in all probability she might conceive from the transactions of the night. This made her have done. She lay as he requested till noon, and hoped he would prove as faithful as he had solemnly swore to be.

But when the night came, an indisposition he feigned, made him unable to stir out that evening,

and he requested the idol of his heart, whom he loved more than life, to give him leave to defer it till the next. For six days he put it off in the same manner, during which time, they never stirred out of the bagnio, and the seventh day he left her fast asleep in bed. A billet-doux on the dressing-table informed her, that he was obliged to set out that morning for France, and as he intended to be back in a few months, he hoped she would not think him faithless at once. He left her a hundred pound bank note, which was all he had then to spare, as he had paid to her aunt five hundred pounds a few days before.

Thus fell the beautiful Miss BENNET by the treachery of her ever-cursed aunt, and was made a whore very much against her will. The aunt, in the mean time, had shut up her house, and was gone no one knew where. She took several jewels with her, and a large sum of money, both the property of her niece. She left her but little of her fortune, and reported every where, that CAROLA was gone in keeping with a great man, and had before been debauched by her footman. In short, all that could be done this woman did, to impoverish and defame her niece, and as she had passed upon the world for a praying, virtuous old piece, her reports were thought so true, that all the female

acquaintance. Miss BENNET had, laughed at the story she told, and shunned her as a foul fiend. She was banished from all modest company. They considered her as the most detestable prostitute, for excusing herself, they said, by blackening the character of so pious and upright a woman as Mrs. HUNFLEET, her aunt, was.

Thus did iniquity ruin and triumph over innocence, in the mask of religion, and a thousand times, to my own knowledge, it has done the same thing. I have often known wretches pretend to seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, in the first place, and by believing all the monks have invented, by constantly attending public worship, and an unnatural kind of sobriety, pass for people that were ready and willing to suffer every thing the cause of God and truth can require from rationals; yet these holy mortals could make the service of God not only stand with unwilling infirmities, the common case of the best humanity, but consist with wilful and presumptuous sinning, and a malevolence as great as the devil had against our first parents. A minister of the gospel, who passed for an admirable man, did his best to ruin my character for ever with my father. One of the holiest men in the world, cheated me of a thousand pounds, left in his hands for my use, for fear I should spend it

myself. And a rich man, commonly called piety and goodness, from the seeming simplicity of his manners, the softness of his temper, and the holy goggle of his eyes in his public devotion, arrested me on a note of hand, one-third of which was interest thrown into the principal, and made me pay interest upon interest, without mercy, or waiting as I intreated, till it was more convenient. Many more such praying, sanctified villains I could mention, in respect of whom EDMUND CURLL was a cherubim, fond as he was of a girl and a flask. CURLL owned he was a sinner, and that he was led by thirst and repletion to indulge; but the hypocrites with professions of esteem for the pearl of great price, and that they have parted with their Herodias, for the sake of eternal life; ye twilfully disobey from a passion for substance, and the shrine of bright Mammon in this world, has a greater influence on their souls than all the joys of an everlasting heaven to come. What they do is a farce. Upon what they have, they rest their all.

But as to Miss BENNET, in this sad condition, she secreted herself for some months from the world, and notwithstanding her constitution and taste, intended to retire among the mountains of Wales, and live upon the little she had left; but unfortunately for so good a design, the matchless Sir

FREDERIC DANCER came in her way, and by money, and the force of love, persuaded her to be his companion while he lived, which was but for a short time. A young nobleman prevailed on her next, by high rewards, to be the delight of his life for a time; and at his death, she went to the arms of an Irish peer. She had what money she pleased from these great men, and being now very rich, she determined, on the marriage of her last Lord, to go into keeping no more, but to live a gay life among the agreeable and grand. She had lost all her notions of a weeping and gnashing of teeth to come, in the conversation of these atheistical men, and on account of her living as happily as she could in this world. What religion she had remaining, was placed in giving money to the sick and poor, which she did with a liberal hand; and her charity, in all its charms, she often shewed to the most deserving men. Those who had much of this world's goods paid dear, but she had compassion on the worthy, though they could not drive in a chariot to her door. This was the case of CAROLA, when I saw her at CURLL'S.

But all of a sudden she disappeared, and no one could tell what was become of her; that I, however, learned from herself, when I chanced to see her under the cedar tree, in the park, as before related.

A young clergyman, one TENCH, an Irishman, of the county of Galway, who was very rich, and had a fine seat in Devonshire, saw her at the opera, and fell in love with her. He soon found out who she was, waited upon her, and offered to marry her, if she would reform. At first, she shewed very little inclination to a virtuous course, and, as her manner was, ridiculed the interest of another life. The blessedness of heaven she laughed at, and made a jest of riches, honour, and pleasures to be found on the other side the grave. This did not however dishearten TENCH. He was a scholar and a man of sense, and as he loved her most passionately, and saw she had a fine capacity, he was resolved, if possible, to reclaim her, by an appeal to her bright understanding.

He observed to her, in the first place, as she informed me, that, exclusive of future happiness, godliness was profitable in all things, that is, even in this life, in prosperity and adversity ,in plenty and in want, in peace and in war, in confusion and security, in health, in honour and disgrace, in life and in death, and in what condition soever we may be. This he proved to her satisfaction, and made it plain to her conception, that by it only we can acquire a right judgment of persons and things, and have a just and due estimate of ourselves; that un-

less held in by reason and religion, pleasure, though innocent of itself, becomes a thing of deadly consequence to mortals; and if we do not use it in due time, place, circumstance, measure and limits, it necessarily involves us in difficulties and troubles, pain and infamy; if we stifle the grand leading principles, reason and religion, by sin and vice, and let desire and inclination range beyond bounds, we must not only plunge into various woes in this world, but as creatures degenerated below the beast, become the contempt and abhorrence of the wise and honest. To this sad condition must be annexed a reflective misery, as we have conscience or reason, that will examine, now and then, the whole procedure of life, do all we can to prevent it, and the remorse that must ensue, on account of our wretched and ridiculous conduct, is too bitter a thing for a reasonable creature to acquire, for the sake of illicit gratification only; and this becomes the more grievous in reflection, as pleasures are not forbidden by religion, but allowed to the most upright, and ordained for the holy service of God; to recruit nature, and enliven the spirits; to propagate the human species, and preserve the flame of love in the married state. If there was then no other life but this, it is most certainly our interest in regard to

fame and advantage, to be governed by reason and religion.

And if we are not to be annihilated with the beast, but are to answer hereafter for what we have done, whether it be good or bad, surely the main business of life should be to govern ourselves by godliness, that is to be Christians in our principles, holy in our conversation, and upright in our behaviour. If the gospel be true, as has been proved a thousand and a thousand times, by the wisest men in the world, to the confusion and silence of infidelity, and the Son of God came into the world, not to make Judea the seat of absolute and universal empire, and establish a temporal dominion in all possible pomp and magnificence, as the Jews most erroneously and ridiculously fancied, and to this day believe, but to prepare greater things for us; to relieve us from the power of sin, and the endless and unspeakable miseries of the life which is to come; to propose a prize far more worthy of our expectations than the glories of civil power, and to secure to us the happiness both of soul and body to all eternity, in the kingdom of God; then certainly, in regard to ourselves, we ought to attend to his heavenly lessons, and turn from the unlawful enjoyments of this life, to the endless and solid

happiness of a future state. As this is the case, we should cherish and improve a faith of invisible things, by serious and impartial consideration. We should attend to the evidence which God has given us for the truth of Christianity, evidence very cogent and sufficient; and then shew our faith by works suited to the doctrine of Christ; that is, by recommending the practice of virtue, and the worship of one God, the Creator of the Universe.

"Consider then, Miss BENNET," said he, "that you stand on the brink of death, resurrection, and judgment; and it is time to begin by serious and humble enquiry to arrive at a faith of strength and activity; that by your eminence in all virtue and holiness, you may make the glorious attempt to be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. This will be a work worthy of an immortal Soul. Nor will it hinder you from enjoying as much happiness in this lower hemisphere, as reason can desire. For godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

"Thus," continued Miss BENNET that was, "did this excellent young clergyman talk to me, and by argument and reasoning in the gentlest manner, by good sense and good manners, made me a convert to Christianity and goodness. He

snatched me from the gulph of eternal perdition, and from the realms of darkness, and the society of devils, brought me into the kingdom of the Messiah. To make me as happy as it was possible even in this world, he married me, and landed me in this charming spot you found me in. For seven years, we lived in great happiness, without ever stirring from this fine solitude, and since his death, I have had no inclination to return to the world; I have one lady for my companion, an agreeable sensible woman, a near relation of Mr. TENCH'S, and with her, and some good books, and three or four agreeable neighbours, have all the felicity I care for in this world. When you saw me at CURLL'S, I had no taste for any thing but the comedy, the opera, and a tale of La Fontaine; but you found me with a volume of Tillotson in my hand, under that aged and beautiful cedar, near the road; and in those sermons I now find more delight, in the solemn shade of one of those fine trees, than ever I enjoyed in the gayest scenes of the world. In these sweet silent walks I am really happy. Riches and honour are with me, yea durable riches and righteousness. To the blessings of time, I can here add the riches of expectation and comfort, the riches of future glory and happiness. This makes me fond of this fine retreat. In contentment, peace, and

comfort of mind, I now live; and by hearkening to the commandments, my peace is a river."

Here Mrs. TENCH had done, and I was amazed beyond expression. This charming libertine was quite changed. It was formerly her wont, when I have sat an evening with her at CURLL'S, to make a jest of the Christian scheme, to laugh at the devil and his flames; her life was all pleasure, and her soul all whim; but when I saw her last, she was serious, and seemed to enjoy as happy a serenity and composure of mind, as ever mortal was blessed with. Even her eyes had acquired a more sober light, and in the place of a wild and luscious air, a beautiful modesty appeared.

And now to what shall I ascribe this astonishing alteration? Shall I say with our methodists and other visionaries, that it must be owing to immediate impulse, and proceeded from inward impression of the Spirit? No, this will not do. It was owing clearly to the word, not in-spoken, but taught by Christ in his gospel. When her friend TENCH opened the *New Testament* to her, her good understanding inclined her to hearken. She began to consider, she pondered, and had a regard to the gospel, now laid before her, by that sensible and excellent young clergyman. She became a believer. And as the Apostle says, We can do all

things through Christ who strengthens us; that is, says Dr. Hunt, in one of his fine sermons, through the directions of Christ, and through the arguments and motives of the Christian doctrine. Well said, Hunt. It must be our own choice, to be sure, to be good and virtuous. So far as men are passive, and are acted upon, they are not agents. Without power to do good or evil, men cannot be moral or accountable beings, and be brought into judgment, or receive according to their works.

Dr. Lardner, in his excellent *Sermon on the Power and Efficacy of Christ's Doctrine*, has a fine observation; would any say, that the necessity of immediate and particular influences from Christ himself, is implied in this context, where he says, that he is a vine, and his disciples branches, and that their bearing fruit depends as much upon influences from him, as the life and vigour of branches do upon the sap derived from the root of the tree? It would be easy to answer, that the argument in the text is a similitude, not literal truth. Neither is Christ literally a vine, nor are his disciples, strictly speaking, branches. Men have a reasonable, intellectual nature, above animals and vegetables. They are not governed by irresistible, and necessary, or mechanical powers. But it is sound doctrine, and right principles, particularly the

words of Christ, which are the words of God, that are their life, and may, and will, if attended to, powerfully enable them to promote good works, and to excel and persevere therein."

But it is time to return to my own story. While I lodged at CURLL's two Irish gentlemen came to see me, JEMMY KING an attorney, and that famous master in chancery, who debauched NELLY HAYDEN the beauty, and kept her several years. I knew these men were as great rakes as ever lived, and had no notion of religion; that they were devoted to pleasure, and chased away every sober thought and apprehension by company, and by empty, vicious, and unmanly pleasures. The voice of the monitor was lost, in the confused noise and tumult of the passions, but I thought they had honour at the bottom, according to the common notion of it. I never imagined they were sharpers, nor knew, that being ruined in Ireland, they came over to live by a gaming table. The Doctor especially, I thought, was above ever becoming that kind of man, as he had a large estate, and the best education; always kept good company; and to appearance, was as fine a gentleman as ever was seen in the world. With these two I dined, and after dinner, they brought me, as it were, out of curiosity, to a gaming table, they had by accident discovered, where

there was a bank kept by men of the greatest honour, who played quite fair, and by hazarding a few guineas, I might perhaps, as they did, come off with some hundreds.

On entering the room, I saw about twenty well-drest men sitting round a table, on which lay a vast heap of gold. We all began to play, and for two or three hours, I did win some hundreds of pounds; the Doctor and the other cheat, his friend, seemed to lose a large sum; but before morning they won all back from me, with much more: and I not only lost what I had then, but the thousands I had gained by my several wives; and excepting a few pounds, all I was worth in the world. I had sold my wives' estates, and lodged the money in my banker's hands. The villains round this table got it all, and my two Irishmen were not to be seen. They disappeared, and left me madly playing away my all. I heard no more of them, till I was told several years after, that they were in the Isle of Man, among other outlawed, abandoned, wicked men, where they drank night and day, according to the custom of the place, and lived in defiance of God and man. There these two advocates of impiety dwelt for some time, and died as they had lived; enemies to all good principles, and friends to a general corruption.

As to the well-drest company round the table,

they went off one by one, and left me alone to the bitter thought, which led me to reflect on what I was some hours before, by what I then found myself to be. I was almost distracted. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing. And now by villains, with a set of dice that would deceive the devil, I am undone. By sharpers and false dice I have sat to be ruined. The reflection numbed my senses for some time: and then I started, became wild, and raved.

This transaction made me very thoughtful, and I sat within for several days, thinking which way to turn. CURLL saw I was perplexed, and on his asking me if I had met with any misfortune, I told him the whole case; that I had but one hundred pounds left, and requested he would advise me what I had best do. To do justice to every one, CURLL seemed deeply concerned, and after some silence, as we sat over a bottle at a Coffee-house, he bid me take notice of an old gentleman, who was not far from us. "That is DUNK the miser, who lives in a wood about twenty miles off. He has one daughter, the finest creature in the universe, and who is to succeed to his great estate, whether he will or not, it being so settled at his marriage; but he confines her so much in the country, and uses her so cruelly every way, that I believe she would

run away with any honest young fellow, who could find means to address her. Know then," continued CURLL, "that I serve Mr. DUNK with paper, pens, ink, wax, pamphlets, and every thing he wants in my way. Once a quarter of a year, I generally go to his country-house with such things, as he is glad to see me sometimes; or if I cannot go myself, I send them by some other hand. Next week I am to forward some things to him, and if you will take them, I will write a line by you to Miss his daughter, recommend you to her for a husband, as one she may depend on for honour and truth. She knows I am her friend, and who can tell, but she may go off with you. She will have a thousand a year, when the wretch her father dies, if he should leave his personal estate another way."

This thought pleased me much, and at the appointed time, away I went to Mr. DUNK's country-house with a wallet full of things, and delivered CURLL's letter to Miss. As soon as she had read it, I began my address, and in the best manner I could, made her an offer of my service, to deliver her from the tyrant her father. I gave her an account of a little farm I had on the borders of Cumberland, a purchase I had made, on account of the charms of the ground, and a small pretty lodge which stood in the middle of it, by a clump of old

trees, near a murmuring stream; that if she pleased, I would take her to that sweet, silent spot, and enable her to live in peace, with contentment and tranquillity of mind; though far away from the splendours and honours of the world, and considering, that a Christian is not to conform to the world, or to the pomps and vanities of it; its grand customs and usages; its dress and entries; its stage representations and masquerades, as they minister to vice, and tend to debauch the manners; but are to look upon ourselves as beings of another world, and to form our minds with these spiritual principles; it follows then, I think, that a pleasing country situation for a happy pair must be grateful enough. There peace and love and modesty may be best preserved; the truth and gravity of our religion be strictly maintained, and every lawful and innocent enjoyment be for ever the delights of life. Away from the idle modes of the world, perpetual love and unmixed joys may be our portion, through the whole of our existence here; and the inward principles of the heart be ever laudable and pure. So will our happiness as mortals be stable, subject to no mixture or change; and when called away from this lower hemisphere, have nothing to fear, as we used this world, as though we used it not; as we knew no gratifications and liberties but what our

religion allows us, as our enjoyments will be but the necessary convenience and accommodation, for passing from this world to the realms of eternal happiness. Follow me then, Miss DUNK; I will convey you to a scene of still life and felicity, great and lasting as the heart of woman can wish for.

The charming AGNES seemed not a little surprised at what I had said, and after looking at me very earnestly for a minute or two, told me, she would give me an answer to Mr. CURLL's letter in less than half an hour, which was all she could say at present, and with it I returned to give him an account of the reception I had. "It will do," said he after he had read the letter I brought him from Miss DUNK, but you must be my young man for a week or two more, and take some more things to the same place. He then shewed me the letter, and I read the following lines:—

"SIR,

"I am extremely obliged to you for your concern about my happiness and liberty, and will own to you, that in my dismal situation, I would take the friend you recommend, for a guide through the wilderness, if I could think his heart was as sound as his head. If his intentions were as upright as his words are fluent and good, I need not be long in pondering on the scheme he proposed. But

can we believe him true, as Lucinda says in the play?

The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize.
He left her to complain,
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.

To this CURLL replied in a circumstantial manner, and vouched very largely for me. I delivered his letter the next morning, when I went with some acts of parliament to old DUNK and I found the beauty, his daughter, in a rosy bower; Simplex munditiis, neat and clean as possible in the most genteel undress; and her person so vastly fine, her face so vastly charming; that I could not but repeat the lines of Otway:—

Man when created first wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and silent as his vassal brutes;
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his soul, unloos'd his tongue,
And his first talk was love.

I said much upon the occasion, we became well

acquainted that day, as her father had got a disorder that obliged him to keep his bed, and by the time I had visited her a month longer, under various pretences of business invented by the ingenious CURLL, AGNES agreed to go off with me, and commit herself entirely to my care and protection. But before I relate this transaction, I think it proper to give my readers the picture of this lady; and then an apology for her flying away with me, with whom she was but a month acquainted.

AGNES in her person was neither tall nor thin, but almost both, young and lovely, graceful and commanding; she inspired a respect, and compelled the beholder to admire, to love and reverence her. Her voice was melodious; her words quite charming; and every look and motion to her advantage. Taste was the characteristic of her understanding, her sentiments were refined, and a sensibility appeared in every feature of her face. She could talk on various subjects, and comprehended them, which is what few speakers do; but with the finest discernment, she was timid, and so diffident of her opinion, that she often concealed the finest thoughts under a seeming simplicity of soul. This was visible to a hearer, and the decency of ignorance added a new beauty to her character. In short, possessed of excellence, she appeared uncon-

scious of it, and never discovered the least pride or precipitancy in her conversation. Her manner was perfectly polite, and mixed with a gaiety that charmed, because it was as free from restraint as from boldness.

In sum, exclusive of her fine understanding, in her dress, and in her behaviour, she was so extremely pleasing, so vastly agreeable and delightful, that she ever brought to my remembrance, when I beheld her, the Corinna described in the beautiful lines of Tibullus :—

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor;
Seu solvit crines, fusis decet esse capillis;
Seu compsit comptis est veneranda comis.
Urit seu tyria voluit procedere pulla;
Urit seu nivea candida veste venit.
Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

When love would set the gods on fire, he flies
To light his torches at her sparkling eyes.
Whate'er Corinna does, where'er she goes,
The graces all her motions still compose.
How her hair charms us, when it loosely falls,
Comb'd back and ty'd, our veneration calls!
If she comes out in scarlet, then she turns
Us all to ashes,—though in white she burns.
Vertumnus so a thousand dresses wears,
So in a thousand, ever grace appears.

Such was the beautiful AGNES, who went off with me, and in so doing acted well and wisely, I affirm, on her taking me only for an honest man; for there is no more obedience due from a daughter to her father, when he becomes an unrelenting oppressor, than there is from a subject to an English king, when the monarch acts contrary to the constitution. Passive obedience is as much nonsense in a private family, as in the government of the prince. The parent, like the king, must be a nursing father, a rational humane sovereign, and so long all service and obedience are due. But if, like the prince, he becomes a tyrant, deprives his daughter of her natural rights and liberties; will not allow her the blessings of life, but keep her in chains and misery; self-preservation, and her just claim to the comforts of existence and a rational freedom, give her a right to change her situation, and better her condition. If she can have bread, serenity, and freedom, peace and little, with an honest man, she is just to herself in going off with such a deliverer. Reason and revelation will acquit her.

Thus justly thought Miss DUNK, and therefore with me she fled at midnight. We met within half a mile of her father's house, by the side of an ancient wood, and a running stream, which had a pleasing effect, as it happened to be a bright moonshine. With her foot in my hand,

I lifted her into her saddle, and as our horses were excellent, we rode many miles in a few hours. By eight in the morning, we were out of the reach of old DUNK, and at the sign of the Pilgrim, a lone house in Esur-vale, in Hertfordshire, we breakfasted very joyfully. The charming AGNES seemed well pleased with the expedition, and said a thousand things that rendered the journey delightful. Twelve days we travelled in a fulness of delights, happy beyond description, and the thirteenth arrived at a village not far from my little habitation. Here we designed to be married two days after, when we had rested, as there was a church and a parson in the town, and then ride on to Foley-farm in Cumberland, as my small spot was called, and there sit down in peace and happiness.

But the second day, instead of rising to the nuptial ceremony, to crown my life with unutterable bliss, and make me beyond all mankind happy, the lovely AGNES fell ill of a fever. A sense of weight and oppression discovered the inflammation within, and was attended with sharp and pungent pains. The blood could not pass off as it ought in the course of circulation, and the whole mass was in a violent fluctuation and motion. In a word, she died in a few days, and as she had requested, if it came to that, I laid her out, and put her into the

coffin myself. I kept her seven days, according to the custom of the old Romans, and then in the dress of sorrow, followed her to the grave. Thus was my plan of happiness broken to pieces. I had given a roundness to a system of felicity, and in the place of it saw death and horror, and disappointment before me.

What to do next I could not tell. One question was, should I return to Orton-lodge, to my two young heiresses? No, they wanted two years of being at age. Then, shall I stay at Foley-farm where I was, and turn hermit? No: I had no inclination yet to become a father of the deserts. Will you return to London then, and see if fortune has any thing more in reserve for you? This I liked best, and after six months deliberation left my farm in the care of an old woman, and set out in the beginning of January.

It was as fine a winter's morning as I had seen, which encouraged me to venture among the Fells of Westmoreland; but at noon the weather changed, and an evening very terrible came on. A little after three, it began to blow, rain, and snow very hard, and it was not long before it was very dark. We lost the way quite, and for three hours wandered about in as dismal a night as ever poor travellers had. The storm rattled, the tempest howled;

we could not see our horses' heads, and were almost dead with cold. We had nothing to expect but death, as we knew not which way to turn to any house, and it was impossible to remain alive till the day appeared. It was a dismal scene. But my time was not yet come, and when we had no reason to expect deliverance, the beasts of a sudden stopt, and *Soto* found we were at the gate of a walled yard. There he immediately made all the noise he could, and it was not long before a servant with a lantern came. He related our case within, and had orders to admit us. He brought me into a common parlour, where there was a good fire, and I got dry things. The man brought me half a pint of hot alicant, and in about half an hour, I was alive and well again. On enquiring where I was, the footman told me, it was Doctor STANVIL'S house; that his master and lady were above in the dining-room, with some company, and he had directions to light me up, when I had changed my clothes, and was recovered. Upon this I told him I was ready, and followed him.

On the servant's opening a door, I entered a handsome apartment, well lighted with wax, and which had a glorious fire blazing in it. The doctor received me with great politeness, and said many civil things upon fortune's conducting me to his

house. The conversation naturally fell upon the horrors of the night, as it still continued to rain, hail, and blow, beyond what any of the company had ever heard; and one of the ladies said, she believed the winter was always far more boisterous and cold among the Fells of Westmoreland, than in any other part of England, for which she gave several good reasons. The solemn mountains; the beautiful vallies, the falling streams, constitute to form this one of the most charming countries in the world in summer-time; but in winter, it is surely the most dreadful spot on earth.

The voice of the lady who talked in this manner, I thought I was well acquainted with, but by the position of the candles, and the angle of a screen in which she sat, I could not very well see her face. Amazement however began to seize me, and as an elegant supper was soon after brought in, I had an opportunity of seeing that Miss DUNK whom I had buried, was now before my eyes, in the character of Dr. STANVIL'S wife; or, at least, it was one so like her, it was not possible for me to distinguish the figures: there was the same bright victorious eyes, and chesnut hair; the complexion like a blush, and a mouth where all the little loves for ever dwelt; there was the fugitive dimple, the enchanting laugh, the rosy fingers, the fine height, and the mein more

striking than Calypso's. O heavens! said I to myself, on sitting down to supper, what is this I see! But as she did not seem to be at all affected, or shewed the least sign of her having ever seen me before that time, I remained silent, and only continued to look with admiration at her, unmindful of the many excellent things before me. In a minute or two, however, I recovered myself. I ate my supper, and joined in the festivity of the night. We had music, and several songs. We were easy, free, and happy as well-bred people could be.

At midnight we parted, and finding an easy-chair by the side of my bed, I threw myself into it, and began to reflect on what I had seen; FINN standing before me with his arms folded, and looking very seriously at me. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then the honest fellow spoke in the following manner. "I beg leave, Sir, to imagine you are perplexing yourself about the lady of this house, whom I suppose you take for Miss DUNK, we brought from the other side of England, half a year ago, and buried in the next church-yard to Blenkern. This, if I may be so free, is likewise my opinion. I would take my oath of it in a court of justice, if there was occasion for that. However she got out of the grave, and by whatever casualty

she came to be Mrs. STANVIL, and mistress of this fine house; yet I could swear to her being the lady who travelled with us from the west to Cumberland. But then, it seems very wonderful and strange, that she should forget you, Sir, so soon, or be able to act a part so amazing, as to seem not to have ever seen you before this night. This has astonished me, as I stood behind your chair at supper, looking full at her; and I observed she looked at me once or twice. What to say to all this, I know not; but I will make all the enquiry I can among the servants, as to the time and manner of her coming here, and let you know to-morrow, what I have been able to collect in relation to her. In the mean time, be advised by me, Sir, though I am but a poor fellow, and think no more of the matter to the loss of your night's rest. We have had a wonderful deliverance from death by getting into this house, I am sure, and we ought to lie down with thankfulness and joy, without fretting ourselves awake for a woman, or any trifling incident that could befall. Beside, she is now another man's property, however it came to pass, and it would be inconsistent with your character to think any more of her. This may be too free, but I hope, Sir, you will excuse it in a servant who has your interest and welfare at heart."

Here the sage O'FINN had done. He withdrew, and I dosed into sleep.

Betimes the next morning, O'FINN was with me, and on my asking what news, he said, he had heard something from all the servants, and more particularly had got the following account from the doctor's own man: that Dr. STANVIL had a small lodge within three miles of the house we were in, and retired there sometimes to be more alone, than he could be in the residence we were at; that this lodge was a mere repository of curiosities, in the middle of a garden full of all the herbs and plants that grew in every country of the world, and in one chamber of this house was a great number of skeletons, which the doctor had made himself; for it was his wont to procure bodies from the surrounding church-yards, by men he kept in pay for the purpose, and cut them up himself at this lodge: that some of these dead were brought to him in hampers, and some in their coffins on light railed cars, as the case required: that near six months ago, the last time the doctor was at this lodge, there was brought to him by his men the body of a young woman in her coffin, in order to a dissection as usual, and the bones being wired; but as it lay on the back, on the great table he cuts up on, and the point of his knife at the pit of the stomach, to

open the breast, he perceived a kind of motion in the subject, heard a sigh soon after, and looking up to the head saw the eyes open and shut again; that upon this, he laid down his knife, which had but just scratched the body, at the beginning of the linea alba, as my informer called it, and helped himself to put it into a warm bed: that he took all possible pains, by administering every thing he could think useful, to restore life, and was so fortunate as to set one of the finest women in the world on her feet again. As she had no raiment but the shroud which had been on her in the coffin, he got every thing belonging to dress that a woman of distinction could have occasion for, and in a few days time, she sparkled before her preserver in the brightness of an Eastern princess. He was quite charmed with the beauties of her person, and could not enough admire her uncommon understanding; he therefore offered to marry her, to settle largely on her, and as she was a single woman, she could not in gratitude refuse the request of so generous a benefactor. My informer further related, that they have both lived in the greatest happiness ever since; and the doctor, who is one of the best of men, is continually studying how to add to her felicities, that he offered to take her up to London to pass the winters there, but this she refused, and

desired she might remain where she was in the country, as it was really most agreeable to her, and as he preferred it to the town.

This account made the thing quite plain to me. And to judge impartially, considering the whole case, I could neither blame the lovely AGNES for marrying the doctor, nor condemn her for pretending to be a stranger to me. She was fairly dead and buried, and all connexion between us was at an end of course, as there had been no marriage, nor contract of marriage. And as to reviving the affair, and renewing the tenderness which had existed, it could answer no other end than producing unhappiness, as she was then Mrs. STANVIL, in a decent and happy situation. And further, in respect of her marrying the doctor, so soon after her separation from me, it was certainly the wisest thing she could do, as she had been so entirely at his disposal, was without a stitch to cover her, and *I* in all probability, after burying her, being gone up to London, or in some place, where she could never hear of me more; I might likewise have been married, if any thing advantageous had offered after laying her in the church-yard. And beside, she neither knew the place she fell sick in, nor the country the doctor removed her to, as soon as he could get her clothes to put on. So that, naked and friendless as she

was, without any money, and ignorant of what became of me, without a possibility of informing herself, I could not but acquit her. I even admired her conduct, and resolved so far to imitate her, in regard to the general happiness, that nothing should appear in my behaviour, which could incline any one to think I had ever seen her before the night the tempest drove me to her house. I was vexed, I own, to lose her; but that could be no reason for making a senseless uproar, that could do nothing but mischief.

As composed then as I could be, I went down to breakfast, on a servant's letting me know they waited for me, and found the same company, who had so lately parted to slumber, all quite alive and cheerful, easy and happy as mortals could be. At the request of Dr. STANVIL, who was extremely civil, I staid with them two months, and passed the time in a delightful conversation, intermixed with music, cards, and feasting. With sadness I left them all, but especially on account of parting for ever with the late Miss DUNK. It was indeed for the pleasure of looking at her, that I staid so long as I did at Dr. STANVIL's; and when it came to an eternal separation, I felt on the morning of my departure, an inward distress it is impossible to give an idea of to another. It had some resemblance, I

imagine, of what the visionaries call a dereliction, when they sink from ecstasy to the black void of horror, by the strength of fancy, and the unaccountable operation of the animal spirits.

Here, before I proceed, I think I ought to remove some objections that may be made against my relation of Mrs. STANVIL's coming to life again, and her being brought from the couch of lasting night to a bridal bed. It is not easy to believe, that after I seemed certain she was dead, and kept her the proper number of days before interment; saw her lie the cold wan subject for a considerable time, and then let down into the grave; yet from thence she should come forth, and now be the desire of a husband's eyes. This is a hard account sure. But nevertheless, it is a fact. As to my being mistaken, no less a man than Dr. Cheyne thought Colonel Townsend dead; See his *Nervous Cases*. And that several have lived for many years, after they had been laid in the tomb, is a thing too certain, and well-known, to be denied. In Bayle's *Dictionary*, there is the history of a lady of quality, belonging to the court of Catharine de Medicis, who was brought from the church vault, where she had been forty-eight hours, and afterwards became the mother of several children, on her marriage with the Marquis D'Auvergne. The learned Dr. Connor, in his

History of Poland, gives us a very wonderful relation of a gentleman's reviving in that country, after he had been seemingly dead for near a fortnight; and adds a very curious dissertation on the nature of such recoveries. The case of Dun Scotus, who was found out of his coffin, on the steps going down to the vault he was deposited in, and leaning on his elbow, is full to my purpose. And I can affirm from my own knowledge, that a gentleman of my acquaintance, a worthy excellent man, was buried alive, and found not only much bruised and torn, on opening his coffin, but turned on one side. This many still living can attest as well as I. The reason of opening the grave again, was his dying of a high fever in the absence of his lady, who was in a distant county from him; and on her return, three days after he was buried, would have a sight of him, as she had been extremely fond of him. His face was sadly broke, and his hands hurt in striving to force up the lid of the coffin. The lady was so affected with the dismal sight, that she never held up her head after, and died in a few weeks. I could likewise add another extraordinary case of a man who was hanged, and to all appearance was quite dead, yet three days after his execution recovered as they were going to cut him up. How these things happen, is not easy to explain or account for;

but they do happen sometimes. And this case of Mrs. STANVIL, may be depended on as a fact.

Opinion's foot is never, never found
Where knowledge dwells, 'tis interdicted ground;
At wisdom's gate opinions must resign
Their charge, those limits their employ confine.
Thus trading barks, skill'd in the wat'ry road,
To distant climes convey their precious load.
Then turn their prow, light bounding o'er the main,
And with new traffic store their keels again.
Thus far is clear. But yet untold remains,
What the good genius to the crowd ordains,
Just on the verge of life.
He bids them hold
A spirit with erected courage bold.
Never, he calls, on fortune's faith rely,
Nor grasp her dubious gift as property.
Let not her smile transport, her frown dismay,
Nor praise, nor blame, nor wonder at her sway,
Which reason never guides: 'tis fortune still,
Capricious chance, and arbitrary will.
Bad bankers, vain of treasure not their own,
With foolish rapture hug the trusted loan.
Impatient, when the pow'rful bond demands
Its unremember'd cov'nant from their hands.
Unlike to such, without a sigh restore
What fortune lends: anon she'll lavish more.
Repenting of her bounty, snatch away,
Yea, seize your patrimonial fund for prey.

Embrace her proffer'd boon, but instant rise,
Spring upward, and secure a lasting prize,
The gift which wisdom to her sons divides;
Knowledge, whose beam the doubting judgment guides,
Scatters the sensual fog, and clear to view
Distinguishes false int'rest from the true.
Flee, flee to this, with unabating pace,
Nor parley for a moment at the place,
Where pleasure and her harlots tempt, nor rest,
But at false wisdom's inn, a transient guest:
For short refection, at her table sit,
And take what science may your palate hit:
Then wing your journey forward, till you reach
True wisdom, and imbibe the truth she'll teach.
Such is the advice the friendly genius gives,
He perishes who scorns, wh o follows lives.

SCOTT'S CEBES. *

With this advice of the genius in my head, which by chance I had read the morning I took my leave of Dr. Stanvil, I set out, as I had resolved, for York, and designed to go from thence to London; hoping to meet with something good, and purposing, if it

* As the *Table of Cebes* does best in prose, and Jeremy Collier the Nonjuror's translation of this fine mythological picture is not good, the reader will find another version of *Cebe's Table*, as an appendix at the end of this volume. I made it at the request of a young lady, who did not like Collier's version. The fine pic-

was possible, to be no longer the rover, but turn to something useful, and fix. I had lost almost all at the gaming-table, as related, and had not thirty pounds of my last hundred remaining: this, with a few sheep, cows and horses at Orton-lodge, and a very small stock at my little farm, on the borders of Cumberland, was all I had left. It made me very serious, and brought some dismal apprehensions in view: but I did not despair. As my heart was honest, I still trusted in the Providence of God and his administration of things in this world. As the infinite power and wisdom of the Creator was evident, from a survey of this magnificent and glorious scene; as his care and Providence over each particular, in the administration of the great scheme was conspicuous; can man, the favourite of heaven, have reason to lift up his voice to complain, if he calls off his affections from folly, and by natural and supernatural force, by reason and revelation, overbears the prejudices of flesh and blood; if he ponders the hopes and fears of religion, and gives a

ture in his English, looks more like a work in the cant language of L'Estrange, or Tom Brown, than the antient and charming painting of Cebes the Theban philosopher. It is fitter to make the learned men of a beer-house laugh, than to delight and improve people of breeding and understanding.

just allowance to a future interest? "Hearken to the commandments," saith the Lord, "and your peace shall be as a river."

On then I trotted, brave as the man of wood, we read of in an excellent French writer, * and hoped at the end of every mile to meet with something fortunate; but nothing extraordinary occurred till the second evening, when I arrived at a little lone public-house, on the side of a great heath, by the entrance of a wood. For an hour before I came to this resting-place, I had rid in a tempest of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder, so very violent, that it brought to my remembrance Hesiod's description of a storm.

* In Claude's reply to Arnaud, the French papist, we are told it was the humour of the Prince of Condé, to have a man of wood on horse-back, drest like a field-officer, with a lifted broad sword in its hand; which figure was fastened in the great saddle, and the horse it was on always kept by the great Condé's side, when he travelled or engaged in the bloody field. Fearless the man of wood appeared in many a well-fought day; but as they pursued the enemy one afternoon through a forest, in riding hard, a bough knocked off the wooden warrior's head; yet still he galloped on after flying foes, to the amazement of the enemy, who saw a hero pursuing without a head. Claude applies this image to popery.

Then Jove omnipotent display'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod:
He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his light'nings play,
They flash, and rend through heav'n their flaming way:
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves,
The singed earth groans, and burns with all her groves:
A night of clouds blots out the golden day,
Full in their eyes the writhen light'nings play:
Nor slept the wind; the wind new horror forms,
Clouds dash on clouds before th' outragious storms;
While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd skies:
At once the tempest bellows, light'nings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky.

It was a dreadful evening upon a heath, and so much as a bush was not to be met with for shelter: but at last we came to the thatched habitation of a publican, and I thought it a very comfortable place. We had bread and bacon, and good ale for supper, and in our circumstances, it seemed a delicious meal.

This man informed me, that about a mile from his habitation, in the middle of the wood, there dwelt an old physician, one Dr. FITZGIBBONS, an Irish gentleman, who had one very pretty daughter, a sensible woman, to whom he was able to give a good fortune, if a man to both their liking appeared;

but as no such one had as yet come in their way, my landlord advised me to try the adventure, and he would furnish me with an excuse for going to the doctor's house. This set me a thinking. Dr. FITZ-GIBBONS, an Irish gentleman, said I, I know the man. I saved his son's life in Ireland, when he was upon the brink of destruction, and the old gentleman was not only then as thankful as it was possible for a man to be, in return for the good I had done him, at the hazard of my own life, but assured me, a thousand times over, that if ever it was in his power to return my kindness, he would be my friend to the utmost of his ability. He must ever remember, with the greatest gratitude, the benefit I had so generously conferred on him and his. All this came full into my mind, and I determined to visit the old gentleman in the morning.

Next day, as I had resolved, I went to pay my respects to Dr. FITZGIBBONS, who remembered me perfectly well, was most heartily glad to see me, and received me in the most affectionate manner. He immediately began to repeat his obligations to me, for the deliverance I had given his son, * and

* The case was this,—As I was returning one summer's evening from Tallow-Hills, where I had been to see a young lady, mentioned in the beginning of my first volume, I saw in a deep glen before me two men engaged; a black of an enormous size, who fought with

that if it was in his power to be of service to me in England, he would leave nothing undone that was

one of those large broadswords which they call in Ireland, an Andrew Ferraro; and a little thin man with a drawn rapier. The white man I perceived was no match for the black, and must have perished very soon, as he had received several wounds, if I had not hast'ned up to his relief. I knew him to be my acquaintance, young FITZGIBBONS, my neighbour in the same square of the college that I lived in; and immediately drawing an excellent Spanish tuck I always wore, took the Moor to myself, FITZGIBBONS not being able to stand any longer, and a glorious battle ensued. As I was a master at the small sword in those days, I had the advantage of the black by my weapon, as the broad sword is but a poor defence against a rapier, and gave him three wounds for every slight one I received: but at last he cut me quite through the left collar-bone, and in return, I was in his vast body a moment after. This dropt the robber, who had been a trumpeter to a regiment of horse; and FITZGIBBONS and I were brought, by some people passing that way, to his father's house at Dolfins-barn, a village about a mile from the spot where this affair happened. A surgeon was sent for, and we recovered in a few weeks time; but my collar-bone was much more troublesome to me, than the wounds FITZGIBBONS had were to him, though he lost much more blood. This was the ground of the obligation the doctor mentioned, in his conversation with me.

possible for him to do, to befriend me. He told me, that darling son of his, whose life I had saved, was an eminent physician at the court of Russia, where he lived in the greatest opulence and reputation, and as he owed his existence as such to me, his father could never be grateful enough in return. "Can I any way serve you, Sir? Have you been fortunate or unfortunate, since your living in England? Are you married or unmarried? I have a daughter by a second wife, and if you are not yet engaged, will give her to you, with a good fortune, and in two years time, if you will study physic here, under my direction, will enable you to begin to practice, and get money as I have done in this country. I have so true a sense of that generous act you did to save my son, that I will with pleasure do any thing in my power that can contribute to your happiness."

To this I replied, by thanking the doctor for his friendly offers, and letting him know, that since my coming to England several years ago, which was occasioned by a difference between my father and me, I had met with several turns of fortune, good and bad, and was at present but in a very middling way, having only a little spot among the mountains of Richmondshire, with a cottage and garden on it, and three or four beasts, which I found by accident

without an owner, as I travelled through that uninhabited land; and a small farm of fifty acres with some stock, on the borders of Cumberland, which I got by a deceased wife. This, with about fifty guineas in my purse, was my all at present; and I was going up to London, to try if I could meet with any thing fortunate in that place; but that, since he was pleased to make me such generous offers, I would stop, study physic as he proposed, and accept the great honour he did me in offering me his daughter for a wife. I told him likewise very fairly and honestly, that I had been rich by three or four marriages since my being in this country; but that I was unfortunately taken in at a gaming-table, by the means of two Irish gentlemen he knew very well, and there lost all; which vexed me the more, as I really do not love play; that as to my father, I had little to expect from him, though he had a great estate, as our difference was about religion; which kind of disputes have always the most cruel tendency; and the wife he had, a low cunning woman, did all she could to maintain the variance, and keep up his anger to me, that her nephew might do the better on my ruin. That I had not written to him since my being in England; nor had I met with any one who could give me any account of the family.

"And what," said Dr. FITZGIBBONS, "is this

fine religious dispute, which has made your father fall out with a son he was once so fond of?" "It was about Trinity in Unity, Sir: a thing I have often heard your son argue against by lessons he had from you, as he informed me. My father is as orthodox as Gregory Nazienzen, among the ancient fathers, or Trapp and Potter, Webster and Waterland, among the modern doctors; and when he found out that I was become an unitarian, and renounced his religion of three Gods, the horrible creed of Athanasius, and all the despicable explications of his admired divines, on that subject; that I insisted, that notwithstanding all the subtle inventions of learned men, through the whole Christian world, yet God Almighty hath not appointed himself to be worshipped by precept or example in any one instance in his holy word, under the character of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that the worship of three persons and one God is expressly contrary to the solemn determination of Christ and his Apostles; and in numbers of instances in the New Testament it is declared, that the one God and Father of all is the only supreme object, to whom all religious worship should be directed: that for these reasons, I renounced the received doctrine of a coequal trinity, and believed our great and learned divines, who laboured to prevent people from seeing

the truth as it is in Jesus, would be in some tribulation at Christ's tribunal; where they are to appear stripped of all worldly honours, dignities, and preferments, poor, naked, wretched mortals, and to answer for their supplement to the gospel, in an invented heresy of three Gods. When my father heard these things, and saw the religious case of his son, his passion was very great. He forbid me his table, and ordered me to shift for myself. He renounced me, as I had done the triune God."

The doctor wondered not a little at the account I had given him, as my father was reckoned a man of great abilities, and taking me by the hand, said, I had acted most gloriously; that what lost me my father's affection, was the very thing that ought to have induced him to erect a statue to my honour in his garden—that since I was pleased to accept of his offer, his friendship I might depend on—that if I would, I should begin the next day the study of physic under his direction, and at the end of two years, he would give me his daughter, who was not yet quite twenty.

Just as he had said this, Miss FITZGIBBONS entered the room, and her father introduced me to her. The sight of her astonished me, though I had before seen so many fine women, I could not help looking with wonder at her. She appeared one of

those finished creatures, whom we cannot enough admire, and upon acquaintance with her, became much more glorious.

What a vast variety of beauty do we see in the infinity of nature. Among the sex, we may find a thousand and a thousand perfect images and characters; all equally striking, and yet as different as the pictures of the greatest masters in Italy. What amazing charms and perfections have I beheld in women as I have journeyed through life. When I have parted from one; well I said, I shall never meet another like this inimitable maid: and yet after all, JULIA appeared divinely fair, and happy in every excellence that can adorn the female mind. Without that exact regularity of beauty, and elegant softness of propriety, which rendered Miss DUNK, whom I have described in these *Memoirs*, a very divinity, JULIA charmed with a graceful negligence, and enchanted with a face that glowed with youthful wonders, beauties that art could not adorn but always diminished. The choice of dress was no part of JULIA's care, but by the neglect of it she became irresistible. In her countenance there ever appeared a bewitching mixture of sensibility and gaiety, and in her soul, by converse was discovered that generosity and tenderness were the first principles of her mind. To truth and virtue she was

inwardly devoted, and at the bottom of her heart, though hard to discover it, her main business to serve God, and fit herself for eternity. In sum, she was one of the finest originals that ever appeared among womankind, peculiar in perfections which cannot be described; and so inexpressibly charming in an attractive sweetness, a natural gaiety, and a striking negligence, a fine understanding, and the most humane heart; that I found it impossible to know her without being in love with her: her power to please was extensive indeed. In her, one had the loveliest idea of woman.

To this fine creature I was married at the end of two years from my first acquaintance with her; that is, after I had studied physic so long, under the care and instruction of her excellent father, who died a few weeks after the wedding, which was in the beginning of the year 1734, and the 29th of my age. Dying, he left me a handsome fortune, his library, and house; and I imagined I should have lived many happy years with his admirable daughter, who obliged me by every endearing means, to be excessively fond of her. I began to practise upon the old gentleman's death, and had learned so much in the two years I had studied under him, from his lecturing and my own hard reading, that I was able to get some money among the opulent round me;

not by art and collusion, the case of too many doctors in town and country, but by practising upon consistent principles. The method of my reading, by Dr. FITZGIBBONS' directions, was as follows; and I set it down here for the benefit of such gentlemen, as chuse to study in the private manner I did.

A method of studying Physic in a private manner: by which means a gentleman, with the purchase of a Diploma, may turn out Doctor, as well as if he went to Padua, to hear Morganni.

The first books I got upon my table, were the *Lexicons* of Castellus and Quincy; one for the explication of ancient terms; and the other of modern. These, as Dictionaries, lay at hand for use, when wanted.

I then opened the last edition of Herman Conringius's *Introductio in Universam Artem Medicam, singulasque ejus partis*; I say the last edition of 1726, because that has an excellent preface by Hoffman. This book, which comes down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, I read with great care; especially Gonthier Christopher Schelhammer's notes, and additions, which have enriched the work very much. By the way, they were both very great men, and bright ornaments to their profession. They wrote an amazing number of books on medi-

cine. Conringius died December, 1681, aged 75; and Schelhammer, in January, 1716, in the 67th year of his age.

The next introductory book to the art, was *Lindenius Renovatus de Scriptis Medicis, quibus præmittitur Manuductiõ ad Medicinam.* This book was first called *Libro duo de Scripturis, &c.* and written by John Antonidês Vander Linden, a famous professor at Leyden, who published it in 1637, in a small octavo. It was again printed in the same form, in 1651 and 1662, at Amsterdam; but the most valuable edition is that printed at Nuremburg in 1686, edited by George Abraham Merklinus, who made very many and excellent additions to this fourth edition, and called it *Lindenius Renovatus*, as he had augmented it to a thick quarto. Vander Linden died in March, 1664, aged 55; and Merklinus in April, 1702, in the 58th year of his age. They have both written many books on physic, but there have been such improvements made by the diligence and success of modern physicians, that it would be only loss of time to read over all their works, or all the authors of the seventeenth century.

The next books I opened, were the learned Daniel Le Clerc's *History of Physic*, which commences with the world, and ends at the time of

Galen; and the great Dr. Friend's *History*, in two vols. octavo, which is a continuation of Le Clerc, down to Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, in the reign of Henry VIII. These books shewed me the origin and revolutions of physic, and the ancient writers and their works on this subject. Daniel Le Clerc died in June, 1728, aged 76, and some months.

When I had read these things*, I turned next to botany, and read Raii *Methodus Plantarum Emendata*, 1703. Raii *Synopsis Methodica Stirpium*, third edition; and Tournefort's *Institutiones Rei Herbariæ*. These books, with a few observations of my own, as I walked in the gardens, in the fields, and on the plains, furnished me with sufficient knowledge of this kind for the present. The vast folios on this subject are not for beginners.

Chemistry was the next thing my director bid me look into, and to this purpose I perused Boerhaave's *Elementa Chemiæ*, and Hoffman's *Observationes Physico-Chemiæ*. These afford as much chemistry as a young physician need set out with; but as books alone give but an imperfect concep-

* If Mangetus had published his *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Medicorum*, 2 vols. folio, at the time I am speaking of, the Doctor, my friend, would have recommended it to a beginner.

tion, I performed most of the common operations in Beecher's portable furnace.

Materia Medica in the next place had my attention, that is, those animal, vegetable, and fossil substances, which are used to prevent, cure, or palliate diseases. And in order to know the names of all the drugs, their history, the adulterations they are subject to, their virtues, their dose, their manner of using them, and the cautions which they require, to get a sufficient knowledge of this kind, I looked into Geoffrey's *Materia Medica*, and made a collection of the *Materia* at the same time, that I might conceive and remember what I read.

Pharmacy, or the art of preparing and compounding medicines, was the next thing I endeavoured to be a master of. And that I might know how to exalt their virtues, to obviate their ill qualities, and to make them less nauseous, I read to this purpose, Quincy's *Pharmaceutical Lectures* and *Dispensatory*, and took care to be well versed in all the *Pharmacopœia's*, those of London, Edinburgh, Paris, Boerhaave, Bate, and Fuller. And I read very carefully Gaubin's *Methodus Præscribendi*. This gave me the materials, and taught me the form of prescribing.

Anatomy I studied next, that is, the art of dividing the several parts of a body, so as to know

their size, figure, situation, connexions, and make. I began with Drake and Keil, and then read over Winslow. I had likewise open before me at the same time, at my entrance upon this study, a good set of plates, the tables of Eustachius and Cooper, and turned them carefully over as I read. The doctor then shewed me how to dissect, but chiefly by the direction of a book entitled *Culter Anatomicus : ou Methode Courte, Facile, et Claire de Dissequer les Corps Humaines.* I was soon able to perform myself. It was the third edition of the above book, by Lyserus, in 1679; which has many curious anatomical observations added to it by Gaspar Bartholin, the son of the celebrated Thomas Bathonlin, professor at Copenhagen. Michel Lysére was the disciple of the great Thomas Bartholin, who died in December, 1680, in his 64th year. Michel died early in life, in 1656, a very young man, " regretté à cause de son merite." I had also Nichol's *Compendium*, and Hunter's *Compendium.* By these means, and by reading the authors who have written upon some one part only; such as Peyerus *de Glandulis Intestinus. Experimenta circa Pancras.* De Graaf *de Organis Generationis.* Gasp. Bartholin *de Diaphragm.* Malpigius *de Pulmonibus, de Venibus, de Liene, et de Cornuum Vegetatione.* Lower *de Corde, de Ventriculo, et de Cerebri Anat.*

Willis *de Respiratione.* Glisson *de Hepate.* Casserius *de Vocis Auditusque Organis.* Walsalou *de Aure.* Havers *on the Bones.* Munro *on the Bones.* Douglas *on the Muscles.* Morgagni *Adversaria.* Ruyshii *Opera.* Nuck's *Adenographia.* Wharton's *Adenographia.* Ridley's *Anatomy of the Brain.* Santorini *Observationes.* Boneti *Sepulchrum Anatomicum.* Blasii *Anatomia Animaliuṃ.* Tyson's *Anatomy of the Oran-Outang.* By these means, I cut up the body of a young woman, I had from a neighbouring churchyard, and acquired knowledge enough of anatomy.

N. B. If all the pieces written upon some one part of the body, are not to be had single, the reader inclined to the delightful study of physic, will find them in the *Bibliotheca Anatomica,* 2 vols. folio.

Here, before I proceed, I will mention a very curious case, which occurred in my dissecting the body I have spoken of. It was as remarkable an example of a preternatural structure as ever appeared. In cutting her up, there was found two vaginas, and a right and left uterus. Each uterus had its corresponding vagina, and the uteri and the vaginæ lay parallel to each other; there was only one ovarium; but two perfect hymens. The labia stretched so as to take in the anus, terminating

beyond it; and as they were in large ridges, and well armed, the whole had a formidable appearance. If it should be asked, Could a perfect superfœtation take place in such a person? Most certainly there might be one conception upon the back of another at different times; therefore, I should not chuse to marry a woman with two vaginas, if it was possible to know it before wedlock.

But to proceed, The next things I read, were the institutes of medicine, that is, such books as treat of the economy and contrivance of nature in adapting the parts to their several uses. The books purely physiological, are, Keil's *Tentamina*. Sanctorii *Aphorismi*. Bellini *de Pulsibus et Urina*. Borellus *de Motu Animalium*. Harvey *de Motu Cordis*, and *de Generatione Animalium*, both admirable pieces. Friend's *Emmenologia*. Simpson's *System of the Womb*. And Pitcairne's *Tracts*. These are the best things relating to physiology, which may be called the first part of the Institutions of Physic.

The second part of the Institutes is the Art of preserving such a system as the body, in an order fit for the exercise of its functions as long as possible. The third part is pathology, which teaches the different manners in which diseases happen; and the various causes of these disorders, with their attendants and consequences. The fourth part is

the doctrine of signs, by which a judgment is formed of the sound or bad state of the animal. And the fifth is Therapentica, that is, the means and method of restoring sanity to a distempered body. Treatises on all these matters, are what we call institutions of physic, and in relation to the four last mentioned, the best books are, Hoffman's *Systema Medicinæ Rationalis,* and Boerhaave's *Institutions,* with his lectures upon them. These books I read with great attention, and found them sufficient.

Being instituted in this manner, I turned next to the practical writers, and read the history of diseases and their cure from observations of nature. This is called *pathologia particularis,* and is the great business of a physician. All that has been said is only preparatory to this study. Here then I first very carefully read the authors who have written a system of all diseases; and then, such writers as have considered particular cases. The best system writers are Boerhaave's *Aphorisms and Comment.* Hoffman's *Pathologia Particularis;* being the last part of his *Systema Medicinæ.* Jumher's *Conspectus Medicinæ.* Allen's *Synopsis.* Shaw's *Practice of Physic;* and Lomnii *Opusculum Aureum.*

The writers on a few and particular distempers are Sydenhami *Opera.* Moreton's *Puretologia.* Bellini *de Morbis Capites et Pectoris.* Ramazzini *de*

Morbis Artificium. Wepsemus *de Apoplexia.* Floyer *on Asthma.* Astruc *de Lue Venerea.* Turner's *Synopsis,* and *of the Skin.* Musgrave *de Arthritide.* Highmore *de Passione Hysterica et Hypocondria.* Glisson *de Rachitide.* Clericus *de Lumbrico Lato.* Daventer *Ars Obstetricandi.* Mauriceau *des Femmes Grosses.* Harris *de Morbis Infantium.* Turner's *Letter to a Young Physician.* All these books I read very carefully, and to your reading add the best observations you can any where get, or make yourself. I wrote down in the shortest manner, abstracts of the most curious and useful things, especially the representations of nature; and refreshed my memory by often looking into my note-book. Every thing taken from nature is valuable. Hypothesis is entertaining rather than useful.

And when I was reading the history of diseases in the authors I have just mentioned, I looked into the ancient Greek and Latin medical writers; for all their merit lies in this kind of history. Their pharmacy and anatomy is good for nothing. They scarce knew any thing of the human bodies, but from the dissections of other animals, took their descriptions. The great Vesalius in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the first that taught physicians to study nature in dissecting human bodies; which was then considered by the church

as a kind of sacrilege*. As to chemistry, they had no notion of it. It was not heard of till some hundred years after the latest of them. In botany they had made little progress, in short, as they knew little of botany, and nothing of chemistry; as their

* When Vesalius began to dissect human bodies, he was considered by the people as an impious cruel man, and before he could practice publicly, was obliged to get a decision in his favour from the Salamanca divines. "C'est ce qui engagè Charles V. de faire une consultation aux theologiens de Salamanque, pour savoir si en conscience on pouvoit dissequer un corps humain, pour en connoître la structure." *Memoirs de Niceron.* They would not let him settle in France, but the republic of Venice gave him a professor's chair at Padua, where he dissected publicly, and taught anatomy seven years. He was but eighteen, when he published his famous book, *La Fabrique du Corps Humain*, which was the admiration of all men of science; and a little after, he made a present of the first skeleton the world ever saw, to the university of Basle; where it is still to be seen. This great man, Andrew Vesal, was born the last of April, 1512; and in the 58th year of his age, October 15, 1564, he was shipwrecked on the isle of Zante, and in the deserts there was famished to death. His body was found by a goldsmith of his acquaintance, who happened to land there not long after, and by this man buried. Vesal's works were published by Herman Boerhaave, in two volumes, folio, in 1725. Every physician ought to have them.

systems of natural philosophy and anatomy were false and unnatural, and it is upon anatomy and natural philosophy, that physiology or the use of the parts is founded, we can expect nothing from the ancients upon these heads, but mere imaginations, or notions unsupported by observation or matter of fact. It is their history of diseases that supports their character. Hippocrates, in particular, excels all others on this head; but this great man was not perfect even in this. Knowledge in nature is the daughter of time and experience. Many notions of the animal economy were then absurd, and if Hippocrates was too wise to act always up to his theory, yet he could not be entirely free from its influence.

The names of the ancient original Greek medical writers are Hippocrates, Dioscorides, Aritæus, Galen, and Alexander. The Latin writers of physic are, Celsus, Scribonius Largus, Cælius Aurelianus, Marcellus Empericus, Theodorus Priscianus, and Sextus Placitus. We have besides several collectors, as Oribasius, Aetius, Paulus Æginita, &c. Nicander, the medical poet; and the fragments of Soranus, Rufus Ephesius, Zonorates, Vindicianus, Diocles Carystius, Cassius, and a few others; but all these may be looked into afterwards. The original authors are sufficient in the noviciate.

As to the Latin medical writers, Celsus, and

Cælius Aurelianus only, are worth reading. Celsus lived in the latter end of the reign of Augustus, and is admirable for the purity of his Latin, and the elegance of his sense. You must have him night and morning in your hands, till you are a master of the terms and expressions peculiar to physic, which occur in him. The style of Cælius is very bad, and his cavils tedious; but his description of diseases is full and accurate. In this respect he is a very valuable writer. He lived in the second century, as did Galen likewise.

As to Hippocrates, who was contemporary with Socrates, he was born the first year of the 80th Olympiad, 460 before Christ, René Chartier's edition printed at Paris, 1639, is the most pompous: but Vander Linden's, printed at Leyden in 1668, two vols. 8vo, is the best. When I read Hippocrates, I also looked into Prosper Alpini's good book *de Præsagienda Vita et Morte Ægrotantium*, in which he has with great care collected and methodized all the scattered observations of Hippocrates, relating to the dangerous or salutary appearances in diseases. At the same time, I likewise read this great man's *Medicina Methodica*. Alpinus, born in Nov. 1553, died professor of botany at Padua, Feb. 1617, Æt. 64. The best commentators on Hippocrates, whose names you will find in Conringius's Introduction, are also worthy of reference.

The best edition of Dioscorides's *Materia Medica*, is that of Frankfort, 1598, folio. The best edition of Aritæus, who lived before Julius Cæsar's time, as Dioscorides did, A. D. 46, is Boerhaave's, 1731, folio. The best editions of Galen's works, are those of Basle, 1538, in 5 vols. and of Venice, 1625, in 7 volumes, folio. Alexander of Tralles flourished in the 6th century, under Justinian the Great, and left the following works. *Therapentica*, Lib. xii. *De Singularum Corporis Partium Vitiis, Ægritudinibus, et Injuriis*, Lib. v. *Epist. de Lumbricis. Tractatus de Puerorum Morbis. Liber de Febribus.* The best Greek copy is that of Stephens, Paris, 1548, folio. In Greek and Latin, Basil, 1658. But in neither of these editions is to be found the Epistle *de Lumbricis.* You must look for that in the 12th volume of Fabricius's *Bibliotheca Græca.*

In the last place, besides all the authors I have mentioned, I likewise looked into the original observation writers, and miscellaneous books relating to physic. They afford excellent knowledge, where the authors are faithful and judicious. Such are the *Observationes Medicæ* of Nicolaus Tulpius, a curious book; and the dedication of it to his son Peter, a student in Physic, good advice. The second edition of 1652 is the best, being a fourth part larger than the first which came out in 1641. The *Observationes et Curationes Medicinales* of Petrus

Forestus, Lib. xxii. The *Observationes Medicæ* of Joannes Theodorus Schenkius, and the various Journals and Transactions of learned Societies, which are repositories in which the physician finds much rare and valuable knowledge. And as a physician ought to have a little acquaintance with the modern practice of surgery, I concluded with Heister's, Turner's, and Sharp's *Surgery*.

By this method of studying physic in the middle of a wood, and employing my time and pains in reading the antients, and considering their plain and natural account of diseases, I became a Doctor, as well as if I had been a regular collegiate. But it is time to think of my various story. Having married the illustrious JULIA, as related in a preceding page, and by the death of her father soon after the wedding, acquired a handsome settlement, a considerable sum of money, and a valuable collection of books, I thought myself so happily situated in the midst of flourishing mercies, and so well secured from adversity, that it was hardly possible for the flame of destruction to reach me. But when I had not the least reason to imagine calamity was near me, and fondly imagined prosperity was my own, infelicity came stalking on unseen: and from a fulness of peace, plunged us at once into an abyss of woe. It was our wont, when the evenings were

fine, to take boat at the bottom of a meadow, at the end of our garden, and in the middle of a deep river, pass an hour or two in fishing; but at last, by some accident or other, a slip of the foot, or the boat's being got a little too far from the bank-side, JULIA fell in and was drowned. This happened in the tenth month of our marriage. The loss of this charming angel in such a manner, sat powerfully on my spirits for some time; and the remembrance of her perfections, and the delights I enjoyed while she lived, made me wish I had never seen her. To be so vastly happy as I was, and be deprived of her in a moment, in so shocking a way, was an affliction I was hardly able to bear. It struck me to the heart. I sat with my eyes shut ten days.

But losses and pains I considered were the portion of mortals in this trying state, and from thence we ought to learn to give up our own wills; and to get rid of all eager wishes, and violent affection; that we may take up our rest wholly in that which pleaseth God. Carrying our submission to him so far, as to bless his correcting hand, and kiss that rod that cures our passionate eagerness, perverseness, and folly.

We ought likewise to learn from such things, to look upon the sad accidents of life, as not worthy to be compared with what Christ underwent for our

sakes, who, though he was a Son, yet he learned obedience by the things that he suffered; and with Christian resignation live in a quiet expectance of a future happy state, after our patience has had its perfect work: Considering that these light and momentary afflictions, are not worthy to be compared with the glory that Christ hath purchased for us; and if we are faithful to death, hath promised to bestow upon us.

In all these things resigning to the wisdom of God, and not merely to his will and authority, believing his disposal to be wisest and best; and that his declarations and promises are true, though we cannot in some cases discern the reason of such an end, and such means being connected, nor can imagine how some promises can be made good. Patience, I said, my soul! Patience, and what thou knowest not now, thou shalt know in a little time. Thus I reasoned, as I sat with my eyes shut, and Juvenal's observation recurred to my recollection:

Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa remota
Erroris nebula: quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pæniteat, votique peracti?

Having thus given vent to reflection, I called to

SOTO O'FINN, my man, to bring the horses out immediately, and I would go some where or other to see new scenes, and if I could, get another wife; as I was born with the disease of repletion, and had made a resolution not to fornicate, it was incumbent on me to have a sister and companion, with whom I might lawfully carry on the succession. As a friend to society, and passively-obedient to the laws of my higher country, a wife for ever, I declared; for, if on losing one, we can be still so fortunate as to get another, who is pretty without pride; witty without affectation; to virtue only and her friends a friend:

> Whose sense is great, and great her skill,
> For reason always guides her will;
> Civil to all to all she's just,
> And faithful to her friend and trust:
> Whose character, in short, is such,
> That none can love or praise too much.

If such a charmer should again appear, and ten thousand such there ever are among the sex, silly and base though the majority may be; what man could say he had had enough of wedlock, because he had buried seven such wives? I am sure I could not. And if, like the men who were but striplings at fourscore, in the beginning of this world, I was to live for ages, and by accidents lost such partners

as I have described; I would with rapture take hundreds of them to my breast, one after another, and piously propagate the kind. The most despicable of all creatures is a w——. An abomination to heaven: and if God was a mere fanciful fear; yet such a wretch the prostitute is, that neither honour nor honesty can ever be expected from her. But, in defiance to divine and human laws, she lives a foe to mankind; to ruin the fortune, disease the body, and for ever damn the soul of the miserable man, who is dunce enough to become a Limberham to the execrable wretch. The misfortunes I have known happen to gentlemen of my acquaintance, by street-w——, chamber-w——, and kept-w——, would make a volume as large as this I am writing, and leave another world quite out of the history. I have seen gentlemen of the best fortunes and education, become worn-out beggars in the streets of London, without any thing hardly to cover them, by the means of those execrable harlots; some have become bullies to brothels; and many I have beheld going to the gallows, by maintaining the falsest and least-engaging of women; but take a modest sensible woman to your heart, who has the fear of the great God before her eyes, and a regard to the laws of her country, share your fortune generously with her, that she may have her innocent amusements and dress, be for ever good-humoured, be

true to her bed, and every felicity you may taste that it is possible to enjoy in this lower hemisphere. Let a wife be our choice, as we are rationals.

With these notions in my head, I mounted my horse; and determined, in the first place, to pay a visit to my two beauties at Orton-lodge, who were by this time at age, and see what opinions they had acquired, and if they had any commands for me. But when I arrived at my romantic spot, I found the ladies were gone, all places shut up, and no soul there; the key of the house-door was left for me, and a note fastened to it, to inform me how the affair was.

"SIR,

"Not having had the favour of hearing from you for almost three years, and despairing of that honour and happiness any more, we have left your fine solitude, to look after our fortunes, as we are of age; and on enquiry have found, that old Cock, our cruel guardian, is dead and gone. We are under infinite obligations to you, have an extreme sense of your goodness, and hope, if you are yet in the land of the living, that we shall soon be so happy as to get some account of you, to the end we may return the weighty balance due from,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

and ever humble servants."

From the date of this letter it appeared, that they were not a month gone before my arrival; but to what place they said not, and it was in vain for me to enquire. I found every thing in good order, and all the goods safe; the garden full of fruits and vegetables, and plenty of various eatables in the house, pickled, potted, and preserved. As it was in the month of June, the solitude looked vastly charming in its vales and forest, its rocks and waters; and for a month I strove to amuse myself there, in fishing, shooting, and improving the ground; but it was so dull, so sad a scene, when I missed the bright companions I had with me in former days, who used to wander with me in the vallies, up the hills, by the streams, and make the whole a paradise all the day long, that I could not bear it longer than four weeks; and rode from thence to Dr. STANVIL'S seat, to ask him how he did, and look once more at that fine curiosity, Miss DUNK that was, but at the time I am speaking of, his wife. However, before I left my lodge, I made a discovery one day, as I was exploring the wild country, round my little house, that was entertaining enough, and to this day, in remembrance, seems to me so agreeable, that I imagine a relation of this matter may be grateful to my Readers. It contains

the story of a lady, who cannot be enough admired, can never be sufficiently praised.

THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL LEONORA.

As I rambled one summer's morning, with my gun and my dog, over the vast mountains which surrounded me at Orton-lodge, I came as the sun was rising to a valley about four miles from my house, which I had not seen before, as the way to it, over the Fells, was a dangerous road. It was green and flowery, had clumps of oaks in several spots, and from the hovering top of a precipice at the end of the glen, a river falls engulphed in rifted rocks. It is a fine rural scene.

Here I sat down to rest myself, and was admiring the natural beauties of the place, when I saw three females turn into the vale, and walk towards the water-fall. One of them, who appeared to be the mistress, had an extravagance of beauty in her face, and a form such as I had not often seen. The others were pretty women, drest like quakers, and very clean. They came very near the water where I was, but did not see me, as I was behind two rocks which almost joined: and after they had looked a while at the headlong river, they went back, and entering a narrow-way between two hills disappeared. I was greatly surprised at what I

had seen, not imagining I had such a neighbour in Richmondshire, and resolved to know who this beauty was. The wonders of her face, her figure, and her mien, were striking to the last degree.

Arising then as soon as they were out of sight, I walked on to the turning I saw them enter; and in half an hour's time came to a plain, through which several brooks wandered, and on the margin of one of them, was a grove and a mansion. It was a sweet habitation, at the entrance of the little wood; and before the door, on banks of flowers, sat the illustrious owner of this retreat, and her two maids. In such a place, in such a manner, so unexpectedly to find so charming a woman, seemed to me as pleasing an incident as could be met with in travelling over the world.

At my coming near this lady she appeared to be astonished, and to wonder much at seeing such an inhabitant in that part of the world: but on pulling off my hat, and telling her I came to visit her as her neighbour; to pay my humble respects to her, and beg the honour of her acquaintance; she asked me, from what vale or mountain I came, and how long I had been a resident in that wild part of the world? This produced a compend of some part of my story, and when I had done, she desired me to walk in. Coffee and hot rolls was soon brought,

and we breakfasted cheerfully together. I took my leave soon after, having made her a present of some black cocks and a hare I had shot that morning; and hoped, if it was possible to find an easy way to my lodge, which I did not yet know, that I should some time or other be honoured with her presence at my little house; which was worth her seeing, as it was situated in the most delightful part of this romantic silent place, and had many curiosities near it; that in the mean time if it was agreeable, I would wait upon her again, before I left Richmondshire, which would be soon: for I only came to see how things were, and was obliged to hasten another way. This beauty replied, that it would give her pleasure to see me when I had a few hours to spare. From this invitation I went three times more within a short-space, we became well acquainted, and after dinner one day, she gave me the following relation.

"My name was LEONORA SARSFIELD before I married an Irishman, one BURKE, whom I met at Avignon in France. He is one of the handsomest men of the age, though his hopes were all his fortune; but he has proved himself a villain as great as ever disgraced mankind. His breeding and his eloquence, added to his fine figure, induced me to fancy him an angel of a man, and to imagine I had

well bestowed a hundred thousand pounds, to make him great, and as happy as the day is long. For three months he played the god, and I fondly thought there was not such another happy woman as myself in all the world, but I was mistaken. BURKE found out by some means or other, that I had concealed five thousand pounds of my fortune from his knowledge; and that I was in my heart so good a protestant, that it was impossible to bring me over to popery, or ever get me to be an idolater at the mass, before the tiny god of dough: that I could never be brought to look upon the invented superstitions, and horrible corruptions of the church of Rome, as the true religion; nor be ever persuaded to assist at the Latin service in that communion, as it must be an abomination to Christ and to God, if the gospel may be depended upon as the rule of faith. When BURKE perceived these things, he threw off the disguise, and appeared a monster instead of a man, a bigot of the first order, as he was a furious papist, which I did not know, when we married; and as he was by nature as cruel, as he was avaricious by principle, he began to use me in the vilest manner, and by words and deeds, did all he could to make my life a burden to me. He was for ever abusing me in the vilest language; cursing me for a heretic for ever damned; and by blows

compelling me to inform him where my money was; he has left me covered with my own blood very often, and when he found I still held out, and would not discover to him what remained of my fortune, nor violate my religion, which I valued much more than my money; by renouncing the customs and practice of the reformed church, and joining in the sinful worship of the mass; he came to me one night with a small oak sapling, and beat me in such a manner as left me almost dead. He then went out of the house, told me he would return by twelve, and make me comply, or he would break every bone in my body. This happened at a country-seat of mine in this shire; all the servants being obliged to lie every night in an out-house, that he might have the more power over me. His excessive avarice was but one cause of this inhuman behaviour: it was the zeal of this raging bigot for his ever-cursed popery, that made him act the unrelenting inquisitor.

"I asked you, Sir, before I began my story, if you were a catholic, and as you assured me you were the very reverse, I may indulge myself a little in expressing my resentments against that religion of Satan, which the Popish doctors drew out of the bottomless pit. It is a religion formed in hell by devils, and from them brought by those arch-politicians, the mass-priests, to make the world their

slaves, or rack the human race to death, by torments that would perhaps melt even devils. O bloody and infernal scheme of worship! Surely there is some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven, red with just wrath to blast the men, who owe their greatness to their apostasy from the religion of Christ Jesus: and to the woes and pains they lay on mankind. By the religion of modern Rome, you see in me a wife almost tortured to extinction by a holy Roman catholic husband: nor am I the only married protestant woman, who has felt the stripes and bruises of a merciless popish companion. Thousands to be sure have suffered as well as I upon the same account, though none in so miserable a manner. Even fathers have lost all bowels for their children, and become the most violent persecutors, when the blessed religion of popery has been in dispute. Children, for its sake, have destroyed their parents, and the world has been turned into a field of blood, to feed and support those dreadful slaughterers, the mass-priests; and gratify the blind and impious religious fancies of their well-taught religionists, commonly called catholics. What I have suffered gives me a true sense of popery. It has made me consider its errors and iniquities with double attention. I tremble at the thoughts of its prevailing in this land.

How direful is popery; whether we consider it in a religious view, or regard it as a political contrivance, to gratify the avarice and ambition of the clergy, it appears the just object of our contempt, as well as of our abhorrence. It not only makes its priests the slaughterers of mankind; witness the inquisition, the Morisco's, Thorn*, England, Ireland, France, the Low Countries, Hungary, and other theatres of barbarity, the most shocking and inhuman; but it causes even husbands to become mere devils to wives who are angels of women in mind and body, and can only be charged with their being protestants. Could that religion come down from heaven, which claims a right not only to persecute single persons, but to devote whole nations to destruction by the blackest treachery, and most inhuman massacres; and which teaches such absurdities as transubstantiation, masses, purgatory, penances, indulgences, and attrition: absurdities that dissipate the poor Romans of those guilty fears, which natural conscience might otherwise keep alive in men. Such things, without mentioning the

* The Morisco's were expelled Spain, in the year 1492; the inquisition was erected four years after, and the doings at Thorn, by which the quantity of blood formerly spilt on the ground by ever-cursed popery was increased, in the year 1724.

adoration of the cross and other images, and the increasing multitude of imaginary mediators, entirely destroy the credibility of any system with which they are connected. God cannot be the author of a scheme which weakens and corrupts the law of nature.

" But as to my tragical relation," continued Leonora, " being thus left by BURKE in this sad situation, bleeding, and miserable with pains, but still in dread of worse usage on his return, I crawled down stairs, to a small door in a back place, which opened to a private way out of the house. This was known only to myself, as it was a passage my father had made, in case of thieves, or any villains, from a little unfrequented cellar, by a narrow ascending arch, to a thicket in the corner of a shrubby field, at a small distance from the house. To a labyrinth made in this small grove I made what haste I could, and had not been long there, before I perceived through the trees my inhuman husband; and as he came near me, heard him say, she shall tell me where my money is, for all she has is mine; and worship our lady and the host, or I will burn her flesh off her bones, and make her feel as many torments here, as the heretics are tortured with in everlasting pain. The sight of the monster made me tremble to so violent a degree, that I was scarcely able to proceed to the cottage of a poor woman, my

sure friend, about two miles from the place I was hid in; but I did my best to creep through cross ways, and after many difficulties, and suffering much by going over ditches, I got to my resting-place. The old woman, my nurse, screeched at the sight of me, as I was sadly torn, and all over gore. Such a spectacle as I presented has been seldom seen. But by peace and proper things, I got well again in two months, and removed to this lone house, which my father had built in this spot for his occasional retirement. Here I have been for two years past, and am as happy as I desire to be: nay vastly so, as I am now free and delivered from a monster, whose avarice and cruelty made me a spectacle to angels and men: because, Sir, I would not reduce myself to the state of a beggar, to satisfy his insatiable love of money: nor worship his dead woman, and bit of bread; his rabble of saints, images, relics, and that sovereign cheat, the Pope; because I would not give up all I had, and become an idolater, as far more despicable and sinful than the antient Pagans; as the Romish ritual and devotions, are more stupid and abominable than the Heathen religion; for disobedience in these respects, pains and penalties without ceasing were my appointment, and I was for some months as miserable as the damned.

"Such, Sir, was my fatal marriage, which I

thought would be a stock of such felicities, that time only by many years could reduce to an evanescent state, and deprive me of. As Venus was at the bridal with her whole retinue; the ardent amorous boy, the sister-graces in their loose attire; Aglavia, Thalia, and Euphrosine, bright, blooming, and gay; and was attended by Youth, that wayward thing without her; was conducted by Mercury, the god of eloquence, and by Pitho, the goddess of persuasion; as all seemed pleasurable and enchanting, my young imagination formed golden scenes, and painted a happiness quite glorious and secure. But how precarious and perishing is what we mortals call felicity! Love and his mother disappeared very soon, as I have related; and to them succeeded impetuous passion, intense, raging, and terrible, with all the furies in the train. The masked hero I had married was a Phalaris, a miser, a papist; a wretch who had no taste for love, no conception of virtue, no sense of charms; but to gold and popery would sacrifice every thing that is fair and laudable. Le Diable a quatre he shined in as a player, and was the Devil himself in flesh and blood. Where is the rest of your gold, you b——? with uplifted arm, was the cry thundered in my ears. You shall be a catholic, d—— you, or I will pinch off the flesh from your bones."

Here the beautiful LEONORA had done, and I wondered very greatly at her relation, nor was her action in speaking it, and the spirit with which she talked, less surprising. With admiration I beheld her, and was not a little pleased, that I had found in my neighbourhood so extraordinary a person, and so very fine an original. This lady had some reason to abhor the word catholic, and might well be angry with popery, though she carried her resentment a little too far; but had the Reader seen her attitude, her energies, and the faces she made, when she mentioned the corruptions of popery, or the word husband, sure I am, it would be thought much more striking than Garrick in Richard, or Shuter in his exhibition of Old Philpot. I was greatly delighted with her, and as she was very agreeable in every thing, I generally went every second day to visit her, during the short time I continued in Richmondshire.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler scenes,
To shady bow'rs, and never-fading greens;
To flow'ry meads, the vales, and mazy woods,
Some sweet soft seat, adorn'd with springs and floods:
Where with the muses, I may spend my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays.
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;

While gently with one sigh this mortal frame,
Dissolving turns to ashes whence it came;
And my free'd soul departs without a groan,
In transport wings her flight to worlds unknown.

July 2, 1734, I journeyed from Orton-lodge, to Bassora, to pay my respects to Dr. STANVIL and his charming consort, and was received by them both with the greatest goodness and civility; but as before, this lady did not seem to have had any former acquaintance, one might well think from the part she acted, that she had never seen me, till the accident I have related brought me to her husband's house. I did not however even hint any thing to the contrary, but turning to the Doctor a little after my arrival, began to ask him some questions.

As he had an *Essay on Fevers* in his hand, when I entered the room, I requested to know how he accounted for the effects of Cantharides, in raising and strengthening a low trembling pulse, and driving the natural heat and efflatus of the blood outward, in giving relief in delirious ravings, stupors, and loss of reason, in reducing continual fevers to distinct remissions, and in cleansing and opening the obstructed glands and lymphatics, so as to bring on the critical sweats, let loose the saliva and glandular secretions, and bring down the thick soluble urine? How does blistering, so happily

brought in by the physical bully of this age, Dr. Radcliffe, so wonderfully cool and dilute the blood? It seems to me somewhat strange.

"It is easily accounted for," replied Dr. STANVIL. "The Spanish fly, an extremely hot and perfectly caustic insect, is stocked with a subtile, active, and extremely pungent salt, which enters the blood upon the application of the blister, and passes with it through the several glandular strainers and secretory ducts. This stimulating force of the fly's salt, occasions the pain felt in making the water with a blister, which may be taken off by a thin emulsion made with the pulp of roasted apples in milk and water, and causes the liberal, foul, and stinking sweats, while the Epispastic is on.

"This being evident, it is plain from thence, that the penetrating salts of the fly, that is, the volatile pungent parts of the cantharides, act in the blood by dissolving, attenuating, and rarifying the viscid cohesions of the lymph and serum; by stimulating the nervous coats of the vessels, throw off their stagnating viscidities, and by cleansing the glands, and forcing out the coagulated serum, restore the circulation and freedom of lymph from the arteries to the veins; opening, scouring and cleansing at the same time, the expurgatory glands.

In short, as common cathartics purge the guts,

and cleanse and throw off their clammy, stagnating, and obstructing contents, by rarifying and dissolving the viscid cohesions of the fluids, and by stimulating the solids; so do the active salts of the fly penetrate the whole animal machine, become a glandular lymphatic purge, and perform the same thing in all the small straining conveying pipes, that common purgatives effect in the intestines: and as by this means, all the sluices and outlets of the glandular secretions are opened, the cantharides must be cooling, diluting, and refrigerating in their effects to the greatest degree, though so very hot, caustic, and pungent in themselves. So wonderfully has the great Creator provided for his creature, man; in giving him not only a variety of the most pleasing food, but so fine a medicine, among a thousand others, as the Spanish fly, to save him from the destroying fever, and restore him to health again. It is not by a discharge of serum, as too many doctors imagine that a blister relieves, for five times the quantity may be brought off by bleeding, vomiting, or purging; but the benefit is entirely owing to that heating, attenuating, and pungent salt of this fly, and this fly only, which the divine power and goodness has made a lymphatic purgative, or glandular cathartic for the relief of man, in this fatal and tormenting malady. Vast is our obligation to God

for all his providential blessings. Great are the wonders that he doth for the children of men."

Here the Doctor dropt off his chair, just as he had pronounced the word men, and in a moment became a lifeless sordid body. His death was occasioned by the blowing up of his stomach, as I found upon opening his body, at the request of his lady. When the blood which is confined within the vessels of the human body, is agitated with a due motion, it maintains life; but, if there be a stagnation of it in an artery, it makes an aneurism; in a vein, a varix; under the skin, a bruise; in the nose, it may excite an hæmorrhage; in the vessels of the brain, an apoplexy; in the lungs, an hæmoptoe; in the cavity of the thorax, an empyema; and when it perfectly stagnates there, immediate death.

An animal, observe me, Reader, must live so long as this fluid circulates through the conical pipes in his body, from the lesser base in the centre, the heart, to the greater in the extreme parts; and from the capillary evanescent arteries, by the nascent returning veins to the heart again; but when this fluid ceases to flow through the incurved canals, and the velocities are no longer in the inverse duplicate ratio of the inflated pipes, then it dies. The animal has done for ever with food and sex; the two great principles which move this

world, and produce not only so much honest industry, but so many wars and fightings, such cruel oppressions, and that variety of woes we read of in the tragical history of the world. Even one of them does wonders. Cunnus teterrima belli causa. And when united, the force is irresistible.

But as I was saying, when this fluid ceases to flow, the man has done with lust and hunger. The pope, the warrior, and the maid, are still. The machine is at absolute rest, that is, in perfect insensibility; and the soul of it is removed to the vestibulum or porch of the highest holy place; in a vehicle, says Wollaston, and Burnet of the Charter-house, as needful to our contact with the material system, as it must exist with a spiritual body, says the Rev. Caleb Fleming, in his *Survey of the Search after Souls*, because of its being present with its Saviour, beholding his glory, who is in human form and figure, which requires some similitude in the vehicle, in order to the more easy and familiar society and enjoyment. Or, as the learned Master of Peter-house, Dr. Edmund Law, and Dr. Sherlock, bishop of London inform us, it remains insensible for ages, till the consummation of all things; from the dissolution of the body, is stupid, senseless, and dead asleep till the resurrection.

Such was the case of my friend, Dr. STANVIL;

he dropt down dead at once. A rarefaction in his stomach, by the heat and fermentation of what he had taken the night before at supper, destroyed him. That concave viscus, or bowel, which is seated in the abdomen below the diaphragm, I mean the stomach, was inflamed, and as the descending trunk of the aorta passes down between it and the spine, that is, between the stomach and back part of the ribs, the inflation and distention of the bowel compressed and constringed the transverse section of the artery aorta, in its descending branch, and by lessening it, impeded the descent of the blood from the heart, and obliged it to ascend in a greater quantity than usual to the head. By this means, the parts of the head were distended and stretched with blood, which brought on an apoplexy, and the operation upward being violent, the equilibrium was entirely broken, and the vital tide could flow no more. This I found on opening the body. I likewise observed that, exclusive of the compressure of the descending trunk of the artery aorta; the muscular coats of the stomach were stretched, inflated, and distended; and of consequence, the blood-vessels which enter into the constitution of those muscles, were stretched, dilated, and turgid with blood, and therefore the blood could not be driven forward in the course of its circulation with

its natural and due velocity, but must prove an obstacle to the descent of the blood from the heart, and oblige almost the whole tide to move upwards. This, and the constringing the aorta, at its orifice or transverse section, between the costæ and the bowel called the stomach, is enough, I assure you, Reader, to knock up the head of a giant, and put a stop to all the operations of nature. Thus fell this gentleman in the thirty-second year of his age.

Whether the learned Dr. Edmund Law*, and the great Dr. Sherlock† bishop of London, be

* Notwithstanding all the fine learning of Dr. Law, I think he is mistaken in many of his notions, and especially in his Notes on Archbishop King's *Origin of Evil*; as I intend to shew in my *Notes* aforementioned. His *Tritheism* likewise requires a few animadversions; which I shall humbly offer with plainness, fairness, and freedom.

† Dr. Sherlock, bishop of London died at Fulham, after a long and lingering illness, Saturday, July 18, 1761, three months after the great and excellent bishop Hoadley, who departed this life at Chelsea, April 20, 1761. Sherlock and Hoadley never agreed; and which of them was right I attempt to shew in my *Notes on Men and Things and Books*. Which will be published as soon as possible. Why I think Hoadley's *Sermons* far preferable to Sherlock's, vastly beautiful though some

right, in asserting, the human soul sleeps like a bat or a swallow, in some cavern for a period, till the last trumpet awakens Lewis XIV. the hero of Voltaire and Henault; to answer for his treachery, falsehood, and cruelty; or, whether that excellent divine Mr. Fleming has declared the truth, in maintaining in his late *Survey*, that the conscious scheme was the doctrine of Christ and his apostles; this however is certain, that my friend STANVIL is either now present with his Saviour, beholding his glory, in a vehicle resembling the body of our Lord; as the dissenter just mentioned teaches; or if, according to Archdeacon Law, the author of *Considerations on the State of the World*, and my Lord of London, in his *Sermons*, the scriptures take no account of an intermediate state in death, and we shall not awake or be made alive until the day of judgment; then will my friend have eternal life at

things are in the *Discourses* of the latter; and that my Lord of Winchester's *Plain Account of the Supper* is a most rational and fine performance; as gold to earth in respect of all that has been written against this book. Why, I say, all Hoadley's Tracts are matchless and invulnerable, and that he was victor in the Bangorian controversy, the Reader will find in many considerations on these subjects in the book called *Notes*, &c. aforementioned.

the resurrection; he was as worthy a man as ever lived; an upright Christian deist, whose life was one unmixed scene of virtue and charity. He did not believe a tittle of our priestly mysteries, or regard that religion which skulks behind the enormous columns of consecrated opinions; but, as Christianity was revealed from heaven, to bring mankind to the worship of the one supreme God and governor of the world, and lead them into the paths of humanity, he rejected the superstition of Monks and their disciples, and in regard to the voice of reason, and the words of the gospel, adored only the supreme Being, manifested his love of God by keeping the commandments, and his love of his neighbour, by doing all the good in his power. Such a man was Dr. JOHN STANVIL. If men of fortune would form their manners on such a model, virtue by degrees would spread through the inferior world, and we should soon be free from superstition.

Having mentioned the sleeping and the conscious schemes, I would here examine these opinions, and shew why I cannot think, a dead inconscious silence is to be our case till the consummation of the ages; as a happiness so remote would weaken I believe the energy and influence of our conceptions and apprehensions, in respect of faith, hope, and expectations. To curb, desire, or

suffer severely here, for the sake of truth and virtue, and then cease to be, perhaps for ten thousand years to come, or much longer; (for there is not any thing in revelation, or an appearance out of it, that can incline a rational man to think he is near the day of judgment or general resurrection;) this seems to be an obstacle in the progress of the pilgrim. And therefore, why I rather think, we step immediately from the dark experiences of this first state, to a blissful consciousness in the regions of day, and by death are fixed in an eternal connexion with the wise, the virtuous, and the holy; this, I say, I would in the next place proceed to treat of, by considering what the scriptures reveal in relation to death, and what is most probable in reason; but that it is necessary to proceed in my story.

When the beautiful Mrs. STANVIL saw her husband was really dead, and had paid that decent tribute of tears to his memory, which was due to a man, who left her in his will all his estates, real and personal, to be by her disposed of as she pleased, she sent for me to her chamber the next morning, and after a long conversation with her, told me, she could now own who she was, and instead of acting any longer by the directions of her head, let me know from her heart, that she had still the same regard for me, as when we travelled away together

from her father's house in the West, to the North of England; and if I would stay at Bassora where I was, but for three months she must be away, she would then return, and her fortune and hand I might command. This I readily consented to, and when the funeral was over she departed. For the time agreed on, I continued in the house, and to a day she was punctual in her return. We were married the week after, and I was even happier than I had ever been before, which must amount to a felicity inconceivably great indeed. Six months we resided at her seat, and then thought it best to pay a visit to my father in Ireland. We arrived at Bagatrogh Castle in the western extremity of that island, in the spring of the year 1735, and were most kindly received.

My father longed to see me, and was very greatly rejoiced at my coming; but I found him in a dying way, paralytic all over, and scarcely able to speak. To my amazement, he was become as strict a unitarian as myself, and talked with abhorrence of Athanasian religion. This was owing, he said, to my manuscript Remarks which I left with him on Lord Nottingham's *Answer to Whiston's Letter* to his Lordship; which manuscript of mine he had often read over when I was gone, and thereby was thoroughly convinced, on considering my reason-

ing, that Christians are expressly commanded, upon pain of God's displeasure, to worship one supreme God, and him only, in the name and through the mediation of Jesus Christ. Upon this religious practice as a fundamental rule he had at last fixed. He saw it was the safe way, and would never depart from it. He told me, the parson of his parish, a right orthodox divine, who had been his chum in the university, and very intimate with him, was greatly troubled at this change in his sentiments, and said many severe things; but he no more minded the Athanasians now, than he did the idolatrous papists. This gave me great pleasure, and recompensed me for what I had suffered on a religious account. I gave thanks to God that truth through my means had prevailed.

And now my candid Reader, to take my leave of you at this time, I have only to observe, that as this volume is full large, I can only say in a short summary, that soon after my arrival at Bagatrogh Castle, my father's seat on Mall-Bay, on the coast of Galway in Ireland, the old gentleman died, and as in a passion, he had irrevocably settled the greatest part of his large estate on a near relation of mine, and had it not in his power to leave me more than a hundred a year, a little ready money, and a small ship, which lay before his door in the Bay,

he descended to the grave in great trouble, with many tears. Like old Isaac over Esau, he wept bitterly, and wished in vain, that it was in his power to undo what he had done.

As soon as my father was buried, I returned to England with my wife, in the little vessel, now my own, which lay in the Bay, and immediately after landing, and laying up my ship in a safe place, we went to Bassora again, there lived for one year as happy as two mortals could be; but in the beginning of the year 1736, she died of the small pox, and to divert my mind, it came into my head to go to sea, and make some voyages in my own little ship, which was an excellent one for strength and sailing, though but a sloop of twenty-five tons. I went captain myself, and had an ingenious young gentleman, one JACKMAN, for my mate, who had been in the East Indies several times, six good hands, and two cabin-boys. Every thing necessary, convenient, and fit, books, mathematical instruments, &c. we took on board, and weighed anchor the 5th of July, 1736.

We went on shore at the Canary Islands, the Cape de Verd Islands, and other places. We passed the Sun in 15 degrees North latitude, and from that time standing South, crossed the Line; the heats intolerable, and the musquitoes and bugs in-

sufferable. We soon lost sight of the Northern star, and had the Crosiers and Magellan clouds in view. In three months time we anchored at St. Catharine's on the coast of Brazil. The second of December we saw the Streights la Maine, that run betwixt Terra del Fuego and Staten, and is the boundary between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; but instead of venturing into them, and hazarding our lives among the impetuous blasts and waves which sweep round Cape Horn, as Admiral Anson did on the 7th of March 1741, two months too late, by the fault of the ministry, in his way to the South Seas; we kept out at sea to the East of Staten-land, and ran to the latitude 64, before we stood to the Westward. The weather was fine, as it was then the height of summer, to wit, in December and January. All the occurrences in this course, the discovery we made in the latitude above-mentioned of an inhabited island, governed by a young Queen, and what appeared and happened there, and in our run from thence to Borneo and Asia, round the globe; and from China to Europe, on our return home; with the events we afterwards met with, and the observations I made in other places, the Reader will find in a book called, *The Voyages and Travels of Dr. Lorimer.*

Nine years of my life were spent in travelling

and sailing about, and at last I returned to rest and reflect, and in rational amusements pass the remainder of my time away. I retired to a little flowery retreat I had purchased within a few miles of London, that I might easily know what was doing in this hemisphere, while I belong to it; and in the midst of groves and streams, fields and lawns, have lived as happily ever since, as a mortal can do on this Planet.

Dr. Cheyne by the way, I observe, calls it a ruined Planet, in his wild posthumous book; * a notion he had from enthusiastic Law, † his master, but from

* It is a question with some, if this book was not written by the Doctor's visionary daughter, or by her and the Rev. Athanasian bigot, her brother. But as I knew the Doctor after he was a little cracked with imaginary religion, and have heard him talk as in this book, I am positive it is his.

† William Law, the father of our Methodists, and the disciple of Jacob Behmen the theosopher, died at King's Cliff near Nottingham, April 13, 1761, seven days before bishop Hoadley, against whom he was a bitter writer in the Bangorian controversy. I knew this famous visionary very well, and shall remark largely on his writings in my *Notes relating to Men and Things and Books.*

Law was the most amazing compound I have ever seen. He was a man of sense, a fine writer, and a fine gentleman; and yet the wildest enthusiast that ever ap-

what I have seen on three continents, and in traversing the ocean round the globe, from West to

peared among men. His temper was charming, sweet, and delightful; and his manners quite primitive and uncommonly pious: he was all charity and goodness, and so soft and gentle in conversation, that I have thought myself in company with one of the men of the first church at Jerusalem while with him. He had likewise the justest notions of Christian temper and practice, and recommended them in so insinuating a manner, that even a rake would hear him with pleasure. I have not seen any like him among the sons of men in these particulars. It was wrong to put him in the *Dunciad*, and call him one Law, as Pope does. He was really a very extraordinary man; and to his honour be it remembered, that he had the great concern of human life at heart, took much pains in the pulpit, and from the press, witness his two fine books *On a Devout Life*; to make men fear God and keep his commandments. He was a good man indeed.

But what strange books did he write! His *Appeal to the Deists*, His *Spirit of Prayer and Love*, His *Earnest and Serious Answer to Trapp*. His Notes and Illustrations on Behmen. His Replies to Hoadley; and, what is stranger still, his abuse of bishop Hoadley, in his *Appeal* I have mentioned.

Here, had I room, I would relate a very curious conversation that passed between Dr. Theophilus Bolton, archbishop of Cashell in Ireland, a most excellent, most

East, and from the Southern latitude 64, to 66 North; a Planet in reality so divinely made and perfect, that one can never sufficiently adore and praise an infinitely wise God for such a piece of his handy work. A world so wisely contrived, so accurately made, as to demonstrate the Creator's being and attributes, and cause every rational mortal to acknowledge that Jehovah is our God, and fear and obey so great and tremendous a Being the power and glory of our God.

But as I was saying, after my return, I bought a little spot and country-house, where I might rest from my labours, and easily know what is doing in this hemisphere: how gloriously our most gracious and excellent king endeavours to advance the felicity of his people, and promote the honour and dignity of Great Britain: how indefatigable the present ministry is in pursuing such measures, as demonstrate they have the interest of their country at heart; as evince how well they supply the de-

sensible, and most learned man, and me, on the third night's sale of archbishop King's library in Dublin, in relation to Mr. Law. It happened on his Lordship's buying Jacob Behmen's Works for a pound, and then asking me who stood by him, if I had read them, and could enable him to understand them? But this I must place in my Notes aforementioned.

ficiencies of their predecessors in office; and how zealously the combined wisdom of the whole legislature acts for the preservation of the Britannic constitution, and the liberties and properties of the people; that the ends of the late war may be answered, and the peace at last give universal satisfaction.

To hear such news; and know what France and Spain are doing; and what the renowned Anti-Sejanus, who deserves the curse and hatred of the whole community as an abetter of arbitrary power, and for attempting to raise the prerogative, is writing; I purchased a retirement near the capital, a spot surrounded with woods and streams, plants and flowers; and over which a silence hovers, that gives a relish to still life, and renders it a contrast to the busy, bustling, envious crowds of men.

Here I sat down at last, and have done with hopes and fears for ever.

" Here grant me, heav'n, to end my peaceful days,
And pass what's left of life in studious ease;
Here court the muses, whilst the sun on high,
Flames in the vault of heav'n, and fires the sky;
Soon as Aurora from her golden bow'rs,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;

Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew;
Oft from the bursting tombs, in fancy raise
The sons of Fame, who liv'd in antient days;
Oft listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.
Or when the night's dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale moon begins her solemn round;
When night has drawn her curtains o'er the plain,
And silence reassumes her awful reign;
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant orbs that float im ambient air,
And with a regular confusion stray,
Oblique, direct, along the aërial way:
Fountains of day! stupendous orbs of light!
Which by their distance lessen to the sight:
And if the glass you use, t'improve your eyes
Millions beyond the former millions rise.
For no end were they made? Or, but to blaze
Through empty space, and useless spend their rays?
Or ought we not with reason to reply,
Each lucid point which glows in yonder sky,
Informs a system in the boundless space,
And fills with glory its appointed place:
With beams, unborrow'd, brightens other skies,
And worlds, to thee unknown, with heat and life supplies.

But chiefly, O my soul, apply to loftier themes,
The opening heav'ns, and angels robed with flames:
Read in the sacred leaves how time began,
And the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets giv'n,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heav'n.
Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
Of transient life, in no unuseful ease:
Enjoy each hour, nor as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day;
Of right observant; while my soul attends
Each duty, and makes heav'n and angels friends:
Can welcome death with Faith's expecting eye,
And mind no pangs, since Hope stands smiling by;
Nor studious how to make a longer stay,
Views heav'nly plains and realms of brighter day;
Shakes off her load, and wing'd with ardent love,
Spurns at the earth, and springs her flight above,
Soaring through air to realms where angels dwell,
Pities the shrieking friends, and leaves the lessning bell."

APPENDIX.

THE
TABLE OF CEBES:
A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN AN OLD MAN AND A TRAVELLER.

While we were walking in the temple of Saturn, in the city of Thebes, and viewing the votive honours of the God, the various offerings which had been presented to that deity, we observed at the entrance of the Fane, a picture tablet that engaged our attention, as it was a thing entirely new, both with regard to the painting and the design. For some time, we stood considering the device and fable, but still found ourselves unable to guess the meaning. The piece did not seem to be either a city or a camp; but was a kind of a walled court, that had within it two other inclosures, and one of them was larger than the other. The first court opened at a gate, before which a vast crowd of people appeared, impatient to enter; and within a group of female figures was represented. Stationed at the porch without, was seen a venerable form, who looked like some great teacher, and seemed to warn the rushing multitude. Long we gazed at this work, but were not able to understand the design, till

THE

MYTHOLOGICAL PICTURE OF CEBES:

BY THE REV. AND FAMOUS

JEREMY COLLIER.

As we were taking a turn in Saturn's temple, we saw a great many consecrated presents, remarkable enough for their curiosity. Amongst the rest, we took particular notice of a picture hung over the door; the piece we perceived was all emblem and mythology; but then the representation was so singular and out of custom, that we were perfectly at a loss whence it should come, and what was the meaning of it. Upon a strict view, we found it was neither a city, nor a camp, but a sort of court, with two partitions of the same figure within it, though one of them was larger than the other. The first court had a crowd of people at the gate, and within we saw a great company of women. Just at the entrance of the first gate, there stood an old man, who by his gesture and countenance, seemed to be busy in giving advice to the crowd as they came in. And being long at a stand about the design of the fable, a grave man somewhat in years, making up, begins to discourse us in this manner. Gentlemen, says

till an old man came up to us, and spoke in the following manner.

§ 1. *O.* It is no wonder strangers, that you cannot comprehend this picture: for even our inhabitants are not able to give a solution of the allegoric scene. The piece is not an offering of any of our citizens, but the work of a foreigner, a man of great learning and virtue, and a zealous disciple of the Samian or Elean sages, who arrived here many years ago, and by his conversation instructed us in the best learning, which is morality. It was he built and consecrated this temple to Saturn, and placed here this picture you see before you.

T. And did you know, (I said) and converse with this wise man?

O. Yes, (he replied) I was long acquainted with him, and as he was but young, and talked with great judgment upon the most important subjects, with astonishment I have listened to him, and with pleasure heard him explain the moral of this fable.

T. Expound to us then, (I conjure you) the meaning of the picture, if business does not call you away; for we long to be instructed in the design of the piece.

O. I am at leisure, (the old man answered) and willingly consent to your request; but I must inform you

says he, I understand you are strangers, and therefore it is no wonder the history of this picture should puzzle you; for there are not many of our own countrymen that can explain it. For you are to observe, this is none of our town manufacture*. But a long while ago, a certain outlandish man† of great sense and learning, and who by his discourse and behaviour, seemed to be a disciple of Pythagoras and Parmenides; this gentleman, I say, happening to travel hither, built this structure, and dedicated both the temple and this piece of painting to Saturn. Sir, said I, had you any acquaintance with this gentleman. Yes, says he, I had the benefit of his conversation, and was one of his admirers a long time. For, to my thinking, though he was but young, he talked at a strange significant rate‡.

N. B. The remainder of Collier's facetious version is omitted, for want of room.

* The Greek words which Collier renders town-manufacture, are πολιτικον αναθημα.

† And what he calls outlandish, is ξενος.

‡ The Greek is, διελεγετο πολλα και σπουδαια.

you first, there is some danger in what you ask. If you hearken with attention, and by consideration understand the precepts, you will become wise, virtuous, and blest*: if otherwise, you will be abandoned, blind, and miserable†. The explanation of the picture resembles the enigma of the Sphinx, which she proposed to every passenger that came that way. If they could expound the riddle they were safe; but if they failed in the attempt, they were destroyed by the monster‡. Folly is as it were a Sphinx to mankind. She asks you, How is good and ill defined? If you cannot explain the problem, and happen to misjudge, you perish by degrees, and become the victim of her cruelty. You do not die immediately, as the unhappy did by the Theban monster; but by the force and operation of folly, you will find yourself dying from day to day, your rational part wounded and decayed, every noble power of the soul confounded, and like those given up to punishment for life, feel the last of those pangs, which guilt prepares for the stupid: but if by

* Εσεσθε φρονιμοι και ευδαιμονες.

† αφρονες, και κακοδαιμονες, και ταικροι, και αμαθεις.

‡ This monster, who lived near Thebes, was said to be the daughter of Typhon and Echidna, and had a head and face like a girl, wings like a bird, and in the rest like a dog.

thinking, you can understand and discern the boundaries of good and ill, then Folly like the Sphinx must perish, aud your life will be blest with happiness and serenity. Hear me then with all your attention.

These things being previously observed by the old man, and we intreating him to begin, he lifted up a wand he held, and pointing to the picture, said, the first inclosure represents human life, and the multitude at the gate, those who are daily entering into the world. That aged person you see on an eminence, directing with one hand, and holding in the other a roll, which is the code of reason, is the genius of mankind; benevolent, he seems to bend, and teach the people what they ought to do; shews them as they enter into life the path they ought to take; the way which leads to danger, and that which bears to safety and happiness.

T. And which is the way, (I said) and how are they to find it?

O. That you shall know hereafter: but at present you must take notice of that painted woman seated on a throne very near the gate. She is called Delusion, and by every art, with fawn and soft infection, presents a bowl of ignorance and error to all that enter into life. They take the cup, and in proportion to what they have drank of the

intoxicating mixture, are led away by the women you see, at a little distance from Imposture, to destruction some, and some to safety; less erring and less blind those being who have but tasted of Delusion's cup.

These women so variously drest, and so profusely gay, are called the Opinions, Desires, and Pleasures. You observe how they embrace each mortal as he arrives within the gate, promise the greatest blessings, and compel their votaries to wander with them where they please.

T. But who (I asked) is that woman placed on a globe, who appears not only blind, but seems to be wild and distracted? Incessantly she walks about, and flings her favours capriciously. From some she snatches their effects and possessions, and bestows them upon others.

O. They call her Fortune (replied the old man). Her attitude marks her character. Her gifts are as unstable as her tottering ball; and all who depend upon her specious promises, are deceived when most they trust her, and find themselves exposed to the greatest misfortunes.

T. There is a great crowd I perceive surrounding her, and if too commonly she meditates mischief, whenever she smiles, what is the meaning of their attendance?

O. These are the inconsiderate, and stand there to catch the toys she blindly scatters among them; (wealth, fame, titles, an offspring, strength or beauty, the victor's laurel, and arbitrary power). Those who rejoice, and are lavish in their praises of this divinity, have received some favours from her, and call her the goddess of good fortune. But those whom you see weeping and wringing their hands, are such whom she has deprived of every good; they curse her as the goddess of ill-fortune.

T. But (replied I) as to riches, glory, nobility, a numerous posterity, power, and honour, which you called toys, why are they not real advantages?

O. Of these things (our instructor answered) we shall speak hereafter more fully. At present it is better to continue the explication of the picture.

§ 2. Cast your eyes next then on that higher inclosure, (proceeded the old man) and take notice of the women on the outside thereof. You observe how wantonly they are drest. The first of them is Incontinence, loosely zoned, her bosom bare; and the other three are, Riot, Covetousness, and Flattery. They watch for the favourites of fortune. You see they caress them, and try to bring them to the pleasures of their soft retreat; where the bowl sparkles, the song resounds, and joys to joys suc-

ceed in every jocund hour. But at length Distress appears, and the favourite of a day discovers, that his happiness was merely imaginary, under a delusion; but the evils that attend his pleasures real. When he has wasted all he had received from fortune, he is forced to enter himself into the service of those mistresses, and by them compelled to dare the foulest and most desperate deeds; villain and knave he becomes; stabs for a purse; his country sells for gold; and by deceit and sacrilege, by perjury, treachery, and theft, endeavours for some time to live. But shiftless at length, and unable to acquire support by crimes, they are consigned to the dire gripe of Punishment.

T. What is she, I beg you will inform us?

O. Look beyond those women, called the Opinions, (continued the old man) and you will see a low gate, opening into a dark and narrow cave: you may observe at the entrance of it, three female figures very swarthy and foul, covered with rags and filthiness; and near them, standing naked by their side, a frightful lean man*. Close to him

* This man Collier calls, an ill-looking skeleton of a fellow, with scarce a tatter to his limbs. Cant! The Greek is, τις δυσειδης λεπτος, και γυμνος.

is another woman, so meagre and ghastly you perceive, that it is not possible for any thing to resemble him more.

T. We see them, and request to be informed who they are?

O. The first with a whip in her hand, is Punishment, and next to her sits Sadness, with her head reclining on her knees; that woman tearing her hair is Trouble; the naked lean man is Sorrow, and the image by his side wild Despair. You see they are all going to seize the unhappy man of pleasure, and make him feel the greatest pain and anguish. For they carry him to the house of Misery, and in the pit of Woe he is to pass the remainder of life, unless Repentance comes to his relief.

T. And what then follows, (I said) if Repentance interposes?

O. She rescues him from his tormentors, and gives him a new view of things. He has from her some account of true learning, but the hint so short, that it may lead him likewise to false learning. If he be so happy as to understand, and chuse right, he is delivered from prejudice and error, and passes the rest of his days in tranquillity and peace: but if he be mistaken, instead of wisdom, he only gains that amusing counterfeit, which turns him from vice to studious folly.

T. Great (I replied) are the risks we mortals run. But who is this false learning?

§ 3. *O.* At the entrance of the second inclosure*, you may observe a woman neatly drest, and of a good appearance; decent the port,—spotless the form. This is the counterfeit, but the vulgar call her true learning. Even the happy few, who succeed in the pursuit of wisdom, are commonly detained too long by this deceiving fair one. Nor is it strange; for, skilled as she is in all the learning, and in every art can grace the head, you see what crowds of admirers she has; poets, orators, logicians, musicians, arithmeticians, geometricians, astrologers, and critics.

T. But who, (I asked my instructor,) are those women, so busy on every side, and so earnest in their addresses to this company? They look like Incontinence and her companions, and the opinions whom you shewed us in the first court. Do they also frequent the second inclosure?

O. Yes, (replied the old man) Incontinence is sometimes seen here. The opinions do likewise enter; for the early portion these men received from Imposture still operates. Ignorance finds a place

* The three inclosures in Cebes, allude to the division of human life into the sensual, the studious, and the virtuous.

here; and even Extravagance and Folly. They remain under the power of these, till having left false learning, they enter upon the path that leads to Wisdom. When they arrive at the enlightened ground of Truth, they get her sovereign remedy*, and are freed from the ill effects of Ignorance and Error. This enables them to throw off the wild hypothesis, the learned romance, and to employ the precious hours of life in thinking to the wisest purposes. Had they staid with false learning, they never could have delivered themselves from these evils.

T. Proceed then, I pray you, (said I) and shew us the way that leads to Happiness and Wisdom.

* Collier translates it,—they enter into a course of physic. The Greek is, και πιωσι την καθαρτικην δυναμιν τουτων. And what Collier a little before translates, 'She opens a vein, and gives them a glass of her *constitution*:' when they have taken the stirrup cup: brimmers: the lasses frisk about: salute with a deal of welcome, and then lug them off, some to ruin, and some to the gallows. All this, and much more night-cellar stuff, the Theban philosopher had not an idea of, as any one may see who can turn to the Greek. How Collier learned such guard-phrases, and why he used them, seemed for some time very strange to me, till I was informed by one who knew this divine well, that in the days of his youth, he kept very low company, and was known at several night-houses. In that period of his life, he translated Cebes.

§ 4. *O.* Do you see (proceeded the venerable man,) that rising ground, which appears so desert and uninhabited. You may observe upon it a little gate, that opens in a narrow and unfrequented path; the avenue a rugged rocky way. You perceive a little onward, a steep and craggy mountain with precipices on either side, which sink to a frightful depth. This is the way to Wisdom.

T. It seems a dreadful way, as painted in this table.

O. Yet higher still observe that rock, towards the mountain's brow, and take notice of the two figures which sit upon its edge, and appear to be as beautiful and comely as the goddess of health. They are sisters; Temperance the one, Patience the other. With friendship in their looks, and arms protended over the verge of the cliff, you see them lean, to encourage those who pass this way, and rouze the spirits of the fainting sons of Wisdom, who has stationed these two sisters there. They urge the brave men on; tell them the hardships will lessen by degrees, the passage will become more easy and agreeable as they advance, and offer them their assistance to ascend the summit, and reach the top of the rock. That being gained, they shew them the easiness and pleasantness of the rest of the way to wisdom: the charming road invites one's eyes: how smooth and flowery, green and delightful, does it appear!

T. It does indeed.

§ 5. *O.* Look next (the excellent old man continued,) at that distant blooming wood, and near it you will see a beautiful meadow, on which there seems to fall a light as from a purer heaven, a kind of double day. In this lightsome field *, you may perceive a gate which opens into another inclosure, which is the abode of the blessed. Here the Virtues dwell with Happiness. In this region of eternal beauty, the righteous rest.

T. It does appear a charming place.

O. Observe then near the portal, a beauteous form of a composed aspect: She seems mature in life, and her robe is quite plain, without affectation or ornaments. Her eyes are piercing; her mien sedate: she stands not on a globe, like Fortune, but upon a cube of marble, fixed as the rock she is on before the gate. You see on either side of her two lovely nymphs, the very copies of her looks and air. This matron in the middle is true learning, Wisdom herself; and the two young beauties are Truth and Persuasion. Her standing on a square, is an expressive type of certainty in the way to her †; and denotes the unalterable and permanent nature of the

* Λειμωνοειδὴς, καὶ φωτὶ πολλῷ καταλαμπόμενος.

† Καθεστηκυῖα τὸ πρόσωπον, *constanti vultu*, or *constans vultum*.

blessings she bestows on those who come to her. From her they receive courage and serenity; that confidence and contempt of fear, which exempts the happy possessors from any disturbance, by the accidents and calamities of life.

T. These are valuable gifts. But why without the walls does Wisdom stand?

O. To present the purifying bowl to those who approach, and restore them to themselves. As a physician by degrees first finds out the cause of a violent disorder, and then removes it, in order to restore the man to health; so Wisdom, as she knows their malady, administers her sovereign medicine, and frees them from all their evils. She expels the mischiefs they had received from delusion, their ignorance and error, and delivers them from pride, lust, anger, avarice, and all the other vices they had contracted in the first inclosure. In a word, she restores them to sanity, and then sends them in to Happiness and the Virtues.

T. Who are they? (I said).

§ 6. *O.* Do you not see within the gate, (my instructor replied, a society of matrons, beautiful and modest, drest unaffected, and without any thing of the gay excess? These are Science and her sisters, Fortitude, Justice, and Integrity, Temperance, Modesty, Liberality, Continence, Clemency, and

Patience. They hail their guests, and the company seem to be in raptures.

T. But when the friends to virtue are admitted into this charming society, where do they lead then to?

O. See you not (resumed the good old man,) the hill beyond the grove; that eminence which is the highest point of all the inclosures, and commands a boundless prospect. There, on a glorious throne, you may observe a majestic person in her bloom, well drest, but without art or lavish cost, and her temples adorned with a beautiful tiar: This is Happiness, the regent of that blessed abode, and as the moral heroes approach her, you may perceive her, with the Virtues who stand assistant round her, going to reward the friends of wisdom with such crowns as are bestowed on conquerors.

T. Conquerors! (I said) In what conflicts have these persons been victorious?

O. They have, in their way to the realm of Happiness, destroyed the most formidable and dangerous monsters, who would have destroyed them, if they had not been subdued: these savage beasts at war with man are, ignorance and error; grief, vexation, avarice, intemperance, and every thing that is evil. These are vanquished, and have lost all their

away, and often deprives of what we had before, we are neither to esteem or despise her; but if we should receive from her a gift, take care to employ it immediately to some good purpose, and especially, in the acquisition of true science, the most lasting and precious possession. If we act otherwise, in respect of Fortune, we imitate those wretched usurers, who rejoice at the money paid in to them, as if they received it for their own use; but pay it back with regret, forgetting the condition, that it was to be returned to the proprietor on demand. Regardless of Fortune then, and all her changes in this mortal life, the genius advises to pass bravely on, without hearkening to the solicitations of Incontinence and Luxury in the first inclosure, to reject their temptations, and go on to false learning: with her he would have us make a short stay, to learn what may be of service to use in our journey to wisdom. This is the advice of the genius to those who enter into life.

T. Here the good old man had done, and I thanked him for his explanation of the picture. Only one thing (I said) there was more, which I must request he would tell me the meaning of. What is it we can get by our stay with false learning?

O. Things (he answered) that may be of use to us. The languages, and other parts of education,

which Plato recommends, may hinder us from being worse employed, and keep us from illicit gratification. They are not absolutely necessary to true happiness; but they contribute to make us better. Something good and useful they do afford; though virtue, which ought to be the principal business in view may be acquired without them. We may become wise without the assistance of the arts, though (as observed before,) they are far from being useless: as by a good translation made into our own tongue, we may know what an author means, and yet by taking the pains to become masters of the original language, might gain more advantages, such as entering better into the writer's sense, and discovering some beauties which cannot otherwise be found: so the useful things in the sciences may be very quickly and easily learned, and though by great labour in becoming accurately acquainted with them, we might fill our heads with speculations, yet this cannot make us the wiser and better men. Without being learned, we may be wise and good.

T. And are the learned then in no better a condition than the people in respect of moral excellence? (I (said). Are the speculations of the scholar, and the arts and fine inventions of the schools, of no use in perfecting the moral character? This to me seems a little strange.

T. What you say is just. But who are all these persons descending the hill?

O. Those that are crowned (the old man said) are the happy few I have described. You see what joy is in their faces: and those who seem forlorn and desperate, under the command of certain women, are such who by their folly have not found the way to true learning; or stopping at the rough and narrow ascent you observed, went to look for an easier path, and so quite lost the road. The tormentors who drive them on are, Trouble, Despair, Ignominy, and Ignorance. Wretched you see them return into the first inclosure, to Luxury and Incontinence: and yet they do not accuse themselves as the authors of their own ruin, which is very strange; but rail at Wisdom, and revile her ways; asserting, that the true pleasures of life are only to be found in luxury and riot. Like the brutes, they place the whole satisfaction of man in the gratification of sensual appetite.

T. But who are those other lovely women, who return down the hill so full of gaiety and mirth?

O. They are the Opinions, who having conducted the virtuous to the region of light, are coming back to inviteand carry others thither, by shewing them the felicity and success of those they brought to the mansion of Wisdom.

T. And do the Opinions never enter with those they bring into that happy place, where the virtues and true learning reside?

O. No: Opinion can never reach to science; they only deliver their charge into the hands of wisdom, and then, like ships that give up their lading, in order to sail for a new cargo, they return to bring other Eleves to reason and felicity.

T. This explanation of the table, (I said) is quite satisfactory: but you have not yet informed us, what the good genius bids the multitude do, as they appear on the verge of life?

O. He charges them to act with courage, and be magnanimous and brave in all events; a thing I recommend to you, young man; and that you may have a true idea of this, I will tell you what I mean by a bold spirit, in passing through this world.

§ 7. *O.* Then lifting up his arm again, and pointing with his wand to a figure in the picture; that blind woman standing on a globe, as I told you before, is Fortune. The genius forbids us to trust her, or imagine her smiles will be lasting happiness. Reason is never concerned in what she does. It is Fortune still; without principle she acts, is arbitrary and capricious, and inconsiderately and rashly for ever proceeds. Regard not then her favours, nor mind her frowns: but as she gives and takes

power. The moral hero triumphs now, though their slave before.

T. Great atchievements indeed! A glorious conquest. But exclusive of the honour of being crowned by Happiness and the Virtues, is there any salutary power in the crown that adorns the hero's head?

O. There is, young man. The virtue of it is great. Possessing this, he is happy and blessed. He derives his felicity from no external object, but from himself alone.

T. O happy victory! And being thus crowned, what does the hero do, where next his steps?

O. Conducted by the Virtues, he goes back to survey his first abode, and see the crowd he left; how miserably they pass their time; waste all their hours in crimes, and in the whirl of passions live. Slaves to ambition, pride, incontinence, vanity, and avarice, they appear tormented with endless anxiety. They have forgot the instructions the good genius gave them, at their entrance into life, and suffer thus because they cannot find the way to Wisdom.

T. True: (I said) But I cannot comprehend, why the Virtues should bring the heroes back to the place they came from: why should they return to view a well-known scene?

O. The reason (answered my instructor) is, because they had not a true idea what they had seen. Surrounded by a confusion of things as they passed on, they could not distinctly perceive what was done. The mists of ignorance and error obscured the prospect as they journied on, and by that means, they were subject to mistakes. They could not always distinguish between good and evil. But now that they have attained to true learning, with concern they behold the mad world the virtues shew them again, and being enlightned by wisdom, are perfectly happy in themselves. The misery of the numberless fools they behold now, strikes them very strongly, and gives them a delightful relish for their present happiness.

T. It must be so. And when they have seen these things, where do they then go?

O. Wherever they please. Safely they may travel where they will: in all times, and in all places they are secure, as their integrity is their defence. Every where they live esteemed and beloved by all. The female monsters I have mentioned, Grief, Trouble, Lust, Avarice, or Poverty, have now no power to hurt them; but as if possessed of some virtuous drug, they can grasp the viper, and defy destruction.

O. Blind as the crowd is the man of letters, in this particular (my instructor replied): all his studies and curious knowledge have no relation to his living right. With all the tongues, and all the arts, he may be a libertine, a sot, a miser, or a knave, a traitor to his country, and have no moral character at all. This we see every day.

T. But what is the cause of so strange a thing! I requested to know? I observe that these men of letters seem to sit down contented in the second inclosure, and do not attempt to go on to the third where Wisdom resides; though they see continually before their eyes so many passing on from the first court, where they had lived for some time in lewdness and excess, to the habitation of true learning.

O. It is their remaining in this second inclosure, that occasions their being inferior in moral things to those who have not had a learned education. Proud and self-sufficient on account of their languages, arts, and sciences, they despise what Wisdom could teach them, and will not give themselves the trouble of ascending with difficulty to the mansion of true learning. They have no taste for the lessons of Wisdom; while the humble mount to her exalted dwelling, those scholars, as you see, are satisfied with their speculations and vain conceits. Dull and untractable in the improvement of their

hearts, and regardless of that exact rectitude of mind and life, which is only worth a rational's toiling for (as he is an Eleve for eternity), they never think of true wisdom, nor mind her offered light. Their curious ingenious notions, are what they only have a relish for; the imaginations of those men of letters cannot reach that ineffable peace and contentment, that satisfaction and pleasure, which flow from a virtuous life and an honest heart. This is the case of our learned heads, unless repentance interferes to make them humble, and scatters the vain visions they had from false opinion.

This, concluded the venerable teacher, is the explication of this parable or allegory. May you oft revolve upon these lessons, and lend your whole attention to the attainment of true wisdom, that you may not embrace her shadow, the speculations and inventions of the learned, but, by this instruction, acquire the true principles of morality and goodness.

This is not all the Table of Cebes. There follows a disputation in the Socratic method, concerning the claim of wealth, and other externals, to the title of good things: but it is dry, and no part of the picture or mythology. For this reason I stop here.

As to the picture of Cebes, it is to be sure a fine thing, and greatly to the honour of the Theban philoso-

But their obstrep'rous eloquence
Has fail'd ev'n in their own defence:
And saving others by haranguing,
Have brought themselves at last to hanging.
Milo presuming on his strength,
Caus'd his own destiny at length.
The greedy care of heaping wealth,
Damns many a soul and ruins health,
And in an apoplectic fit,
Sinks them downright into the pit.
How many upstarts crept from low
Condition, vast possessions show?
Whose estate's audit so immense
Exceeds all prodigal expence.
With which compare that spot of earth,
To which these mushrooms owe their birth:
Their manners to dad's cottage show,
As Greenland whales to dolphins do.
In Nero's plotting dismal times,
Riches were judg'd sufficient crimes.
First swear them traitors to the state,
Then for their pains share their estate.
Fat forfeitures their toils reward:
Poor rogues may pass without regard.
Some are hook'd in for sense and wit,
And some condemn'd for want of it.
The over-rich Longinus dies,
His bright heaps dazzled envios eyes

Neither could philosophy,
Wisdom, desert, or piety,
Rich Seneca from his pupil save,
'Tis fit he send him to a grave,
And then resume the wealth he gave.
The guards the palaces beset,
For noble game they pitch their net:
While from alarms and pangs of fear,
Securely sleeps the cottager.
If you by night shall happen late,
To travel with a charge of plate;
With watchful eyes and panting heart,
Surpriz'd, each object makes you start:
While rack'd with doubts, opprest with fear,
Each bush does an arm'd thief appear:
A shaken reed will terror strike,
Mistaken for a brandish'd pike.
Before the thief, the empty clown*
Sings unconcern'd and travels on*

* The Latin of these two lines is—
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
Which Dryden translates thus:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Shadwell, who was Poet Laureate in King William's time, does it thus:
While the poor man, void of all precious things,
In company of thieves, jogs on and sings.

lation. There the precepts of virtue are the laws of God. There we find a clear and complete system of his will. There our obedience is encouraged by hope in his pardoning mercy and powerful assistance, by the life, death, and resurrection of his own son; and by promises and threatnings which extend the reward of righteousness, and the punishment of wickedness unto a future state of existence.

No. II.

THE TENTH SATIRE* OF JUVENAL.

Survey mankind, muster the herd
From smoothest chin to deepest beard;
Search ev'ry climate, view each nation,
From lowest to the highest station;
From Eastern to the Western Indies,
From frozen Poles to th' line that singes;
Scarce will you find one mortal wight,
Knows good from ill, or wrong from right:
'Cause clouds of lust and passion blind,
And bribe with interests the mind;

* The design of this fine Satire is to shew, that endowments and blessings of the mind, as wisdom, virtue, justice, and integrity of life, are the only things worth praying for.

And while they combat in our heart,
Our fondness crowns the conqu'ring part.
What is the thing under the sun,
That we with reason seek or shun?
Or justly by our judgment weigh'd,
Should make us fond of, or afraid?
Whate'er is luckily begun,
Brings sure repentance at long-run.
The distant object looming great,
Possest proves oft an empty cheat;
And he who wins the wish'd-for prize,
A trouble often dearly buys.
Some for their family importune,
And beg their ruin for a fortune.
The courteous gods granting their prayers,
Have intail'd curses on their heirs.
Of wizards some inquire their doom,
Greedy to know events to come,
And by their over caution run
On the same fate they strove to shun:
Some have petition'd to be great,
And eminent in church and state.
This in the war's a famous leader,
T'other at bar a cunning pleader;
The cause on either side insure you,
By dint of noise stun judge and jury:
And if the business won't bear water,
Banter and perplex the matter.

pher, who was one of the disciples of Socrates; and about twenty at the time of the death of his master: Socrates died by the executioner, in the 70 year of his age, before our Lord 402. Cebes was about eighty, at the birth of Epicurus.

But after all that can be said in praise of this excellent remain of antiquity, still the little system of ethics is but a poor performance, in respect of any section of the gospel of Christ. Cebes says nothing of the Deity: nor does he mention the mischiefs of vice, and the benefits of virtue, as a divine constitution.

An Apostle, on the contrary, (to mention only one particular out of a thousand from the Christian books,) calls to the human race in the following manner: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of Almighty God, the Father of the Universe, who hath graciously admitted you to the faith, and revealed the terms of acceptance; that ye present your bodies now a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to the Deity, which is the reasonable and spiritual service required of you in the time of the gospel; and not offer the bodies of beasts any more as the Heathen world were wont to do.

And, as persons now wholly devoted to the Lord of heaven and earth, be not conformed to the fashions and ways of this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; that ye may prove what is the good, the acceptable, and perfect will of God. Abhor that which is evil, in all your dealings: cleave to that which is good: let love be without dissimulation, and be kindly affectioned one to another; not advancing,

but in honour preferring one another. Be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit; as serving the Lord Jehovah in your several stations. Rejoice in hope of a refreshment to come, in the realms of bliss: be patient in tribulation, which God will reward, and continue instant in prayer.

In sum, let us follow the steps of Christ, and in imitation of his divine humility, his devotion, his love, be for ever meek and forbearing, gentle and charitable, and live in the spirit of prayer."

What is there in the Table of Cebes like this spiritual and religious virtue, this love to God, this zeal for his honour and service, and an intire dependence upon him in all conditions of life? The virtues of the heroes of antiquity are noble and excellent qualities; their courage, and justice, and temperance, and gratitude, and love to their country are fine things: but they seem to have been calculated for the civil life. Those heroes were virtuous without being pious, and appear rather as self-sufficient independent beings, than as servants and votaries of God Almighty. It is these Christian virtues I have mentioned, that adorn and perfect human nature. It is these things that mostly contribute to the happiness of the world, and of every man in it.

N. B. Scott, at the end of his Notes on Cebes, has the following remark. If this philosopher had represented the effects of virtue and vice as a divine constitution, he would have ennobled his instruction, and done greater service to the interest of morality. But those important interests are effectually provided for by reve-

With warm petitions most men ply
The gods, their bags may multiply;
That riches may grow high and rank,
Outswelling others in the bank.
But from plain wood and earthen cups,
No poison'd draught the peasant sups.
Of the gold goblet take thou care,
When sparkling wine's spic'd by thy heir:
Then who can blame that brace of wise men,
That in diff'ring moods despise men:
Th' old merry lad saunters the streets
And laughs, and drolls at all he meets:
For pastime rallies, flouts, and fools 'em,
Shams, banters, mimics, ridicules 'em.
The other sage in maudling wise,
Their errors mourns with weeping eyes.
Dull fools with ease can grin and sneer,
And buffoons flout with saucy jeer.
What source could constant tears supply,
To feed the sluices of each eye;
Or t'others merry humour make,
His spleen continually to shake?

Barton Holiday thus:

Before the thief, who travels empty, sings.

And Stapylton thus:

The poor wayfaring man, that doth not bring
A charge along, before the thief will sing.

Could he in sober honest times
With sharp conceit tax petty crimes:
And every where amongst the rout,
Find follies for his wit to flout*;
Which proves that Gotham and gross climes,
Produce prodigious wits sometimes.
The joys and fears of the vain crowd,
And whimp'ring tears he'd jeer aloud;
Wisely secure, fortune deride,
By foppish mortals deified;
Bid her be hang'd, and laugh at fate,
When threat'ned at the highest rate;
Whilst fools for vain and hurtful things,
Pour out their prayers and offerings,
Fast'ning petitions on the knees†,
Of their regardless deities†.

* Juvenal here means Democritus.

† The Latin of these two lines is—

Propter quæ fas est genua incerare deorum.

Which Dryden does not translate at all. His lines are—

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears:
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd:
'Tis plain from hence that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

For place and power, how many men vie,
Procuring mortal hate and envy;
Heralds long-winded titles sound,
Which the vain owners oft confound.
Down go their statues in disgrace;
The party hangs up in the place.
In rage they break chariot triumphant,
Because a knave 'fore set his rump on't:
Poor horses suffer for no fault,
Unless by bungling workmen wrought.
The founder's furnace grows red hot,
Sejanus' statue goes to pot:
That head lately ador'd, and reckon'd
In all th' universe the second,
Melted, new forms and shapes assumes,
Of p—pots, frying-pans, and spoons*.

* Dryden's translation of this passage is thus:

Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus, crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils. And of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen trade.

The Latin is:

Jam strident ignes, jam follibus atque caminis
Ardet adoratum populo caput, et crepat ingens
Sejanus. Deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ.

The crowd o'erjoyed that Cæsar's living,
Petition for a new thanksgiving;
How the base rout insult to see
Sejanus dragg'd to destiny*.
Would you on these conditions, Sir,
Be favourite and prime minister,
As was Sejanus? Stand possest
Of honours, power, and interest;
Dispose supreme commands at will,
Promote, disgrace, preserve, or kill;
Have foot and horse-guards, the command
Of armies both by sea and land.
Had you not better ask in prayer,
To be some petty country mayor;
There domineer, and when your pleasure's
Condemn light weights, break false measures;
Though meanly clad in safe estate,
Than chuse Sejanus' robes and fate?

* Sejanus, the vile minister of Tiberius, was executed by order of the Emperor, A. D. 31, and to prevent his suspecting any such thing, and providing against the calamity, which the favourite might easily have done, as he commanded the Prætorians, and had all power given him, his master named him his colleague in the consulship; which of all things Sejanus most desired, and thought the highest mark of his sovereign's affection. So true it is that we know not what we wish for.

Sejanus then, we must conclude,
Courting his bane, mistook the good,
Crassus and Pompey's fate of old,
The truth of this sure maxim told:
And his who first bow'd Rome's stiff neck,
And made the world obey his beck*.
The novice in his accidence,
Dares pray his wit and eloquence
May rival Roman Cicero's fame,
And Greek Démosthenes' high name:
Yet to both these their swelling vein
Of wit and fancy prov'd their bane.
No pleading dunce's jobbernowl
Revenge e'er doom'd to grace a pole.
The trophies which the vanquish'd field
Do to the glorious victors yield,
Triumphant conquerors can bless,
With more than human happiness:
This, Roman, Grecian, and barbarian,
Spurr'd to acts hazardous and daring;
In sweat and blood spending their days,
For empty fame, and fading bays.
'Tis the immoderate thirst of fame
Much more than virtue does inflame:

* Julius Cæsar, who acquired the sovereign sway by art and slaughter, and when a tyrant, fell by his own desires.

Which none for worse or better take,
But for her dower and trapping's sake.
The fond ambition of a few,
Many vast empires overthrew;
While their achievements with their dust,
They vainly to their tombstones trust.
For sepulchres like bodies lie,
Swallow'd in death's obscurity *.
Behold how small an urn contains
The mighty Hannibal's remains:
That hero whose vast swelling mind
To Africk could not be confin'd:
Nature's impediments he past,
And came to Italy at last:

* The Latin of this passage, which is truly beautiful, is:

Et laudis titulique Cupido
Hæsuri saxis cinerum custodibus: ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus:
Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

Which Dryden renders in the following manner:

This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

There, after towns and battles won,
He cries, comrades, there's nothing done,
Unless our conqu'ring powers
Break down Rome's gates, level her towers,
Root up her posts, and break her chains,
And knock out all opposers' brains:
Whilst our troops scour the city thorough,
And fix our standard in Saburra *.
But what catastrophe of fate,
Does on this famous leader wait:
His conduct's baffled, army's broke,
Carthage puts on the Roman yoke:
Whilst flight and banishment's his fate,
His ruin'd country's scorn and hate.
Go, madman, act thy frantic part,
Climb horrid Alps, with pains and art,
Go, madman, to be with mighty reputation,
The subject of a declamation †.
One world's too mean, a trifling thing,
For the young Macedonian king;

* The greatest street in Rome.

† The Latin is:

I demens currepur Alpes.
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

Dryden has given it thus;

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

He raves like one in banishment,
In narrow craggy island pent:
In one poor globe does sweat and squeeze,
Wedg'd in and crampt in little-ease.
But he who human race once scorn'd,
And said high Jove King Philip horn'd,
While manag'd oracles declare
The spark great Ammon's son and heir;
At Babylon, for all his huffing,
Finds ample room in narrow coffin.
Man swells with bombast of inventions,
When stript, death shews his true dimensions.
So do we read wild Xerxes rent
Mount Athos from the continent,
And in a frolic made a shift,
To set it in the sea adrift:
With ships pav'd o'er the Hellespont,
And built a floating bridge upon't:
Drove chariots o'er by this device,
As coaches ran upon the ice.
He led so numberless a rout,
As at one meal drank rivers out.
This tyrant we in story find,
Was us'd to whip and flog the wind;
Their jailor Eolus in prison,
Ne'er forc'd them with so little reason:
Nor could blue Neptune's godhead save him,
But he with fetters must enslave him.

Yet after all these roaring freaks,
Routed and broke he homeward sneaks;
And ferries o'er in fishing-boat
Through shoals of carcases afloat;
His hopes all vanish'd, bilked of all
His gaudy dreams: see pride's just fall.
The frequent subject of our prayers,
Is length of life and many years:
But what incessant plagues and ills,
The gulph of age with mischief fills!
We can pronounce none happy, none,
Till the last sand of life be run.
Marius's long life was th' only reason,
Of exile and Minturnian prison.
Kind fate designing to befriend
Great Pompey, did a fever send,
That should with favourable doom,
Prevent his miseries to come:
But nations for his danger griev'd,
Make public prayers, and he's repriev'd:
Fate then that honour'd head did save,
And to insulting Cæsar gave.
Tis the fond mother's constant prayer,
Her children may be passing fair:
The boon they beg with sighs and groans,
Incessantly on marrow-bones.
Yet bright Lucretia's sullen fate,
Shews fair ones are not fortunate.

Virginia's chance may well confute you,
Good luck don't always wait on beauty.
Let not your wills then once repine,
Whate'er the gods for you design.
They better know than human wit,
What does our exigence befit.
Their wise all-seeing eyes discern,
And give what best suits our concern.
We blindly harmful things implore,
Which they refusing, love us more.
Shall men ask nothing then? Be wise,
And listen well to sound advice.
Pray only that in body sound,
A firm and constant mind be found:
A mind no fear of death can daunt,
Nor exile, prison, pains nor want:
That justly reckons death to be
Kind author of our liberty:
Banishing passion from our breast,
Resting content with what's possest:
That ev'ry honest action loves,
And great Alcides' toil approves,
Above the lusts, feasts, and beds of down,
Which did Sardanapalus drown.
This mortals to themselves may give;
Virtue's the happy rule to live.
Chance bears no sway where wisdom rules,
An empty name ador'd by fools.

Folly blind Fortune did create,
A goddess, and to heaven translate.

* As I had not room for all the tenth Satire, what is seen here, is rather an abridgement than an entire version. The whole sense of the author, however, is preserved, though several of his examples and illustrations are left out.

Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, thought this Satire so excellent a thing, that in his famous *Pastoral Letter* he recommends it, and the *Satires* of Persius, to the perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common places for their sermons; and what may be taught with more profit to the audience, than all the new speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. In the Satires, nothing is proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind. Virtue is lodged at home, as Dryden expresses it, in his fine dedication to the Earl of Dorset; and diffused to the improvement and good of human kind. Passion, interest, ambition, mystery, fury, and every cruel consequence, are banished from the doctrine of these stoics, and only the moral virtues inculcated, for the perfection of mankind.

But so unreasonable and infatuated are our shepherds, too many of them I mean, that a rational Christian cannot go to church without being shocked at the absurd and impious work of their pulpits. In town and country, almost every Sunday, those bright theologers

are for ever on the glories of trinity in unity, and teaching their poor people that God Almighty came down from heaven to take flesh upon him, and make infinite satisfaction to himself. This is the cream of Christianity, in the account of those teachers. The moral virtues are nothing, compared to a man or a woman's swallowing the divine mystery of an incarnate God Almighty. Over and over have I heard a thousand of them on this holy topic, sweating and drivelling at each corner of their mouths with eagerness to convert the world to their mysteries. The adorable mystery! says one little priest, in my neighbourhood in Westminster. The more incomprehensible and absurd it appears to human reason, the greater honour you do to heaven in believing it, says another wise man in the country. But tell me, ye excellent divines, tell me in print if you please, if it would not be doing more honour to the law of heaven, to inform the people, that the true Christian profession is, to pray to God our Father for grace, mercy, and peace, through the Lord Jesus Christ; without ever mentioning the Athanasian scheme, or trinity in unity: which you know no more of than so many pigs do, because it is a mere invention, and not to be found in the Bible. And in the next place, to tell your flocks in serious and practical address, that their main business is, as the disciples of the holy Jesus, a good life; to strive against sin continually, and be virtuous and useful to the utmost of our power; to imitate the purity and goodness of their great master, the Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him, and by

repentance and holiness of heart, in a patient continuance in well-doing, make it the labour of their every day, to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world: you must become partakers of a divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust, and by acquiring the true principles of Christian perfection, render yourselves fit for the heavenly bliss: This, my dearly beloved brethren, is the great design of Christ and his gospel! You must receive Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Mediator, you must be exercised unto godliness, and have the ways of God in your hearts. By a course of obedience and patience, you must follow the captain of our salvation to his glory.

To this purpose, I say, our clergy ought to preach; and if in so saying, they think me wrong, I call upon them to tell me so in print, by argument; that I may either publicly acknowledge a mistaken judgment; or prove, that too many ministers mislead Christian people in the article of faith and practice. By the strict rules of Christian simplicity and integrity, I shall ever act.

THE END.

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